

Very Truly Yours.
E. H. Gates.

BLOSSOMS.



BY

REV. E. H. STOKES, D. D.

OCEAN GROVE,

1885.

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TO

THE FRIENDS

WHOM GOD,

IN A MINISTRY OF MORE THAN FORTY YEARS,

HAS KINDLY GIVEN ME,

THIS VOLUME IS GRATEFULLY

DEDICATED:

AND, WHILE I CHEERFULLY PERFORM

THIS SIMPLE,

YET, TO THEM, APPROPRIATE ACT OF HIGH APPRECIATION,

I AM THRILLED

WITH THE DIVINELY INSPIRED HOPE,

OF MEETING THEM,

AND ENJOYING THEIR SOCIETY

FOREVER,

IN THE BRIGHT BEYOND.



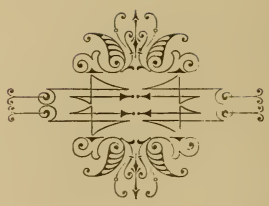
THE POEMS

Contained in this volume, are the outgrowth of fragments of time, gathered from a busy life. They were written, some in railroad cars, on steamers, and in stage coaches;—some on the highways of great cities, in the midst of surging multitudes, and some in the silences of God's beautiful country;—some, too, during brief vacations, at the places whose names they bear; and others, in the seclusion of the Study, as relief from cares and anxieties which otherwise would disturb the mind. Those from abroad, were written under the pressure of constant travel and excitement.

Composed in the midst of such varied surroundings, a book was not the aim. As they have increased from year to year, their collection has been urged. Believing I could select and classify better than those who might come after me, I have at last complied. They are here grouped together, children of my heart, the blossoms of hope and joy. If the reader shall find pleasure and profit in their perusal, the writer will be compensated a thousandfold.

E. H. S.

Ocean Grove, N. J., 1885.



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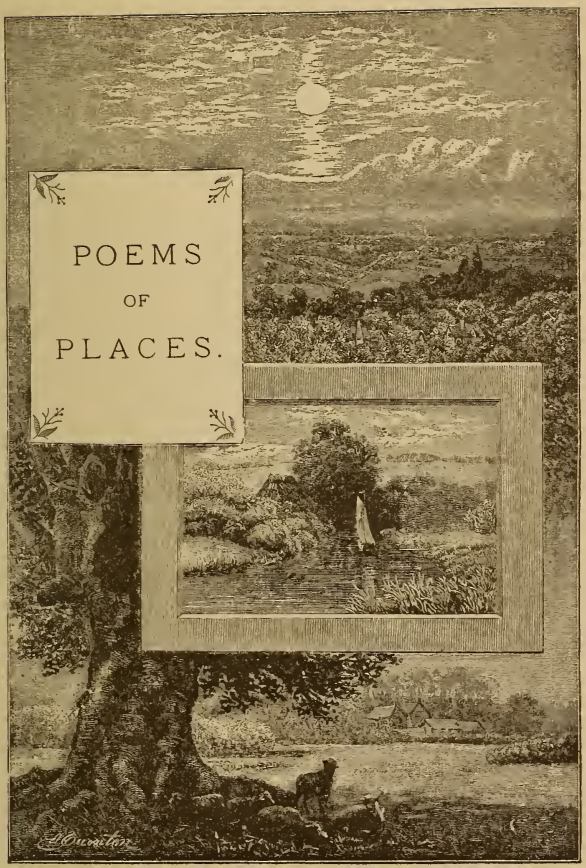
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POEMS
OF
PLACES.



Earth, I have loved thee well—
A leaf, a flower, could swell
The tides of joy which surge me through and through;
Each morning brought its love,
Soft droppings from above,
Life's richest blessings, pure as crystal dew.



POEMS OF PLACES.

CATSKILL.

I STAND on the mountain of grandeur,
I stand where the noble have stood;
My heart, like the glow of the morning,
Is full of the pure and the good;
Till, awed in the hush of the holy,
I bow with my face to the sod;
Forgetful awhile of the earthly,
I rise to the presence of God.

I have toiled up ways which were rugged,
So steep, and so barren and dry;
With travel my feet have been weary,
Yet my spirit breathed not a sigh;
I knew my rising was Godward,
Each step I was leaving the plain,
And if I pressed steadily onward,
The summit I surely should gain.

And now, on the crown of the mountain,
I stand in the silence of God;
I stand where the footprints of angels
Are left on the soul and the sod;
The world far below me lies sleeping;
At last it is under my feet;
I hear not the rush of its trading,
In storehouse, or market, or street.

It is small; so small to my vision,
I wonder how men in their rage
For gold and for glory, allow it
The whole of their thoughts to engage.
O sorrow, that man, all immortal,
Forgets that his home is on high,
And, anxious alone for the present,
Should turn from his rest in the sky.

And the mists lie low in the valleys,
Like gloom on the soul of despair;
And the clouds that deepen and darken
With sadness are filling the air;
But the sunlight, gushing from heaven,
With glory baptizes the land,
And here, in this climax of splendor,
I'm lost in the Godlike and grand.

And brightly the river before me
Is rolling its waters of gold,
As Jordan in freshness and beauty
Was witnessed by Moses of old.
Beyond lies the good land of promise,
Unfolding its gates to my sight,
And my soul, full of gladness and glory,
Is melting away into light.

Great God! how the earth is transfigured!
How robed in millennial glow!
How beautiful, Christ the Creator,
The garments thou wearest below:
And, with the disciples on Tabor,
I feel it is good to be here;
O'er mountains, and valleys, and rivers,
O Jesus, thy glories appear.

But I shall go down from this mountain,
Like Peter and John in their day;
I'm glad, for I want to tell others
How blessed is this higher way;
But never shall fade from my spirit,
While life or its seasons shall roll,
This Sabbath of sunlight and splendor,
This Catskill of rest to my soul.

CATSKILL MT. HOUSE, Aug. 30, 1874.

SONG OF THE WOODS.

THE trees have voices, soft and soothing voices—
The lonely pine tree and the lordly oak;
Through lofty boughs the whispering wind rejoices,
And plaintive breeze-prayers, blessings still invoke.

The trees have voices, gently underlying
Earth's rude commotion, and this human strife,
So sweetly soft and almost sadly sighing,
Like holy movings of the inner life.

The trees have voices full of holy feeling,
Full of rich cadences in which we weep;
Such as came softly o'er the spirit stealing,
When we were cradled in our childhood sleep.

The trees have voices, soft and tender voices—
Voices that bless me like a healing balm;
The Lord speaks through them till the heart rejoices,
And the soul tempest sinks into a calm.

The trees have voices in their shady places,
Or where they dapple in the golden sun;
And laughing leaves behold soft love-lit faces
Where the cool brooks their winding courses run.

The trees have voices, how they talk together—
Brother with brother, in familiar tones;
They talk in sunshine and in stormy weather,
In soft, sweet love notes, or in muttered moans.

The trees have voices, mourning for the dying,
Some tender leaflet smitten by the blast;
Or sister leaves, that arm in arm were lying,
Together fall, and sleep in death at last.

They have their nuptials and their merry meetings,
Their joys and sorrows, births and funerals;
The high and low—each have their friendly greetings—
One rises up, and lo, another falls.

Now all is hushed, the trees are in devotion,
And now they clasp their hands in high refrain;
And now they're swaying like the storm-lashed ocean,
And now like dashings of the summer rain.

I see a shade of things that once were real,
But now all lost in time's mysterious past;
Once thought imperfect, now the bright ideal
Of the all-perfect I would have to last.

Why grasped I not these things as they were passing,
Why looked I then for better things to come;
Some blessed day that should have no harassing,
Such thornless flowers as bloomed in Eden's home?

I hear sweet notes from out the green-leaved branches,
Like low soft whispers from among the blest;
While up to God the weary heart advances,
And gentle wood songs sing me into rest.

1874.

THE MOUNTAIN STREAM.

A GENTLE little sheltered stream,
As pure as pure could be;
Came trickling down the mountain side,
Timid and noiselessly.
In modesty it did its work,
And though so wondrous fair,
The busy world had scarcely known,
The little stream was there.

The mosses grew upon its banks,
The ferns with life were green;
And gracefully the wavelets kissed
The flowers that smiled between.
The beautiful was on its cheek,
And beauty at its side;
So beauty claimed the beautiful,
As bridegroom claims the bride.

Its daily task was sweetly done,
For work was happiness;
The sunlight smiled complacently,
And gave to work success:
While moss and fern, and fragile flower,
Each brought a greeting true;
The little maid beneath the hill,
Brought forth her blessing, too.

For lo! this gentle mountain stream,
While blessing ferns and flowers;
Had slaked the little maiden's thirst
Through the long summer hours.
And when, each day, unconsciously,
Its strength grew greater still;
In grace and beauty flowing on,
It moved the distant mill.

So let my life be hid with God,
So may my heart be true,
And still go forth in quietness,
My little work to do;
And if a fern or humble moss,
My mission be to bless;
Lord, in the small or greater things,
O grant me sweet success!

1875.

OCEAN GROVE.

GOD of the Grove, where leaves of green
Are brilliant in the golden light,
Where bright skies looking down between,
Smile on us through the silent night—
Thou God of might and matchless love,
Walk through our walks at Ocean Grove.

God of the lakes, where soft winds blow,
And waters laugh beneath the sun,
Where maidens sing and children row,
Where age and youth melt into one—
Thou God of might and matchless love,
Be on our lakes at Ocean Grove.

God of the beach, whose ocean air
  Gives zest to life and rest to all,
While we such earthly blessings share,
  O let Thy Spirit on us fall—
Thou God of might and matchless love,
Brood o'er the beach at Ocean Grove.

God of the sea, where tempests sweep,
  And stormy billows lash the land,
Who measurest the awful deep,
  As in the hollow of Thy hand—
Thou God of might and matchless love,
Command the sea at Ocean Grove.

God, whom we worship, Jesus, Lord,
  We sing Thy praise, we trust Thy blood,
Led by Thy Spirit and Thy word,
  O, make us wise and make us good—
Thou God of might and matchless love,
Make us a power at Ocean Grove.

God of the land and of the sea,
  God of the human heart and will,
Whatever may or may not be,
  O may we in Thy hands be still—
Then sink into Thy matchless love,
And all be pure at Ocean Grove.

1875.

OVERBROOK.

A SABBATH SCENE IN AUTUMN.

THE winding road creeps down the hillsides steep,
To thee, blest vale of peacefulness and rest,
Where holy silence her soft Sabbaths keep,
And autumn tints add beauty to the blest.

The sun looks down upon this quiet scene—
The Sabbath sun, whose light is soft repose—
The air is still, the sky is all serene,
And purest peace in mellowest measure flows.

The rippling rill runs to its river rest,
The russet leaves fall quivering to the ground,
The birds sing softly o'er the empty nest,
The distant cow-bell has a soothing sound.

In ripened shocks the corn stands on the hills,
The young wheat, bright in emerald beauty lies;
The unseen cricket sings in solemn trills,
The crow sails idly through the burnished skies.

The larch and fir stand mute and motionless,
The willows bend, the pine trees murmur low,
The helpless vines, with soft and warm caress,
Embrace the oak, till both in beauty grow.

The cottage, too, stands just beyond the rill,
From which the smoke curls peacefully and slow,
While all around in holy hush is still,
The inmates strive the will Divine to know.

The Sabbath chimes sound from the distant vale,
Where holy people wait upon their God,
Where hearts unite, and earnest prayers prevail,
Till man, subdued, has learned to kiss the rod.

O quiet vale, tranquillity's retreat,
Soft solitude's seclusion, peaceful dell,
Where whispering winds their lullabys repeat,
And hearts at rest with holy hope can swell.

Such be the quiet of my autumn life,
Such the repose my weary heart shall know,
And then, at last, when ends this mortal strife,
Find rest with God, which earth cannot bestow.

1875.

FRIENDS' MEETING-HOUSE,

MOUNT HOLLY, N. J.

THE solemn years have come and gone,
The solemn years and slow,
Since this old meeting-house was built,
A hundred years ago.

Our grandsires here sat peacefully,
In silent worship sweet,
While hearts in adoration bowed
Low at the Master's feet.

Here, holy men the truth proclaimed,
Moved by the Spirit's might;
And here the people found their God,
And walked with Him in white.

Then, war-scarred veterans gathered strong,
The dark sky overhead;
While through the midnight hours was heard,
The sharp-eared sentry's tread.

Strange sounds within these quiet walls,
Hoarse drum, and pealing fife,
Deep plans of carnage and of blood,
To give the nation life.

A hundred winters since have howled,
A hundred springs have smiled,
A hundred summers since have kissed
Sweet Nature's holy child.

All in these generations born,
Smiled, married, wept, and died,
And lo! the passing peoples sleep,
In silence, side by side.

Age bears the weary fathers down,
Stern death moves on apace;
And youth grown up to fatherhood,
In silence take their place.

So, day succeeds the gloomy night,
So, night succeeds the day,
So, generations quickly come,
As quickly pass away.

Yet here the meeting-house still stands,
As it has ever stood,
The walls resist the march of time,
And all its parts are good.

But, war's red foot-prints linger yet,
Dark thought and bloody deed,
Where men had taught in simple speech
The non-resistance creed.

The marks of musketry and blade,
Are still upon the floor;
How small an act will leave its trace,
And last forevermore.

Yet here in quietness still sit,
Bright youth and hoary age,
The Christian and philanthropist,
Philosopher and sage.

These, too, shall pass away from earth,
Are passing silently,
As tides with ever weary moan,
Pass outward to the sea.

But thou, old war-marked meeting-house,
Hast braved each stormy day;
So may our faith, though battle-scarred,
Like thee, hold on its way.

1876.

HADDONFIELD.

HAIL, quiet Haddonfield! All peaceful, thou!
Bathed in the vernal sun, or, crowned with snow,
Age leaves no furrows on thy favored brow,
Though age was thine *a hundred years ago!*

Spring comes with flowers trailing at her feet,
And the rich fragrance burdens all the air,
While summer foliage, bending o'er the street,
And interlacing, makes a marriage there.

Beneath the shade childhood is full of glee,
Singing the songs that mothers sung before;
The murmuring winds are full of melody,
And youth sighs softly as in days of yore.

Here all enjoy a quiet, home retreat,
Where vice, by vote, is made to hide its face;
Here, every creed can hold communion sweet,
And health and happiness the people grace.

Here meetings, too, with often nothing said;
The song and prayer without the outward sound;
And here, "God's acre," where repose the dead,
Whose unmark'd graves make silence more profound.

Here, age sits silent at the Master's feet;
Serene old age, in solemn patience, waits,
Till white-winged angels joyfully shall greet,
And bear the white-robed through the golden gates!

Hail, quiet Haddonfield! All peaceful, thou!
Bathed in the vernal sun, or, crowned with snow,
Age leaves no furrows on thy favored brow,
Though age was thine *a hundred years ago.*

1876.

PEQUEST.

THOU peaceful Pequest, which begins with a tear,
And a song in the quiet of noon,
Thy smile is as sweet, and thy voice is as low,
As the buddings and music of June.

Thy murmurings fall on the nerves of the soul,
Like dews on the mountains of God;
Thy hush as subdued as the chambers of grief,
Where death and the angels have trod.

I dream on the banks where thy bright waters flow
Of the rest by the river above,
And the lull of thy song is as soft to my heart
As the holiest whispers of love.

A thousand times over thy ripples have kissed
All the moss-covered rocks in the way,
And the rugged and rough by the touch of thy lips
Are smoother and better to-day.

So my life flows along in the currents of time,
And the rocks once so rough to my feet,
By the spirit of love are all smoother to me,
And love will their smoothness complete.

On the banks of my life stand the sombre and gay;
The hemlock defying the blast,
While the maple subdued by the touches of time,
The hues of the sunset have cast.

So the sombre looks down in thy bosom, Pequest,
While the hemlock is smiling between;
Yet the maple subdued by the touches of time,
Is richer than hemlocks of green.

Then, though sorrow may sing a sad song to my soul,
Yet grief shall not darken my eye;
While the hemlock of hope is still green in my heart,
Love's beauty shall brighten my sky.

Flow, peaceful Pequest, though rough islands divide
Thy waters with gentle refrain,
Yet a little below, with a smile and a kiss,
They sweetly commingle again.

So death has divided the friendships of earth
Like islands thy waters, Pequest,
Yet a little beyond, with smile and a kiss,
We shall meet and forever be blest.

BANKS OF THE PEQUEST, N. J., 1876.

BABYLON.

"Is not this great Babylon, that I have built for the house of the kingdom, by the might of my power, and for the honor of my majesty?"

"She said in her heart, I sit a queen, and am no widow, and shall see no sorrow."—*Bible.*

"All around us were mounds of ruins—the sad remains of Babylon's departed greatness."—*J. P. Newman.*

WITH lofty brow, elate,
Proud Babylon, the great,
Sat in her queenly pride, peerless, content;
Her walls, deep, broad and high;
Her gates of brass defy
Prince, warrior, priest; supremely confident.

Grandly, beneath the sun,
Her towers, one by one,
Glow in the golden light at noonday's heat;
Chariot and horse appear:
Warriors, with glittering spear,
Rush on and force her foes to wild retreat.

Fed by the mountain snows,
Ancient Euphrates flows
Like a grand artery through the city's pride;
While prophet, priest and king,
Captives, too sad to sing,
Throneless and scorned, are weeping by its side.

From all the Western lands,
Through the white desert sands,
For greed of gain, with pomp and eager haste,
The princely merchantman
Comes with his caravan,
Like ships of state crossing the watery waste.

Scarlet and linen fine,
Frankincense, oil and wine,
Ivory, wheat and flour were traded then;
Vessels of precious wood,
Odors and ointments good,
Iron, and horses, slaves, and *souls of men!*

Through all her marts of trade,
Merchants their bargains made,
Egypt and Syria jostle through the street;
Damascus silks were there,
Persia, with carpets rare;
And all earth's wealth lay prostrate at her feet.

Behold! on every hand
Her palaces are grand—
Grander than Eastern legends ever told;
Her thrones of ivory made;
Rich carvings, overlaid
With bands and brackets of the purest gold.

From India's richest mine
Topaz and sapphire shine,
And pearls flash forth from king and queenly crown,
Jasper and chrysolite
Bewilder all the sight,
And robes of purple, token high renown.

Whatever heart could crave,
The proud Nubian slave,
Garbed like a regal lord, hastes to prepare;
Fresh from the royal vine
Sparkles the ruby wine,
And tropic fruits the golden platters bear.

Mirth, dance, and midnight song,
Trumpet and harp prolong,
In fragrant bowers, or perfumed palace hall;
Denouncing God, the Great,
Sat Babylon's potentate,
Her thousand lords, wives, concubines and all.

Through all the star-lit night
The palace flamed with light,
And beauty throned in splendor triumphed there;
Princes and warriors bold,
From sacred cups of gold,
Drank to their gods with pride's defiant air.

Lust lurked in every eye,
Voluptuousness rose high,
And wild, derisive laughter burst amain;
But on that gala night,
In impious delight,
Belshazzar, king, in all his pomp was slain!

Thus human greatness ends;
Thus heav'n, aggrieved, descends,
And writes the doom of godless man and state!
Thus Babylon, the fair,
Is now the wild beast's lair,
Her once proud halls, lone, weird and desolate!

1876.

GLEN CATHEDRAL.

HUSH! hush! thou babbler, in my spirit's ear,
Thy voice alone, O God, must now be heard;
All language fails in the deep silence here,
Where such strange eloquence the soul has stirred.

Stirred, did I say? No wonder, angels bend,
And gaze, and wait, and watch o'er scenes like this;
The unseen hosts in worship here attend,
And, for a while, forget all other bliss.

Why should they not? God's presence makes their joys,
And God is here within this sacred shrine,
This temple his; he made it, and employs
In his high service ministries divine!

His hand is seen upon these chiseled walls,
  His architecture in each cornice shown;
On fane and spire his blessed impress falls,
  And through these aisles his footsteps heard alone.

The everlasting murmur of the stream,
  Like a sweet solo, softens me to tears;
And visions touching as an angel's dream
  Lead to the rest of holy worshipers.

Delicious rest, where joys divine descend,
  Peaceful and pure as evening dews are shed,
Where sound and silence, gently meeting, blend,
  Leave the worn heart supremely comforted.

And these soft songs, so sweet to my dull ear,
  Are sweeter still to him who made them so;
Sweeter, because their utterances sincere,
  Give to devotion its divinest glow.

The infinite is here! The hemlock green,
  'Neath Summer's heat or Winter's stormy sky,
Or tender mosslet the rough rocks between,
  Alike are noticed by his gracious eye.

And he accepts the worship which they bring,
  The lordly elm, or fern from lowest sod;
Each find sweet favor in the songs they sing
  In this cathedral of Almighty God.

Courage, faint heart! Though to the rich and great
  Fortune's high favors never cease to roll;
Like moss, or fern, or lichen thy estate,
  Yet God accepts the worship of thy soul.

No marvel this, for in his presence vast
There is no greatness, there is nothing small;
A veil of glory over all is cast,
The dust adores, and God is all in all.

Yes, it is so! The waters clap their hands,
And dome, and nave, and choir their echoes bring;
The white-robed priest of nature meekly stands,
And bids the rocks with hallelujahs ring.

They do, they do; their voices, night and day,
Sweep through these aisles forever full and free;
And tho' earth's temples, built with hands, decay,
These arches still shall flow with melody.

True worship, this. The skies are bending low,
The earth is raised, divinest deeds are done;
The highest praise through lowliest channels flow,
And God, and man, and earth, and heaven are one.

Watkins Glen, October, 1877.

STORM KING.

THE storm king sits on his granite throne,
With his brow uplifted high;
His nodding plumes in the winds are tossed,
And his banners fringe the sky.

He has sat through all the ages past,
He is sitting grandly still,
With feet on the proud old river's rim,
Where the morning dews distill.

The warp of his robes is forests green,
The woof is the dewy light,
His crown is the golden sun by day,
And the glowing stars by night.

He greets with his ever silent song
The blush of the new-born day,
And bends in the lowliest attitudes,
To the evening's peaceful lay.

He sits in the sweet and cheerful light
Of the Summer, fresh and fair,
And streams that flow from his rock-ribbed sides,
With murmurings fill the air.

He sits in the everchanging garb
Of the Autumn's mellow noon,
Ripe age and the rich experience,
October engrafts on June.

He sits enthroned in his matchless might,
Though the wintry winds beat high,
And he holds the sea-tossed tempest back,
From the quiet Cornwall sky.

O Thou mightier Storm King of the race,
Hold ever in high control,
All the wayward currents of my will,
And the passions of my soul.

CORNWALL, N. Y., Sept. 17, 1877.

SUSQUEHANNA.

FAIREST of rivers, Juniata's smile,
Lingers in beauty on thy dimpled face;
While love's sweet song thy sunlit leagues beguile.
Love's own bright autograph thy ripples trace!

Thy placid waters flow in murmurs sweet,
Down to their rim the hills their beauty hold,
Where real and shadow, softly blending, meet,
The sumach's scarlet, and the maple's gold.

The dreamy landscapes sit in mood sublime,
The rough, the rugged and the queenly fair;
In the dim distance are alike divine,
With soft October's benedictions there.

In death's embrace, the giant oak appears,
Close by thy side, fast going to decay;
The crimson creeper crowns his failing years,
And death is bright in life's sublime array.

Yonder an isle upon thy bosom sleeps;
And there, a dell, the graceful elms enclose;
While farther on the winding river keeps,
Her mystic music which prolongs repose.

Fairest of streams, all beautiful thou art,
The seal of God is on thy sinless brow,
And so may I, possess from Him, a heart,
In life and death as beautiful as thou.

October 15, 1877.

NORTH CONWAY.

THE lisping Saco smiles beneath the sun,
The Sabbath sun, whose soft September light,
Mingles the real and shadows into one,
Or shadows melting, real unfolds to sight.

I sit in thoughtful silence by its side,
Where lordly oaks and elms their branches bend,
While just beyond, as bridegroom and the bride,
In love's embrace the spruce and pine attend.

The mountains, too, tall sentinels of God,
Look down upon me with a watchful eye,
While at their feet, with meadows' brightest sod,
The glowing intervals in beauty lie.

Just there, the village nestles in the green,
Cottage and spire, home and the place of prayer,
In graceful forms and modest garb are seen,
While Sabbath stillness lingers in the air.

O Peaceful Conway! Here thy Kearsarge,
And there, the Mote, and yonder, far away,
The peerless Washington, enthroned, has charge,
And southward still, the lone Chocoura.

Grand picture to a frame of rich design,
Grand framework to a picture, wondrous fair,
Where heaven's own hues their mellowest moods combine,
Till frame and picture flash with splendors rare.

I linger here! The noisy world is still,
Sweet peace reposes in this realm of rest,
The songs of silence my worn spirit fill,
As I recline on nature's gentler breast.

Hark! Hark! I hear upon the balmy air,
In mellow tones across the dewy dell,
Calling the people to the place of prayer,
The silver echoes of the Sabbath bell.

Then to the house of God in Sabbath mood,
With peaceful steps, I take my pleasant way,
And there in meekness with the true and good,
I listen, learn, and worshiping, obey.

And so, in harmony with the divine,
Low at the Master's, or, the mountains' feet,
Where'er I am, the place is all sublime,
And rest is sacred, joyous, and complete.

1878.

JUNIATA.

CHILD of the solitude, child of the sky,
Child of the dew-drops, cradled on high;
Child of the mountains, twins in your birth,
Child of the cloud-land, child of the earth.

Beautiful childhood, beautiful youth!
Brow all aglow with sunlight and truth;
Bounding with hope onward and ever,
Brooklet and youth broadened to river.

Beautiful river, joyous and free,
Singing thy love-songs down to the sea;
Light are thy footsteps, sweet is thy smile,
Bosom with gladness throbs all the while.

Snow on thy hill-tops, ice at thy feet,
Heart warm with love continues to beat;
Winter and tempest sweep through thy sky,
Sunlight and beauty flash from thine eye.

Artless and pure below and above,
Kissing the frost king gently in love;
Folding in warmth the rugged and cold,
Clasping the mountains barren and bold.

Life, O river! is mirrored by thee,
Life in its flowings on to the sea;
Rock-rimmed, fettered, or covered with snow,
O heart, keep warm in thy sea-ward flow!

JUNIATA RIVER, PA., Dec. 27, 1878.

DUNDER CRAG,

LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

THE sun looked down on Dunder Crag,
In the midst of the midland sea,
And his soft lips kissed its rugged brow,
As the light fell noiselessly.

Then the day withdrew, and Dunder Crag
Was veiled in the gloom of the night;
Yet there in the watery solitudes,
It stood in its silent might.

The lightning glared in the blackened sky,
As the tempest howled in the air,
And the billows dashed in their madness by,
Yet the Dunder Crag was there.

The Mohawks came in their whirlwind sweep,
As the Canada tribes rushed down,
But Dunder Crag amid whoop and scalp
A monarch, retained his crown.

And time moved on in his mystic march,
Through the heat, and the winters cold,
Yet Dunder Crag was still the same,
'Though the centuries grew old.

Through the softest scenes of tender love,
Through the strife and the gloom of night,
In the tempest's wrath and the wear of years,
It reposed in massive might.

So the holy word of God shall stand,
Though the tempests threaten defeat,
Yet truth like Dunder Crag shall dash
The billows low at its feet.

And through the mists of receding years,
And the gloom that darkens the air,
When the smile of God relights the sky,
His word unharmed shall be there.

1879.

SHAWANGUNK.

I STOOD on the crown of the mountain,
Was bathed with the balm of the sky,
Was awed with the wonders around me,
As God in His glory passed by;
Beyond and above me in grandeur,
Lo! mountains on mountains arise,
And valleys glowed in the sunlight
Till distance bewildered my eyes.

I saw as the day was advancing,
Each summit in solemn review;
How the skies in silence had woven
From the mists a garment of blue;
Saw God, in His strength, going forward,
Before Him the heavens were bowed,
His chariot the wings of the morning,
Beneath Him the thunder and cloud.

Then I wandered down in the valleys,
The wind was subdued to a sigh;
The brooks as they sparkled in splendor,
In musical murmurs went by.
The rocks were frescoed with mosses,
My pathway was fringed with the fern,
And the earth was girdled with beauty
Wherever my footsteps could turn.

I gazed from the rock at the sunset,
'Twas more than my vision could hold;
There were rivers whose waters were amber,
And islands of purple and gold;

There were cities with temples of topaz,
Whose towers with jewels were bright,
Broad avenues brilliant with sapphires,
Which led to the fountains of light.

O beautiful works of creation,
Revealing the grandeur of God,
O'erflowings of glory eternal,
Impressed on the sky and the sod;
Ah, yes; the outcroppings of glory,
Far more than my mind could control;
Then what of those visions immortal
That soon shall break in on the soul?

I know not, I cannot conceive them,
I see that the present is bright—
So bright, though in sin, that my vision
Is dazed with the wonderful sight.
If the fallen then is so glorious,
Oh, what shall the unfallen be?
I know not, I cannot declare it—
Perfection, O God, is in Thee.

Enough; Thou art grander than mountains,
More blessed than sunsets of gold,
Beyond all sublimest conceptions,
Far more than our spirits can hold;
In the glow of glories eternal,
Neither mountains, valleys, nor sea,
But Thyself, O holy Creator,
All glory is perfect in Thee.

Ulster Co., N. Y., 1879.

LAKE MOHONK.

SWEET Lake Mohonk! Brightly beneath the sun
Thy dimpled cheeks glow in the morning light;
While in their quiet beauty, one by one,
Upon thy bosom flame the stars of night.

Gem of the mountains, beautiful and old,
Though granite cliffs in dark defiance frown,
Their giant arms thy fairy form enfold,
And strength to beauty brings its highest crown.

Proud cliffs of Mohonk! Firmer than the tread
Of mightiest nations, ye the storms have hurled;
Tho' vanquished nations slumber with the dead,
Ye still defy the tempests of the world.

And yet, ye stoop with condescending grace,
And throne yourselves in multifarious forms,
To shield your child wearing an angel's face,
From the rude rushings of contending storms.

Ah, yes, I see, and it is always so,
Ye are more beautiful by deeds of love;
As smallest seeds their kind forever grow,
So each good deed gets likeness from above.

And so have ye; your lines of wrath severe
Are changed to softer moods, and paths of light
Recross your stormy brows with patient cheer,
And straw-thatched roofs bring in their new delight.

Aye, straw-thatched roofs o'er peaceful bowers of rest,
Nestling away, with graceful art combined,
Or on some jutting ledge, supremely blest,
Where unstrung nerves reach quietude refined.

Here at my feet, kissed by the gentle wave,
A little footway, railed with thoughtful care,
Then turning round, an unartistic nave
Reveals some native beauty hidden there.

I strolled in silence through the wooded path—
Full in my face the emerald waters smiled;
At every step, though cliffs looked down in wrath,
Some sweet surprise my weary heart beguiled.

Just there a seat, in shady nook retired,
Where love could lisp its honied words intense;
Or poet's soul, with lofty thoughts inspired,
Might breathe in verse its fervid eloquence.

I listened: there was stillness in the air,
The crickets' song alone the quiet broke;
Yet all the while divinity was there,
And through the solitudes sublimely spoke.

When noiseless night came on from cove and cliff,
Floating her trails of moonlit beauty by,
The lute's soft murmur from the mirrored skiff
Melted to silence with the lovers' sigh.

I climbed the rocks with ever eager feet,
Up "Eagle Cliff," or "Sky Top's" bolder view,
When lo! afar in rugged outlines meet
The burnished sky, and Catskill's robes of blue.

Far, far below, in mellow moods of green,
Alternate light and shade in silence dwell,
Here, vale of Rondout, cradled in between,
And there in splendor spreads the Wallkill dell.

'Tis grandeur all—the sky, the earth, the air,
Are full of glory; in the full orbed light
The God of glory reigneth everywhere,
O'erfull of love, and yet the God of might.

Up to His throne let ceaseless thanks arise
For all below so wonderfully fair—
Sweet types of higher good beyond the skies,
O may they lead our wayward footsteps there!

LAKE MOHONK MOUNTAIN HOUSE, N. Y., 1879.

THE DESERT TRANSFORMED.

READ AT THE DEDICATION OF THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S TEMPLE, OCEAN GROVE, JULY 31, 1879.

WHERE dash the wild waves darkly,
Where moans the angry main,
Where tempests howl at midnight
In stormy throes of pain;
Where pass the nation's commerce,
Where wealth's deep currents flow,
Where rush the tides of ages,
And ships in grandeur go,—

Here slept in dreamy silence,
Covered with drifting sand,
Uncoveted, forsaken,
A worthless piece of land.
So poor it had no owner—
None wishing to be known,
Where poverty bejeweled
Sat on his desert throne.

An orphan, all deserted,
Wandering along the lee,
Without a name or kindred,
Its only friend the sea.
Sea kissed it in the morning,
As smiled the dewy light;
Sea bathed its brow at noonday,
And sung its rest at night.

So long the land and ocean
Had tarried side by side,
That one grew like the other,
As bridegroom like the bride;
The sea threw up its billows,
In liquid silver's flow,
And sands rolled up in ridges
Beneath the sunlight's glow.

Ah! well, one day a stranger
Came to this desert wild,
His heart full of emotion,
Pitied the orphan child;
He said, "I'll bring a father
And mother to thy side,
And if thy heart is tender,
A gentle, loving bride."

The land's eye beamed with brightness,
The lone heart beat in pride,
Then Father smiled with mother,
The bridegroom with the bride;
The desolate were married,
Rich culture's high employ,
Bring flowers forth in beauty,
And deserts sing for joy.

Childhood is full of gladness,
Hope fills the youthful eye,
The maiden and the matron
In cheerfulness go by;
Joy bounds along the pathways,
There's grandeur on the sea,
The sky o'erflows with splendor,
The lakes are full of glee.

And so, no longer lonely,
The land has Beulah's fame,
And all our ocean altars
Burn with devotion's flame;
The trees clap hands together,
Dews jewel every sod,
Each home is full of sunshine,
The people worship God.

God is in every pleasure,
In resting and in toil;
His glory on the ocean,
His name on sky and soil;
All hearts are thrilled with rapture,
All pulses beat with love,
And bliss serene, supernal,
Falls on us from above.

Hail! hail! this day of beauty,
All hail this bridal day!
Ring out the bells of gladness,
Sing the sweet marriage lay!
Sing for the aged people,
Sing for the young and strong,
Sing out in tones triumphant,
The youthful people's song.

Where dash the wild waves darkly,
Or laughs the Summer main,
Where tempests wail at midnight,
Or break in soft refrain,—
Here, in this sea-side temple
We fondly call our own;
O God! reveal Thy glory,
And here erect Thy throne!

ONTIORAS:

OR, MOONLIGHT ON THE CATSKILLS.

OH, how my throbbing spirit longs to tell
Somebody of something that they do not know;
This dream of dreams, this more than magic spell,
Which o'er my soul like bounding billows flow;
This waking trance of joy,
Which God alone can give, and none destroy.

Just now the setting sun, burnished and bright,
Painted the hilltops, crimson, gold and blue,
Then sunk in banks of violet from sight,
Where evening trails her jewelled robes of dew:
While I with transfixed eyes
Gazed through the open gateway to the skies.

Then, Meditation, pensively and slow,
From her seclusion came in gentle mood,
And gazing on the peaceful scene below,
Was overborne with silent gratitude,
While I bowed at her side
And bathed my soul in rapture's holy tide.

Soon Twilight, Meditation's sister, calm
As angels resting with the glorified,
On moss robed rock sat down and sung her psalm,
Like tender mother by her infant's side,
Till, song and singer, blest,
All with the lullaby sunk into rest.

So still! The pulseless vale listened to know
Whether the mountain breathed. The mountain bent
Her patient ears of waiting hemlock low,
Whether the vale its last life throb had spent;
While over all, the dew
Scattered her brilliant treasures, nightly new.

The moon, half orbed, poured down her mystic light,
Like silvery spray through chambers of the soul,
While spirit forms floated before my sight,
And raptures rose which I could not control;
Is this, I asked, all real—
Or do I live and move in worlds ideal?

I do not know, I do not care to know!
The sky is soft, gemmed with the stars of night;
The mountains soft, the valleys soft below,
Or so they seem in this soft evening light,
So the sweet light of God
Makes earth as smooth as when by angels trod.

Enough! enough! Time's harsh discordant tones
Break in low murmurs ere they reach my ear;
Sin's sorrow wails, and guilt's dejected moans,
Do not intrude upon my quiet here;
So shall it be at last
When all earth's conflicts are forever past.

How sweet this tranquil type of holy rest,
  This moonlit eve, these gentle stars of night;
This mountain hush—rich blessings from the blest,
  This prelude to the world of endless light;
This rest I fain would keep,
And for the want of which I often weep.

And yet these mountains rest in strength sublime,
  Though tempests clash, and thunders roll in wrath,
They stand unchanged through all the blasts of time,
  And scatter sunshine on each hidden path;
So, God, I am Thy child,
And I may rest in Thee though storms are wild.

And thus I mused, till the long night was past,
  The sleeping vale lay cradled in between;
The morning broke—the darkness fled at last,
  And the glad sunlight flooded all the scene.
And I was full of bliss
For God's bright throne was shadowed forth in this.

And I shall rise from moonlight in my time,
  From silver moonlight into golden day;
Where love's soft rhythm shall unfold in rhyme,
  With God Himself to modulate the lay,
From moonlit nights shall rise,
To walk the glory mountains of the skies.

Overlook Mt. House, N. Y., Sept. 11, 1880.

ADIRONDACKS.

THE mountains bathe their giant tops in cloud,
And silence keeps her long unbroken sleep;
Here thoughts sublime upon my spirit crowd,
Till filled with awe, I bow, adore, and weep.

A dreamy haze is on the distant hills,
A quiet smile is on the sunlit lake;
A lisp of love is in the laughing rills,
When evenings fall, or ruddy mornings break.

A restful sigh is in the sheltered bay;
A soft refrain is on the distant shore;
A song of peace, a tender, touching lay,
Breathes through my soul and lingers evermore.

The waters leaping from each rocky ledge,
Break into mist high in the dizzy air;
The modest flowers smile from each lofty edge,
Like buds of hope on bosoms of despair.

Here rise the hemlock, interlocking pine;
Here flow the rivers at their rugged feet;
Here bend the elms, here the clematis twine;
Here sages rest in solitude's retreat.

I rise, transformed—transfigured as of old,
When prophets on the sacred mountains trod;
And pressing on, the ways divine unfold,
Until transfixed I see the smile of God.

The smile of God to me is beauty's form,
Whether in mountain or in grain of sand;
Forest or fern, calm, or the raging storm,
Light on the sea, or flooding all the land.

'Tis beauty all—not for the idle throng,
Or thoughtless gaze of those on folly bent;
But to the pure there is a scene and song—
The works and words of the Omnipotent.

O'er the hard rocks, far from the walks of men,
I toiled to-day, wondering if I was right;
Until I struck a deep and lonely glen,
And soon there burst upon my raptured sight,—

A mountain stream, a bright cascade, away,—
Falling on rocks covered with velvet moss;
And as it fell, murmured a gentle lay,
In which I soon forgot my toil and cross.

No words can tell how beautiful it stood—
With emerald freshness in the dewy air;
A kiss of love in the soft solitude,
A smile of joy upon the brow of care.

So, God has special smiles for special friends,
But these are hid away from common gaze,
Seen by the soul, where some hard duty ends,
Which for all toil a thousand times repays.

KEENE VALLEY, Sept. 3, 1881.

NIAGARA.

THERE'S a wild grandeur in the frantic leap
Of the mad waters, white with unmixed wrath,
Swirling and dashing on destruction's path,
Whose march is like the untamed whirlwind's sweep.
No Sabbath rest these restless waters keep;
But through the ages in defiance flow,
With thundering tones like dismal wails of woe,
Plunging far down in the unmeasured deep.
Amid this rush and roar, my brain is tossed;
Tumult triumphant reigns, and passion's strides
To me seem typed in these unbridled tides,
Till on the unchained currents I am lost:
Yet over all, serenely, from above,
God sets his rainbow like a kiss of love.

1881.

WATKINS GLEN.

I SAT in the hush of the twilight,
As its shadows over me fell,
And dreams as in holiest slumbers,
Around me were weaving their spell;
The place was transcendent in beauty,
The trees were all graceful in green,
And song through its water-worn channels,
Flowed softly and sweetly between.

There were pools, and cascades and rapids,
And rocks which arose in the air;
While tenderly musical murmurs,
And delicate blossoms were there;
The hemlocks were robed in their splendor,
And birches adorned the retreat;
The ferns waved their plumes in the silence,
And mosses were soft to my feet.

But my soul saw visions of beauty,
Beyond what appeared to my sight;
The rocks were transfigured with glory,
The gloom was translucent with light;
With eyes thus divinely anointed,
I saw as the purified see,
The spaces all peopled with spirits,
My loved ones returning to me.

They stepped on the leaves in descending,
As softly as steppings of dew;
They spake to my heart in its sorrow,
Such words as the world never knew.
Such words as are heard in the silence
Where love holds its holy control,
Breathed in through the ear of the spirit,
Far down in the depths of the soul.

Such words! But, I may not repeat them,
Though my thoughts they often beguile,
Like an infant's dreaming of heaven,
Whose unuttered bliss is a smile;
Such words! How they lifted me Godward,
And my soul was calm in its care,
Like a lake unruffled in sunlight,
When shadows of heaven are there.

Such words, and such songs, and such glory,
For utterance forever too deep;
The foretaste and visions of heaven,
The spirit in silence shall keep.
I woke from my dream in the twilight,
A dream with which none can compare,
Though some of the glory had vanished,
The song in my soul was still there.

Sept., 1881.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

OLDEN and gray, solemn, St. Augustine!
Coquina's crumbling works thy age declare;
Over thy ruins creep the jessamine,
Filling with fragrance all the balmy air.

Old Marco fort! Thy proud historic walls
Hold treasured tales of dark-browed Seminole,
Which even yet the savagery recalls,
When midnight whoop struck terror to the soul.

Still thou art here, though centuries have passed,
Since first thy bulwarks met the embattled host,
And through the ages warlike deeds have massed,
From hostile fleets which hovered round thy coast.

Thou crumbling Marco! furrowed is thy brow,
The mouldering years man's noblest work defeats,
While we sit down, and wondering, listen now,
To the old tales the Sergeant oft repeats.

'Tis well; the past is legendary lore;
War sheaths her sword, and arts of peace prevail;
Proud Spain retires, the Indian is no more,
And flowers blossom in their bloody trail.

Beside the moat the ancient gates appear,
Where mystic signs once held despotic reign;
Wealth now goes through unchallenged, without fear,
And toil finds rest, on Tolamarto's lane.

Down by the sea-wall stands the godless mart,
Built in the days when thrones of skulls were made;
Untouched by graces of the higher art,
And fit for scenes of an inhuman trade.

Here, man cried out, for man, "how much is bid?"
Here, human blood and brains were bought and sold,
Black avarice, too, which policy had hid,
Sprang into view through grip and greed of gold.

Here manhood sat, dethroned, by man enchained,
Here, dark despair crouched in its wordless woe;
Wife torn from husband frantically complained,
And children wept as we may never know.

But all is changed, and from the smiling bay,
The happy people greet the joyous sun;
No more the master fattens on his prey,
And heartless cry of auctioneer is done.

Here, proud palmetto lifts its stately head,
And green banana's blooming banners high
In triumph wave, as when the warrior's tread
Shakes earth beneath with march of victory.

The fruitful orange interlace above—
A grateful shelter in the noonday heat;
Where soft and slow the tender lips of love
May breathe in words as orange blossoms sweet.

The bending bowers are bright with blushing bloom,
The vines festoon in fancy's varying forms,
And summer trails her beauty, while in gloom,
The north land yields to icy reign of storms.

O blushing beauty, balmy summer swells;
Delicious fruitage; fragrant jessamine;
Thy glowing glory every blossom tells,
Quiet and quaint, dear old St. Augustine.

FLORIDA, Feb., 1882.

ST. DAVID'S PATH.

A PATHWAY which led to the silence,
In shadows of noonday's retreat,
I followed, and held the communion
Of quietude's rapture complete;
Away, far away, from the noises,
Where solitude keeps the control,
Came, soft as the breathings of angels,
The sacred repose of the soul.

Above me was swaying in sunlight,
Magnolia's magnificent bloom,
And the winds flowed over my temples,
In waves of delicious perfume.
Away, far away from miasmas,
Where pestilence spreadeth her wings,
I roam where the mocking bird buildeth,
And drink the sweet songs which she sings.

Above, on my path in the forest,
The oak and magnolia blend;
Their smile is perennial beauty,
Their embrace as friend with a friend.
And yet, like a maiden so modest,
They shrink from the gaze of the gay;
And draw their gauze veilings of mosses,
To hide the sweet blushes of May.

But then, as I gaze in the silence,
What a change comes over my dream,
They do not appear as the youthful,
But solemn as sages they seem;
Aye! solemn as sages whose wisdom
Has delved to the deepest profound;
They stand in the strength of the knowing,
Like sages, whom sages have crowned.

As thus on the path of St. David,
In rapt meditation I trod;
I said, in this leafy enclosure,
Somewhere, is the temple of God;
Then soft, and more soft, in the silence,
Trailed the gray festoonings of moss,
Like the graceful waving of angels,
Which beckon us on to the cross.

I followed, to go was a pleasure,
The mosses which hung in the air
Seemed places prepared for devotion,
And voices invited to prayer;
I said, this is surely the temple,
And the veil to me is so rent,
I stand in the holy of holies,
Around me the Omnipotent.

Still onward I pressed, and still deeper,
My spirit to Godhead applied,
Till far in the depths of the forest,
His Spirit my spirit supplied;
The mosses all trembled with glory,
To the eyes of the thoughtless concealed,
But the farther I moved from the human,
The more to my soul was revealed.

O be not amazed at my utterance,
Arise, and the glory pursue,
Along the lone path of St. David,
The glory will burst upon you;
It shall burst in the fulness of splendor,
Shall heal like the healing of balm,
And the softest sigh of the zephyr,
Shall roll like a billow of psalm.

If alone on path of St. David,
I still hear some sad spirit sigh,
Can blessings be found in their fulness,
My heart in its sorrow must lie!
O blest is the path of St. David,
But others as blessed may be,
When thy soul communes with the Holy,
All paths are St. David's to thee.

FLORIDA, Feb., 1882.

WHERE SHALL WE GO?

WHERE shall we go? asked modest maiden beauty,
Where shall we go, to spend our summer days?
Where find relief from life's dull round of duty?
Where shall we sing our blissful summer lays?

Where shall we go? One answered; to the mountains,
The great grand mountains, green in noonday light,
Where the glad waters leap from living fountains,
And glassy lakes reflect the stars of night.

Where shall we go? There is a vale of splendor,
Where flowers bloom, and fragrance fills the air;
Where sighing brooks and songs of birds are tender,
The bliss you seek, another said, is *there!*

Where shall we go? Seek pleasure by the ocean,
Where laughing billows break in silvery spray;
Muse by the sea, her musical commotion,
Will sing such songs as make your summer gay.

So each had words born of their own opinion,
Each thought the mountain, vale, or seaside best;
And all confused, the mind had no dominion,
For varying views had failed to give it rest.

Another spake—one who enjoyed all places;
He said, "Seek Jesus; find His love complete;
Then when your heart His heart of love embraces,
Mountains and vales and oceans will be sweet."

1882.

THE ST. LAWRENCE.

NOBLE, most noble St. Lawrence,
Whose waters unceasingly flow;
Whose waves like the footsteps of angels,
Come tenderly, softly and slow.
They bask in the rise of the morning,
They sleep in the heat of the noon;
They smile in the glow of the sunset,
They woo in the light of the moon.

O silent, majestic St. Lawrence,
With light on thy beautiful face,
Thy waves like the arms of Jehovah,
A thousand green islands embrace;
Thy mellow and musical murmurs,
In mystical silences roll,
Till they break like the voices of spirits,
In unspoken thoughts on the soul.

Thou peaceful and hazy St. Lawrence,
In the dream of thy quiet I rest;
Thy fairy like islands of beauty
Seem types of the homes of the blest;
Around me these visions of splendor,
Within me emotions of bliss;
Whatever the worlds still above me,
I rise to the grandeur of this.

I reverence thee, ancient St. Lawrence,
Still onward the voice of thy flow;
While thy tides forever are passing,
No changes thy islands shall know:

So the grand old truths of the Bible,
Abide through the rushings of time,
In their strength remaining colossal
While Godlike they tower sublime.

Thy rocks, ever honored St. Lawrence,
Which through all the ages have stood,
The same in the storm and the sunshine,
Like God the eternally good;
Like the sturdy faith of the righteous,
While the world is passing away,
Sings on in the ear of the tempest,
Or smiles in the face of the day.

From thy depths, transfigured, St. Lawrence,
A thousand Mount Tabors arise;
Though rough, and barren, and rugged,
Christ only unfolds to my eyes;
Though forms of the faithful from glory,
To my vision do not appear,
The soul in the light of the Godhead,
Exclaims, "It is good to be here."

On, on, ever onward, St. Lawrence,
Through islands of gladness and green,
Where the sunbeams kissing the waters,
Leave ripples of laughter between;
These emerald islands, whose summits
Are bathed in the light of the noon,
Unfold like the smilings of friendship,
And pass from our vision as soon.

Dark rolling and fearful St. Lawrence,
Thy rapids rush on in their wrath,
O'er the hidden rocks of destruction,
Like sin in its perilous path;

Hold! hold, there is dash and defiance,
Who? who? these dangers may brave?
O God! though we cling to the human,
Thine arm, and thine only, can save.

Thou winding and widening St. Lawrence,
Still march in thy might to the sea;
Each league grows deeper and grander,
Thy might still mightier shall be.
Shores die in the haze of the distance,
Thy feet have stepped down to the sea,
Thy greatness has broken its fetters,
Thy sweep is unmeasured and free.

My life, O thou rolling St. Lawrence,
Thy waters have mirrored to me;
Calms, rapids, the sunlight and shadows,
Rough tempest and love's lullaby;
But Thy arm, Omnipotent Helmsman,
Shall pilot me down to the sea,
Where the soul sweeps out from the human,
Forever unfettered and free.

Sept., 1882.

KAATERSKILL CLOVE.

IN dells of Kaaterskill and gorges deep,
Where rugged grandeur all around me lies,
The rushing streams with snowy crestings, leap
Like silver cascades falling from the skies,
Where cloven rocks rent by convulsive wrath,
Linger to mark the proud destroyer's path.

These waters plunging from each dizzy height,
Flash in the sun with songs at sultry noon,
Or in the gathering folds of moonless night,
Enter the darkness with a mournful tune;
While through the slooping mountains, softly roll
All tender murmurs which subdue the soul.

Soon cataracts of light amid the gloom,
Fall in great tides of burnished brilliants bright;
Ten thousand splendors bank and brook, illume,
And deepest depths wake to embrace the light;
And, as I rise, entranced, the broadening skies
Unfold new glories to my wondering eyes.

Thoughtful I gaze, around, beneath my feet,
Perfections lie in infinite descent;
Each grain of sand, is as a world complete,
And every shrub with life is eloquent;
The humming bee, the bird that skims the air,
And the rough rocks creation's beauties share.

The graceful fern, bejeweled with the dew,
Creeping far down beside the sparkling stream,
Or o'er the smooth-faced rocks with vigor new,
Looks down the ledge where summer sunbeams gleam,
Courting the modest mosses shyly fair,
While "*Dripping Rocks,*" their tears are trickling there.

The fragrant flowers along my pathways smile,
The golden rod, the asters, white and brown,
In passing on my lonely steps beguile,
Till daisies greet me with their snowy crown,
While grasses wave, and leaves laugh in the light,
Till finite rising blends with infinite.

The trees, erect, stand motionless in air,
The mountain air fresh in the morning light,
Silent as when the soul engaged in prayer
Finds in divinity supreme delight;
In deep seclusions of the wooded dell,
Where endless forms of shaded beauties dwell.

The falling leaves have beautiful decay,
And prostrate trunks lie in their mouldering sleep;
Whose fungus shrouds, with lichen trim are gay,
And life in death forbids that we should weep.
While winding streams breathe out their softest sighs,
And the fond heart to nature's voice replies,

What shall I do? There's grandeur all around.
I stand encircled with magnificence;
The sky ablaze, the earth all holy ground,
Whose smallest grain has deep significance;
And all an altar of high sacrifice,
Where pure devotions can ascend the skies.

Here let me worship, nature helps me so,
God in the mountains garbs Himself in form,
I fall at His dear feet in valleys low,
And hear His voice in sunshine and in storm;
I see His glory in the rising sun,
And earth and heaven are blended into one.

I do not worship nature! No, but thee,
Thou primal cause, creation's architect;
The things which are or ever hence shall be,
Are of this cause the outflow and effect;
And while my soul to all is sensitive,
I should be taught by nature how to live.

Creation's works are types of the divine,
As far as types can type the Infinite;
But God Himself, rises beyond the line
Of all things seen, till lost in glory's light:
Yet, through His works with saints and seraphim,
And by His word, my soul ascends to Him.

CATSKILL MOUNTAINS, 1884.

WHAT A JOYFUL PLACE!

WHAT a joyful place our heaven must be,
Where the captive dwells forever free,
Where the weary rest, and the good reside,
And the lonely poor have their wants supplied.

The pilgrim rests from his journey long,
And the heart oppress'd breaks forth in song,
Where the aching head finds a place of rest,
And the sons of grief are forever blest.

A joyful place where our Saviour dwells,
And redemption's sweet song forever swells,
Where the heart's high praise, and the crowns are given,
To the Saviour of men, even such is heaven.

Even such is heaven! How the soul shall swell,
As it flees from earth with its God to dwell,
The warfare is past, and all is forgiven,
And it rests in the bliss of its own sweet heaven.

"What a joyful place," the old man said,
As he closed the Book he had fondly read,
His soul was full, and the tears fell fast,
For he felt he should reach that home at last.

"What a joyful place," so the martyr cried,
Then firmly walked to the stake and died;
While his soul broke forth from its burning clay,
And fled on the wings of its hope away.

"A joyful place," cried the mother low,
As her eyes grew dim and her pulse beat slow,
And she kiss'd her child with a warm sweet kiss,
Then pass'd with a smile to the land of bliss.

"A joyful place," so the maiden cried,
As she closed her eyes on the world and died,
And her soul broke forth in a sweet farewell,
As we watch'd her flight with the good to dwell.

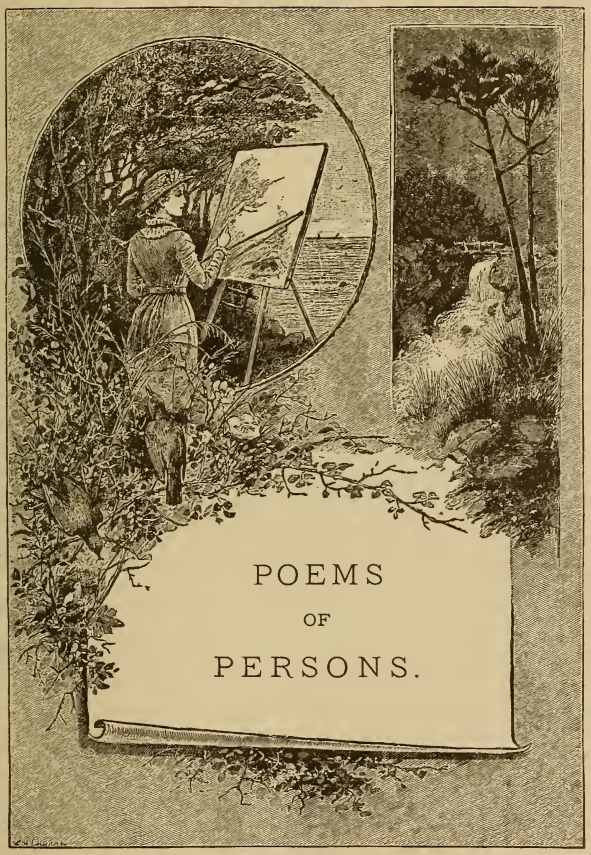
"A joyful place," said the child of woe,
And he smil'd at his grief, and cried, I go;
As the bright stars fade with the light of day
His spirit was kiss'd from the earth away.

A joyful place,—while the infant lay,
In its mother's arms on its dying day,
A smile was wove with each tender grace
And the angel whisper was, "joyful place."

A joyful place, where our friends reside,
Our lov'd and lost ones, who in Jesus died;
O blest emotions! O what grand employ!
Is their's forever in that land of joy.

A joyful place is the spirit land,
There the sinless host is a loving band;
They are all redeem'd, they are all forgiv'n,
And the smile of God is the joy of heaven.

LAMBERTVILLE, N. J., 1848.


POEMS
OF
PERSONS.

The poems in this Section were mostly written immediately after the death of the persons whose names they bear, and laid as wreaths of love upon their new-made graves. The others, are of living people.

Poems of Persons.

REV. GEO. COOKMAN.

AND Cookman is no more! Thus, one by one,
The great and good are called from earth away;
Death claims the brightest for his early prey—
And revels in their fame. The joyous sun
Withdrew his brightness till the deed was done;
And the deep moanings of the troubled sea,
His only requiem, rung mournfully:
The wailing winds, out from the dark unknown,
The only sighs that linger o'er his grave;
And the steep iceberg, ocean's stormy throne,
Shall be for Cookman's monumental stone;
But Cookman's fame, when time's last lingering wave
Ceases its swellings, like a banner furled,
Shall glow in splendor through a deathless world.

Philadelphia, April 2, 1842.

ALFRED COOKMAN.

IS Alfred Cookman dead?
I know it is so said!
I know full well there is a vacant place—
A vacant place at home,
Where fond hearts bleed alone,
Who miss for aye, his dear familiar face.

The pulpit too, is left;
The Church is sore bereft,
And, bowed with grief, the souls he used to feed;
Eyes too, are dim with tears,
For, lo, these many years,
Dear Alfred Cookman was a friend indeed.

Is Alfred Cookman dead?
I know it is so said!
And, well I know that the old forests wild—
Where holy song and prayer,
Once filled the God-blent air,
No more shall hear his voice so sweetly mild.

But, is he dead? I know
Men answer—"It is so;"
And I, alas, have seen his manly form,
Calm in its last sweet sleep,
So restful and so deep,
Whereon was left no trace of passion's storm.

Ah yes! I know, I know,
That all there was below
Of him, the loved, the cherished, and the true,
Who, long amongst us stood,
So Christ-like and so good,
Has passed forever from our human view.

All this, I sadly know,
And this is why the flow
Of human sorrow is so deep and wide,—
That we shall no more hear,
His words so softly clear,—
"My precious brother, Christ for thee hath died."

But, is he dead! O no!
Christ saith, it is not so!
"He that believeth, he shall never die."
How firmly he believed!
What victories he achieved!
Lo! Alfred Cookman lives beyond the sky!

He lives on earth beside,
For here he hath not died;
To home or hall he is not now confined,
His living words go forth,
East, West, and South, and North,—
They cheer the comfortless and lead the blind.

What? Cookman dead? O no!
When in the valley low,—
I heard him speak words of such wond'rous love;
Words not of human breath,
Words, not inspired by death,—
But, words inbreathed from life-land, just above.

What? dead? When sweeping through
The eternal gates, to view
The blood-washed throng, with crown, and harp, and palm.
What? dead? When greeted by
Sire, brother, son, on high—
Washed in the blood of the atoning Lamb;

No; no! He cannot die!
No! no!! He lives on high;—
He lives on earth in all his life of love!
We miss his form awhile,
We miss his saintly smile,
But heaven is sweeter since he passed above.

Dead? dead? No! never, no!
Faith saith, "It is not so!"
And God's own word the sweet assurance gives;
And all his holy life,
With victory so rife,
All, all exclaim, that Alfred Cookman lives!

He lives, to bless our race,
He lives, the Church to grace,—
He lives to beckon us to Crown and Palm!
He lives, to say to all,
However great or small,
"Saved, through the blood of the atoning Lamb."

1871.

MY BIRTH-DAY.

THE flowery-footed Spring has gone,
With merry steps and free;
The Summer came with golden flush,
And passed as rapidly.

With pensive pleasure Autumn comes,
Calm heart and brow serene;
The sky is bright with burnished light,
Below, the earth is green.

The trees stand hushed and motionless,
Through with their Summer care;
And frost, with colors many-hued,
Paints landscapes rich and rare.

The kine are dozing on the hills,
The brooks go murmuring by,
The cricket sings his quiet song,
The leaves fall silently.

There's quiet in the earth beneath,
There's quiet in the air;
And Nature, through with over-work,
Is resting everywhere.

I'm resting too: sweet Autumn rest,
Through with the toil and strife;
I'm sweetly resting on the slopes—
The sunny slopes of life.

I've had my Spring and Summer time,
I'm in the Autumn now:
And time has woven silver threads
In silence on my brow.

I'm glad, for though the Spring was bright,
And Summer glories fill
Our cup of joy up to the brim,
Yet Autumn's sweeter still.

A holy quiet everywhere,
Through nature seems to roll,
But that which is to me supreme,
Is quiet in the soul.

In Spring, I thought the Spring was best;
But Summer came to me
All laden with its golden flush,
And fruits abundantly.

And then I said, Can aught excel
This ripening Summer time—
This high-day on the mountain top,
With visions all sublime?

But, when the hazy Autumn came—
Sweet Autumn, full of rest,
I said to Him who loves me most,
Dear Jesus, this is best.

Yes, this is best for many things,
So full of good is earth;
Yet this is best of all to me,
This season gave me birth.

Not only best, but grandest too,
With plumes of richest dye;
So may my life be all sublime—
Sublimest when I die.

I shall not die! The hemlock fresh
In wintry storms is seen;
And faith in Jesus Christ, hath made
My soul an evergreen!

The outward's in the fading leaf,
The earthly droops and dies,
The inward cleansed and purified,
Undying, mounts the skies.

O thanks for Nature's resting time,
As seasons onward roll,
But most I thank Thee, Jesus, Lord,
For rest within the soul.

I soon shall gain the heavenly rest.
O, Jesus, then with Thee,
Thy everlasting smile of love,
My endless rest shall be.

CAMDEN, N. J., Oct. 10, 1873.

THE ELDEST SISTER.

IN heaven at last!
Earth's realities are past;
Stern and rugged as could be,
Dearest! all are past with thee;
Quiet, is thy portion now,
Crown'd thy pure and saintly brow.

In heaven at last!
Earthly sorrows now are past;
Past the sadness and the sighing,
Past the struggle and the dying,
Past with thee death's gloomy river,
Come the sweet and blest forever.

In heaven at last!
All earth's pilgrimage is past;
Through the valleys, o'er the mountains,
Done with Marah's bitter fountains,
Placid now the throbbing breast,
Come the everlasting rest.

In heaven at last!
All earth's changing scenes are past;
Through the days of toil and sorrow,
Through the fear of coming morrow,
Through the long and fiery strife,
Come the everlasting life.

In heaven at last!
Hushed forever, time's rude blast:
Troubles shall no more run riot,
Come the everlasting quiet;
Past the tempest, come the calm,
Changed the cross for victor's palm.

In heaven at last!
All thy tear drops now are cast;
Never more shall grief annoy thee,
Ever more shall praise employ thee,
Past the discipline and rod,
Come the blessed smile of God.

In heaven at last!
Come the good, the evil past;
Never more shall tears o'erflow thee,
Never more shall sorrows know thee;
Past the pain, returning never,
O, the sweet and blest forever.

In heaven at last!
Endless heaven! grand and vast;
As we read in sacred story—
Come the everlasting glory;
Come the bliss that endeth never,
O! the bright and blest forever.

1873.

LYDIA.

ON HER EIGHTEENTH BIRTH-DAY.

SWEET childhood days, farewell,
Forever gone are years of early youth;
Gone, fairy mount and dell,
But come the years of nobler life and truth.

Then, shall I weeping say,—
Alas, alas, that all these things are so;
Have joys all passed away,
And bliss, like childhood's, shall I never know?

Rest quiet O fond heart,
Childhood is sweet, and youth has happy years,
But, O, how small a part,
Of life's true mission ever then, appears.

Life, like a mountain, high,
Rises before us in our pilgrim way,
And bright flowers greet our eye,
While all around is beautiful and gay.

But day by day we rise,
And each ascent brings grander scenes to view,
So, truth, will oft surprise,
Our rising souls with visions bright and new.

Life's joys are not to be,
A garden scene, or chase of butterflies,
But grander things for thee,
Open each day, and thou shalt grow more wise.

True life is purest joy,
All sweeter still, as truth is understood,
True happiness, th' employ
Of feet, and hands, and heart, in doing good.

Goodness, is highest bliss,
If young, or old, or middle aged are we,
And thou wilt find it this,
Where'er henceforth, thy pilgrim path may be.

I greet, thee, then, dear child,
On thy approaching birth-day, softly bright.
Be guileless, and be mild,
And doing good thy holiest delight.

Earth, then, shall be a heaven,
And heaven itself, only intenser bliss,
For, to good deeds, is given,
Much of heaven's pleasures in a world like this.

CAMDEN, Feb. 11, 1874.

MINISTERIAL VETERANS.

CLASS OF 1844.

Read at their Re-union, on the Thirtieth Anniversary of their organization, April 21, 1874.

BROTHERS, joy! We meet again,
Meet and greet as Christian men;
Break of morn, and set of sun,
Thirty years of toil are done.
Lo! we meet; and greet each other,
Finding still, in each, a brother.

Went we forth in fragrant spring,
Borne as by a spirit's wing,
With a warm and gushing heart,
Fleet of foot to do our part,
Holy love still urging faster,
In the service of our Master.

In our heart, no throb of care,
On our brow no frosted hair;
Budding thought and flashing eye,
All was bright beneath the sky.
Full of love we longed for others,
Claiming all mankind for brothers.

Sin was armed, and bold, and strong,
And the fray was fierce and long,
Rushing forward in the strife,
Here and there we gained a life,
Then our songs of joy rose higher,
Mingling with the heavenly choir.

Thirty years of toil are done!
Battles fought, and victories won,
Arms, though worn are lifted still,
Nerved by Christ's all conquering will,
Heart and courage all unfailing,
Banners torn, but never trailing.

Thirty years amid the fray!
Reap the rich reward to-day!
Life lived over, ours should be,
Blessed Christ, to toil for Thee,
Battle-scarred, and worn and weary,
Life as lived, has nothing dreary.

Rises the triumphal arch,
Legions join the Christly march,
Banners float and music swells,
Anthems ring from chiming bells.
Christ victorious, Church extended,
Heaven and earth are being blended.

All is cheerful, here we stand,
Heart with heart, and hand in hand,
Pledging for the future strife,
All the energy of life,
For a stronger dash, and bolder,
Stronger now, because we're older!

Long and strong the most have stood,
Serving Christ, and doing good,
Some are sleeping, ah! how well,
Girded for their work, they fell,
Fell, with conflict all around them,
Fell, but fadeless honors crown them.

Brothers, drop the silent tear,
To their memories, sacred, here,
Droop the head, and drape the soul,
For our band, no longer whole!
Joy that grief shall press them never,
Come to them, the blest forever!

Brothers, shall we meet again?
Meet and greet as Christian men?
Aye, we shall, but not as now,
Battle-scarred, and bronzed brow,
All immortal, past the river,
We shall meet in blest forever.

Glad and sad, we smile and weep,
Joy is high, and grief is deep,
Joy that we are here to-day,
Grief, we soon must pass away,
Joy, there is a sweet forever,
Joy, where sorrow cometh, never.

THOMAS H. EDDY, D. D.

MISSIONARY SECRETARY.

A CHIEFTAIN from the war,
His pulse still beating high,
With laurels fresh, from fields afar,
Wounded, comes home to die.

Wounded, but not in flight,
Dauntless he met the foe,
He led the van to thickest fight,
And death was in each blow.

An arrow pierced his frame,
So silent was its course,
He knew not how or whence it came,
Though fatal in its force.

They told him he must die,
He started up to hear, . . .
With martial fire still in his eye,
He heard, but felt no fear.

But, are you sure, he said,
What! die, with work half done?
The sky with battle flame still red,
The victory half won!

What! die! well, be it so,
My faith its joy shall sing,
For Christ has conquered death, and lo!
He comes without a sting.

O, blessed Church, arise,
On, let the watchword be,
Onward, still onward, through the skies
Ring out the victory!

For Christ, the nations claim,
His banner wide unfold,
Let hearts redeemed, be all aflame,
And then, bring forth the gold.

Go, lay it at His feet,
I charge you, brethren, cry,
Forward, there must be no retreat,
Forward, to do, or die!

Louder than thunder's peal,—
God strike the blessed hour;
The day has come, the Church must feel,
The consecrated power.

Nearing the world of love,
As earth light fades away,
He lifts his dying hand above,
A sign of victory.

Then, from the conflict free,
Resting with prayers and songs,
The victor cried, "Eternity,
With all its brightness, dawns."

Hearing each burning word,
Lord, help us all, to heed;
Till by his thought, our hearts are stirred,
And thought, unfolds to deed.

Nov., 1874.

HON. HENRY WILSON.

VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.



ET the Nation bow its head—
From New Hampshire, crowned with snow,
To the Gulf of Mexico,
Sighs be heard, and tears be shed,
For the honest statesman dead.

From the walks of want and woe,
From New Hampshire's stony soil,
Where commenced his sturdy toil,
Laggard fortune, lame and slow,
Led him where the mighty go.

Where they sat in high estate,
  Learned, grave, and grand and strong,
  In their councils late and long;
Still he felt, though with the great,
For each wrong a righteous hate.

Soon his arm of matchless might
  Wielded keen-edged weapons well,
  And his words like lightning fell,
Till beneath the blazing light,
Might grew stronger for the right.

Human praise was not his aim,
  Right he sought for burdened men,
  Nature added her amen;
And forgetting name and fame,
Stooped to file the negro's chain.

Other wrongs were his to know;
  Serpent-like, with treacherous art,
  Coiled within the Nation's heart,
Rum and ruin; yet his blow
Laid the slimy monster low.

Wrongs expire and men are free!
  Calmly now, without a sigh,
  Wilson can afford to die,
And his life henceforth shall be
Hope for downcast liberty.

Kindred few may mourn him dead;
  Yet a nation, round his bier,
  Shall his honored name revere;
Gratitude her tears shall shed
For the Christian statesman dead.

1875.

FATHER BŒHM.

AGED ONE HUNDRED YEARS AND SIX MONTHS.

TOLL the bells for Father Bœhm!
Toll them gently, gently, gently;
Softly touch a *hundred times;*
Till they melt in mellow chimes,
Touch them softly, softly, softly,
Softly touch a hundred times.

He, the centennarian, sleepeth;
Sleepeth sweetly, sweetly, sweetly,
Couch of down—the Saviour's breast,
Lengthened journey—crown and rest;
Sleeping calmly, calmly, calmly;
Spirit, white-robed with the blest!

Toll the bells for Father Bœhm!
Toll them softly, softly, softly,
Hundred years of victories won,
Hundred years of work well done;
Resting sweetly, sweetly, sweetly,
Real life but just begun.

Ring the bells for Father Bœhm!
Ring them gladly, gladly, gladly;
Ring them through the land of light,
Ring them where there is no night!
Ring them grandly, grandly, grandly,
Ring them grandly, sons of light.

He, the centennarian, liveth;
  Ever liveth, liveth, liveth;
Liveth, where there are no tears,
Liveth with his old compeers;
  Liveth, youthful, youthful, youthful,
In the land that hath no years.

Ring the centennary bells!
  Ring them loudly, loudly, loudly;
Ring them as we may, and will—
Ring till glens and mountains fill;
  Ring them softly, sweetly, gladly,
Ring them all more grandly still!

1875.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

THE IRISH POET.

FROM the Island of Green, gently washed by the sea,
  Where billows in choruses meet,
Unknown and unknowing, he came in his youth,
  And bowed at Columbia's feet.

No treasures were his, but the deep mine of his heart
  Soon commenced its wealth to unfold,
Till a halo of glory encircled his brow,
  More brilliant than chaplets of gold.

The rich songs of his soul fell like murmurings sweet,
  And smooth as the soft silver's flow;
And the voice of the Church through the ages shall sing,
  His melody, "*Whiter than Snow.*"

The dark mind of distress shall look up and rejoice,
For oh, his blest "*Whosoever*"
Revives and gives courage as onward it flows,
And doubt has victory, never.

So the grief-stricken one to the Saviour shall come,
And resting "*Under His Wings,*"
Though the world is disturbed, yet the soul, all serene,
And rich in its blessedness, sings.

Sweet minstrel of Zion, what a mission was thine,
A mission of gladness and grace,
For the songs so much loved, of thy intellect born,
Shall comfort and strengthen the race!

Though thy harp is unstrung, and all tuneless thy lute,
The poet of Jesus shall be,
In the flow of his numbers still fresh to the soul,
As his own Green Isle of the sea.

Then rest thee, oh rest, thou dear poet of God,
Forever in oceans of love:
We will sing thy sweet songs while we linger below,
Then with thee re-sing them above.

1876.

CLASP HANDS!

TO E. R. AND H. L. S., ON THE FORTY-THIRD ANNIVERSARY OF THEIR MARRIAGE.

CLASP hands, it is a bridal-day,
Clasp hands, beneath the bowers of May!
Two youthful lovers fresh and fair,
From Ashley* and the Delaware,*
Clasped hands and hearts for weal or woe,
Just three and forty years ago.

Clasp hands again in joy to-day,
Beneath the blossomings of May,
The weal has come in many a path,
The woe in fiery tides of wrath,
Yet blessings never cease to fall,
And mercy's hand is seen in all.

How fully through the lengthened strife,
Has come to you a mingled life,
A mingled life, inwrought with pain,
And then with blissful tides again,
A fitful night, a fevered dream,
With gladness smiling down between.

The birds that sing in morning hours,
Are hushed in noonday's sultry bowers,
And yet, when evening shades prevail,
Again repeat the pleasing tale,
While tender twilight often brings
Their softest, sweetest carolings.

* CHARLESTON, S. C., and PHILADELPHIA, PA.

So, may the joys you had of yore,
Come trooping back to you once more,
And years that number, *forty-three*,
Make up the spirit's jubilee,
While hope's magnolia blossoms fill,
The heart with richest fragrance still.

Hail marriage day! the earth and sky,
Sing forth their own soft melody;
And children's songs in sweetness roll,
Like sunlit ripples through the soul,
Songs of the children God has given,
Those still on earth and those in heaven!

Hail blended life! hail blended bliss,
Where weal and woe, embracing, kiss,
The weal is sweet, the woe has pain,
Yet withered joys revive again,
And love weaves up its marriage lay
For God's eternal wedding day.

May, 1877.

SILVER BELLS.

TO REV. J. R. V. AND WIFE.

RING the silver bells of joy; ring, bells, ring!
Five and twenty years to-night,
Silver years commenced their flight,
Gained the goal, and all is bright;
Ring the bells in calm delight,
Ring them in love's holy light;
Ring them softly, bells of joy; ring, bells, ring!

Ring the silver bells of joy; ring, bells, ring!
In a fallen world like this,
You have found the Eden bliss;
Found the flowers and sipped the dew,
Love's delicious nectar, new;
For these flowers of heavenly hue,
Ring the bells, bells of joy; ring, ring, ring, ring!

Ring the silver bells of joy; ring, bells, ring!
Softly blue was Eden's sky;
Softer still, the love-lit eye;
Green the grass and bright the sod,
By our Eden parents trod;
But for brighter home and God,
Ring the bells, bells of joy; ring, ring, ring, ring!

Ring the silver bells of joy; ring, bells, ring!
Eden life, though from above,
Never knew a mother's love;
Never knew the sacred bliss
Of a father's tender kiss;
For the higher joys of this,
Ring the bells, bells of joy; ring, ring, ring, ring!

Ring the silver bells of joy; ring, bells, ring!
Let the love-waves, rippling, roll
Through the channels of the soul;
For the sorrows and the fears
Of the five and twenty years,
Now dissolved in grateful tears;
Ring the silver bells, bells of joy; ring, ring!

Ring the silver bells of joy; ring, bells, ring!
Tears have come to dim the eye,
Clouds to overcast the sky,
Sorrow's wreath the heart entwining,
And the storms of earth combining,
Have not hid the silver lining;
Ring the silver bells, bells of joy; ring, ring!

Ring the silver bells of joy; ring, bells, ring!
Ring the bells for love and home,
Ring! the sweetest peace has come;
Ring the bells for faithful bride,
Ring for groom whom time has tried,
Ring for daughter, beautified;
Ring the bells; love bells, joy bells, hope bells, ring!

Ring the silver bells of joy; ring, bells, ring!
Blest this consecrated hour,
Love has brought her richest dower;
Near, the bliss that has no ending,
Nearer, God, the condescending,
Earthly bliss and heavens are blending,
Ring sweet bells; bells of the heart, ring, ring, ring!

1878.

FIFTY YEARS.

TO MR. AND MRS. W. S., ON THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING DAY.

SOFTLY bright was Eden's glory,
Sweet with love its wordless songs,
And the holiest affections
To each sinless hour belongs.

Dewy morns and fragrant evenings,
Dewy hearts and dewy lives,
Dewy speech in bridal beauty,
Like the pearly dew revives.

Wedded hearts have cherished Edens,
Sweetest thoughts their skies distill—
Thoughts replete with love's aroma,
Which the yearning spirits fill.

Burning thoughts in strength undying,
Coined in words of long ago,
Silver words which time's alchemist
Give to-night a golden glow.

Beautiful as summer fruitage,
Flushed with all the flush of June,
Golden as the latest glory
Of an autumn afternoon.

Golden as the burnished sunset,
Which the evening skies unfold,
Glowing in their finished splendor,
Bringing in their crowns of gold.

Down the hillsides, up the mountain,
Bright with hope or dim with tears,
Walking peacefully and faithful,
Bride and groom of fifty years!

Through the valleys, 'cross the moorland,
Every storm has been defied;
Thoughtfully, in garb celestial,
Walk the bridegroom and the bride.

Fifty years! High coronation!
Fully tested, fully tried.
Vows fulfilled, and God approving,
Faithful bridegroom, faithful bride.

Fifty years! Earth's shadows lengthen,
Brightens the immortal side.
Fifty years! Palms, crowns eternal,
Wait the bridegroom and the bride.

1878.

LINDA.

THE earth is bright to me,
With mellow tints the bending skies unfold;
And the heart's currency
Is coined of holiest words, love's purest gold;
While fragrant flowers are blooming at my feet,
And all things here are beautiful and sweet.

Dear home, what scenes of bliss
Arise in peaceful visions to my sight!
And morning's dewy kiss
In beaded beauty flashes in the light,
While like a feathered nest on boughs above,
My own sweet home is soft with downy love.

O Church! my other rest,
So fondly cherished, to my spirit true,
Thy pastures green are blest;
And thy rich music thrills with raptures new,
Till overborne with throbs of gratitude,
I find still higher bliss in doing good.

So blest, and yet my eye—
My spirit's eye—discerns another sphere,
Where brightly, fragrantly,
Bloom fadeless flowers that never blossom here.
Though earthly flowers are full of love to me,
Yet take me, Jesus, to that land and Thee.

Another home is mine—
Fairer than this, though this is wondrous fair;
Where life is love divine,
And earth's miasmas breathe not in the air.
A more than jeweled throne is this to me,
Yet take me, Jesus, to that home and Thee.

Another Church I see,
A holier Church, blood-washed and pure and true,
Its day eternity,
Its songs and scenes forever more are new;
All things below are beautiful to me,
Yet take me, Jesus, to that Church and Thee.

The Lord in mercy bent
To hear the prayer from lips all undefiled,
And swift-winged angels sent
To gather home His own devoted child;
The Lord Himself His own hath taken up
Where sight out-blossoms all her budded hope.

1879.

BISHOP GILBERT HAVEN.

TOLL ye the bells, for our Master has spoken,
Has spoken the word which to Him seemed the best;
The light has gone out, the strong staff is broken,
The shepherd of souls has gone up to his rest.

Gone up to his rest; life's work not completed,
Ungathered the sheep which his heart would enfold;
Great plans so divine seem almost defeated,
The story unfinished his lips would have told.

Great plans all his own, as broad as the ocean,
Deep currents of thought, as free as the air;
Rebuking the wrong, whate'er the commotion,
He was wise to conceive and bold to declare.

With him wrong was *wrong*, no lofty condition
Could ever transform any wrong into right;
Baptized of his God, his holy ambition
Went down to the depths and exposed to the light.

Mourn! mourn for his death, ye sons of the lowly,
Toll, toll ye the bells for his sun set at noon;
Forever, amen! He dwells with the holy,
But ah! his departure comes on us too soon.

Too soon; yes, too soon; great saints and bright sages
Are grand in their work as the nations can see;
Abreast *thou* with them? Aye, more; lo! the ages
Are lingering laggards when marching with thee.

Hush, murmurer, hush! thou speakest, not knowing
The plannings supreme which lie hid in the sod;
The seed sown by him in the ages on-flowing,
Expanding shall bloom in the likeness of God.

He spake! the word, like its author, eternal,
Shall live in the heart and grow strong in our trust.
A day comes to earth when beauty supernal
In freedom's bright form shall arise from the dust.

It is well, yes, well! though Church be in sadness,
Like Phœnix of old, from *his words* shall arise;
Deeds of the hero's which usher in gladness,
To Church and the world a diviner surprise.

Then ring, O ring for our Bishop ascended—
Ring bells on the mountain, through city and glen;
He lived for the right, the helpless defended,
The fallen he lifted, and CHATTELS ARE MEN!

Triumph, O Bishop! There's smiling for scorning;
Sin vanquished; death's river is lost to the sight;
All beauty! good-night, we meet in the morning,
Oppression dethroned, wrong eternally right.

Saved, saved! Lo! the angels! O blissful possession;
Float onward, upborne to the city above;
A thousand sweet years—eternal progression;
O rest, weary heart, in the lap of thy love!

1880.

GOD'S HEROES.*

EVANGELISTIC TOUR AROUND THE WORLD.

NOT as the war-clad chieftains,
Enthused with fiery wrath;
Not like the thundering legions,
With ruin in their path;
Not with the peal of trumpets,
Not with the beat of drum,
But, with diviner forces,
God's mighty heroes come.

They come with silent paces,
Enthused with thoughts sublime;
The human side all weakness,
The faith side strength divine:
The truth, their peal of trumpets,
Heart throbs, their beat of drum;
With unseen God around them,
These conquering heroes come.

Not as the blight of Nations,
To scatter and destroy;
Not with the heel of despots,
To crush each earthly joy;
Not as the proud invaders
Who capture and enslave,
But with diviner mission—
To manumit and save.

*Rev. J. S. Inskip and Company.

They come! Their words like tempests
Which plough the restless deep,
Break in on sin's seclusions,
And human spirits weep;
Yet, like the sunlit footsteps
Of morning on the sea,
They leave a trail of gladness
Still lingering on the lee.

Not with the flash of banners,
Which glitter in the sun;
Not with the boom of cannon,
Which tell of victories won;
Not with the march of conquest
Obstructed by the seas;
These heroes of the blessed
Have wider victories.

They come, with holy ensigns,
Whatever be their loss,
And rear, with highest rapture,
The ever blessed cross;
The gospel must go forward,
Its banner wide unfurled,
Must wave in constant triumph,
Over a ransomed world.

Not with the shout of triumph,
When foes in battle fall;
Not with the glow of glory,
When men have conquered all;
Not with the blast of bugle,
Not with the beat of drum;
But, thrilled with joys diviner,
These holy heroes come.

They come! Dead souls are quickened;
The foul are cleansed from sin;
The Holy Christ in beauty,
Reigns quietly within;
Then comes such holy rapture
As all our hearts have craved;
A joy like that of angels
When human souls are saved.

Go! God-sent men and women,
Be valiant and be true;
Go round the world with Jesus—
Jesus will go with you.
Evangels, lo! before you
The fields in whiteness lie;
Go! Sing and reap for Jesus,
Go! Garner for the sky.

Go! And the Lord go with you,
As he with Moses went;
As Moses trusted, trust him,
And trusting be content.
Like Moses break the bondage
Of Egypt's toil and sin;
Lead on the hosts like Joshua,
And Canaan rest bring in.

Go! Over land and oceans,
O'er mountains and the plains;
Go! Flood with gospel sunlight
The realms where darkness reigns.
Go! Tell the thrilling story,
To every clime and race;
Go! Magnify the wonders
Of God's redeeming grace.

Then, not with flashing banners
Which glitter in the sun;
Then, not with boom of cannon
Which tell of victories won;
But, sweeter words of welcome,
Which in our bosoms burn,
Shall greet you at the sea-side
Whenever you return.

1880.

TO MRS. B——.

ON RECEIVING A TEA SET.

LIFE'S friendships are a highly flavored *tea*,
Mingled with richest *cream*, and sweet with love;
Whose fragrant breath from lands beyond the sea,
Soothes tired nerves like whispers from above.

Hail vessels to be filled with blessings rare,
Tea, *cream* and *sugar*, morning, noon and night;
Vessels of honor, packed and sent with care,
Received with thanks, all beautiful and bright.

Oft in the future years, if God permit,
When from these vessels sipping leisurely,
Around the evening fireside, where we sit,
Our thoughts will turn in gratitude to thee.

Thanks, lady, thanks, to thee our thanks belong,
We had no claim, the gift was wholly free;
Emblem of friendship, which in deathless song,
We hope to sing in lands beyond the sea.

1880.

THE TEACHER'S BIBLE.

RECEIVED FROM K. C. AND WIFE.

THANKS for your present, none could be more welcome;
God's blessed word which unto me you send;
And such a book! Morocco bound and golden,
Where highest art and inspiration blend.

This book, the Queen's own Printer's best edition;
Clasped, flexible and soft, with types so clear.
Indexed from Genesis to Revelation;
And all the teacher's latest helps are here.

Most wondrous Book! The more my mind examines
New points of interest constantly arise;
Full and complete, with nothing really wanting,
Each page unfolds a beautiful surprise.

And then the word, God's blessed truth eternal!
Which was, and is, and ever more shall be;
Though sun, and moon and stars forever perish,
O Book Divine, my heart shall rest on thee.

Thanks, friends, O, thanks! And yet how poor is language;
Words cannot make my spirit understood;
When all are uttered, there remains unspoken,
The soul's sweet song of silent gratitude.

This silent song is now my only tribute;
Somewhere, sometime, a higher strain will rise;
Earth's fetters off, and thought emancipated,
I shall have *words* to thank you in the skies.

Oct. 10, 1880.

THE EVANGELISTS' RETURN.

RING; ring the bells of joy,
Ring; 'tis a sweet employ,
To ring the merry bells of welcome home;
Ring for the ocean's crossed,
Ring, ring, for none are lost,
And crowned with high success the conquerors come.

Ring! There's a trail of light,
Gleaming through lands of light,
And stretching o'er the sea from shore to shore,
Ring for the raptures new,
Fanned into flame by you,
Raptures which shall throb on forever more.

Ring; through the cities great,
Where sin sat robed in state,
Ring for the souls redeemed and clothed in white,
Ring for the new-born hopes,
Ring up the mountain slopes,
Ring through the valleys, morning, noon and night.

Ring, for the doubts dispelled,
Ring for the passions quelled,
Through England's realm, and India's sultry clime,
Ring for the fire that came
Like pentecostal flame,
And swept through all the soul with course sublime.

Ring, for the message sent,
Through isle and continent,
Where felons fled for refuge o'er the sea;
Ring; for sin's heavy yoke
Now, and forever broke,
And Christ's sweet Spirit sets the captive free.

Ring; for the soul's sweet rest,
Ring, for the thousands blest,
Where guilt's dark banner o'er the people waved,
Ring; gladness is all aglow,
Excluding tones of woe,
And 'round the world, stand up the newly saved.

Through weariness and pain,
Ring welcomes back again,
From perils oft upon the sea and land;
Ring, ring for these are past,
Ring, you are home at last,
And firmly grasp again old friendship's hand.

Ring, joy bells, ring, O ring
Praises to Christ our King,
Through Him you went, and through His care you come;
Ring, ring the bells of joy,
Ring, 'tis a sweet employ,
To ring the merry bells of welcome home.

Ring through the summer air,
Ring welcomes everywhere,
For crowned with high success the conqueror's come.
Welcome to sea and Grove,
To lakes which smile with love,
Our heart bells ring and bid you welcome home.

Ring, ring the heart's soft bells,
Ring, for their music tells,
Of church and home, sweet cottage by the sea;
Ring through the porch and hall,
The dear home festival,
Sweet home, sweet rest, our hearts repose in thee.

1881.

BISHOP SCOTT.

THERE'S stillness in the air;
A holy hush hovers around his bed,
Awe struck, men stand, and sadly whisper, *dead!*
While all the ransomed in their rapture, said,
He liveth, and shall share
The bliss which henceforth no decline shall know,
And all his soul with God shall overflow.

Broader and deeper still,
Shall know of Him whom here he dimly knew,
Knew only as the pearly drop of dew
Knows of the sun in its first morning view,
Which one faint beam can fill;
But widening now into the fields of light,
Himself a sun, approaching infinite.

He was so saintly here,
His smiles a reflex from the throne on high,
God's love enkindled his benignant eye,
Breathed through his soul the sympathetic sigh,
Dropped on his cheek the tear,
Then gladdened out in the divine employ,
Till vast, like God's, grew his excessive joy.

Wide as the continent;
Nay! other continents his toil took in.
Toil which unthroned the enthroned man of sin,
Toil which included faith in God to win,
To win, his high intent,
And then through him God's Word and Spirit came,
A living power, a pentecostal flame.

O saint and sage! to thee
Belongs the grief of common brotherhood;
For thee, wise, true, symmetrical and good,
Flow the warm tears of fervent gratitude.
For like a broadened sea,
Whose billows bathe the dark and distant shore,
Thy life flowed on a blessing evermore.

Thy soul so sensitive,
Found in each blossom bursting at thy feet,
God's glowing autograph in love complete,
While thy broad brow bathed o'er with odors sweet,
Made it all bliss to live,
For life below, with God's rich blessings strown,
Is kindred life to that before the throne.

Here Appoquinimink*
Beheld thy sunrise, then far in the West,
Studded with topaz and the amethyst,
Saw it go down in golden glory dressed,—
And from the river's brink,
Where thy sweet paths were o'er the blooming sod,
Saw thee go up to closer walks with God.

*The name of a small river which flows in graceful curves, and washes the feet of the farm where Bishop Scott was born and died.

L. of C.

O bells, exultant ring!
The light of God glows in the lovelit eye,
In the broad day triumphant banners fly,
And buds of earth unfolding in the sky
Truth's blessed blossoming,
Life's precious seeds rooted in soils like this,
Have their full fruitage in the world of bliss.

O may thy spirit fall,
Ascended Bishop, on the Church below;
More than Elijah's, let it grandly flow!
So shall all hearts be in a furnace glow;
O let it come to all—
Till all receive the blessed Holy Ghost,
And God's great Church be as a Pentecost!

July, 1881.

GARFIELD.

GARFIELD dead?
Stricken nation bows its head,
Casts on God its heavy care,
Bends its knee, and lifts its prayer.

GARFIELD dead?
So the nation sadly said,
Said it o'er because it must,
Said it in its silent trust.

GARFIELD dead?
What a noble life he led;
On earth's highest summit stood,
Grand, symmetrical and good.

GARFIELD dead?
Prayer the heart has comforted;
Prayer the nation lifted up,
Prayer and faith enkindled hope.

GARFIELD dead?
North and South once more are wed;
Hearts estranged together knit,
Hostile men in friendship sit.

GARFIELD dead?
Let such word no more be said,
GARFIELD lives—immortal fame,
Hence, enwreathes our hero's name.

GARFIELD dead?
Ye have in the Scriptures read,—
Though we pass beneath the sod,
All shall live, who live in God.

GARFIELD dead?
Life has triumphed, death has fled;
O what joy this utterance gives,
Prayer is answered—GARFIELD lives.

GARFIELD dead?
Never more such word be said,
Never! in the land all vernal,
Lo! he lives in life eternal.

Sept., 1881.

CHARLIE.

WE mourn our little brother,
Whose life went out so soon;
A fragrant flower at sunrise,
All withered ere the noon.

He went from snow-robed Northland,
To Southland's sunny skies;
Where through rich orange blossoms,
The evening zephyr sighs—

Where song-birds of the tropics,
In Summer plumage gay,
Warble through garden bowers
Their softest, sweetest lay—

He went; young hope went with him,
And love sat by his side;
Yet there, 'mid love and beauty,
Our little Charlie died.

We mourn thee, brother Charlie,
Whose life went out so soon,
A fragrant flower at sunrise,
All withered ere the noon.

Yet, in another Southland,
Beyond the frost and pain,
Amid eternal flowers,
We hope to meet again.

1881.

VALLEY OF REST.

TO REV. DR. H., ON HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTH-DAY.

THIS valley rest be thine,
Rest nobly won, thine by the toil of years;
Rest which has come of struggle and of tears;
Sweet prelude to the rest of higher spheres;
Here, evermore entwine
Such fragrant flowers as grew in Eden's bliss,
And never bloom except in vales like this.

Home's sweetest rest is here;
Love's golden throne! Love's coronation day!
Love weaves for thee her softest, sweetest lay,
Love walks with thee in love's delicious way,—
White robed, with heart sincere,—
She lisps of all things, beautiful and good,
And bathes thy brow with tears of gratitude.

Though in the valley still,
Thy saintly years are as the mountain's height,
Where widening visions burst upon thy sight,
And gardens of thy toil blossom in light;
Bright hopes thy spirit fill,
While tides of joy in softest murmurs roll,
And home's sweet loves are song birds of the soul.

God's love is over all!
In measure broader than the broadest sea,
In all its nature perfect purity,
In full "Baptisms" may it come to thee,
Baptisms few nor small,
Then sing anew thy *mother's cherished psalms,*
Till altogether wave victorious palms.

1881.

BISHOP WILLIAM TAYLOR.

THE WORLD'S MISSIONARY.

SIN with resistless might,
Reigned through the fearful night,
Where superstition stretched her gloomy pall,
Where error hale and strong,
Stood at the anvil long,
Forging her massive chains for binding all.

And all were bound in sin,
Fettered without, within,
Held with a grip no power could disengage;
The grip grew stronger still,
Freedom lost heart and will,
And darkness denser grew from age to age.

Goodness so long had slept
That Mercy sat and wept,
And Love with throbbing heart cried, "Who will go?
"Who will the fetters break?
"Who wrong's foundations shake?
"Who, who will rescue from impending woe?"

Taylor, without a fear,
Quickly responded, "Here!
"Send me, though weak, in God is strength complete;
"My parish is the world!
"Truth's banner wide unfurled,
"Shall never trail in dust or know defeat."

With bugle blast nor drum,
As earthly heroes come,
He goes not forth amid the sin and strife;
But self-hood all subdued,
Strong in faith's fortitude,
He goes to conquer for the Lord of life.

Down the Pacific's slope,
Buoyed by immortal hope,
Through California's rich but rough domain;
Through San Francisco's slum,
Through gambling hells, and rum,
Divine apostle swept like living flame.

To resurrect the dead,
Over the seas he sped,
Impelled by heart of fire and nerves of steel;
Under Australian skies,
He bade the sleepers rise,
And crushed sin's head beneath the victor's heel.

To Afric's burning clime,
With giant tread sublime,
Where blood of human victims soak the sod,
He brought the Gospel light,
Which flashing on their night,
The wild, untutored Kaffirs came to God.

They came by Christ who saves,
They came, kings, chiefs and slaves,
They came by tribes and nations in a day;
They came with songs and psalms,
They came with victor's palms,
And cast their sins and idols all away.

Down the Brazilian coast,
One man, himself a host,
Sailed, prayed, and landed, God's Ambassador;
Then through the continent,
On works divine intent,
Planted life's seeds to blossom ever more.

In Europe, proud and old,
Where the oft tale was told,
He called the slumbering people to repent;
Through the West Indian isles,
Where earth in beauty smiles,
He claimed all hearts for the Omnipotent.

And hearts responded there,
Hearts yielded everywhere,
Yielded to God in faith's supreme control;
And all through Mammon's mart,
In palaces of Art,
Yielded to Him the homage of the soul.

In India, wide and vast,
Where high and lowly caste,
Like granite walls dividing man from man;
Yet Parsees hear the call,
Priests, literati, all,
And Hindoos join with the Mahommedan.

From Ceylon to Bombay,
Indus and Calcutta,
From Bay of Bengal to Arabian Sea,
Faith sends the tidings forth,
And from the South and North,
The swarthy natives bend the suppliant knee.

Taylor! what work is thine!
How high the grand design,—
In love of John, and in the faith of Paul,
Through the Redeemer's blood,
To girdle earth for God,
Till Church of Jesus overshadows all.

1882.

CONGAREE AND EDISTO.*

TO MR. S. T. I. AND MISS E. R. S., ON THEIR WEDDING DAY.

RING the marriage bells,
There's joy on earth, there's sunlight in the sky,
All fragrant blossoms on your pathways lie,
And mellow music murmurs sweetly by,
Like hope's delicious swells;
And love lisps on in language soft and slow,
As Congaree unites with Edisto.

So may it ever be;
In you may all earth's richest blessings meet,
And as you bow at the Redeemer's feet,
Have his sweet love than earthly love more sweet,
And winding towards the sea,
May both your spirits blend as do the flow
Of your own Congaree and Edisto.

1882.

*Rivers of South Carolina: The margin of one was the residence of the bride, and the other that of the groom.

LONGFELLOW.

POET of high renown;
A nation weaves thy crown,
And lays the tender tribute at thy feet;
In robes of sackcloth clad,
A nation's heart is sad,
And weeping, sits in sorrow's lowly seat.

Who now shall bring the light
To dark affliction's night?
Who now, with lofty themes the harp shall sweep,
Whose lute, softly and slow,
Shall melt my stony woe?
In softest songs, who with my soul shall weep?

O poet of the heart,
Thine was the sacred part,
Oft to refresh, like summer rain, the sod;
So that from sorrow's sigh,
Sprung in the sunlit sky,
New hopes, like flowers, which blossomed up to God.

Who now in evening's calm,
Shall sing "life's holy psalm,"
Or teach us "resignation" broad and deep?
Who lift the banner high,
Who, who "excelsior," cry,
As we toil up life's jagged mountains steep?

Who shall the minstrel be,
Who, who shall sing like thee,
So that the earth shall bend its listening ear?
Who shall from strings of gold,
Such lofty lays unfold,
As to compel a listless world to hear?

None! none thy place shall fill!
For *thou* art with us still!
Thy songs immortal, are thy country's claim;
The nation holds thy heart,
With which she will not part,
And twines thy brow with deathless wreaths of fame.

1882.

JOY.

TO REV. J. H. M. AND WIFE, ON THEIR CRYSTAL WEDDING DAY.

JOY! Joy! Joy!
Bring forth the modest bride;
Bride years have beautified;
The bride of fifteen years!
Whose brow rose-hued appears,
Whose happy heart to-night
Bounds with a new delight.
Joy! Joy! Joy!
Bring forth the modest bride;
The bride thrice beautified.

Joy! Joy! Joy!
Bring forth the bridegroom too,
Whose life begins anew,
Whose bride to him appears,

Better by fifteen years,
Whose happy heart to-night,
Bounds with a new delight.
Joy! Joy! Joy!
Bring forth the bridegroom true,
Whose life begins anew.

Joy! Joy! Joy!
In bride's eye gleams no tear,
In groom's heart throbs no fear,
For fifteen years have tried,
Both bridegroom and the bride,
And both supremely true,
Love's pledges here renew,
Joy! Joy! Joy!
In bride's eye gleams no tear,
In groom's heart throbs no fear.

Joy! Joy! Joy!
For God has blest you so,
Since fifteen years ago!
Wife, Husband, Nellie, three,
Who sweetly all agree,
I wish you, o'er and o'er
Like fifteen years and more.
Joy! Joy! Joy!
For God has blest you so,
Since fifteen years ago.

1882.

REV. R. V. LAWRENCE.

READ AT THE UNVEILING OF HIS MONUMENT AT FARMINGDALE, N. J., JULY 1, 1882.

O, LAWRENCE, we have missed thee,
These long and weary years;
Thou, on the hills of gladness,
We, in the vale of tears.
Thou, in the land of triumph,
Where conquest follows strife;
We still among the dying,
And struggling up for life.

O, we have missed thee sadly,
Thy own familiar voice,
Which 'round the family hearthstone
Made children's hearts rejoice;
Which all along the pathways,
In sunshine and in gloom,
Brought buds out into blossoms,
And barrenness to bloom.

And so, among the churches,
In pulpit, altar, aisle,
Thy words, though sharp, like Peter's,
Were uttered with a smile;
Sometimes they broke like thunder
Untouched with tones of love,
Then fell like silent sunbeams,
Or dew-drops from above.

But still thy work goes forward,
The seed has taken root,
And broader, deeper, stronger,
Springs up, and bears its fruit;
The words thy pen recorded
Flash on the gloom of night,
And quickened by their power,
Souls gladden into light.

But still we miss thee, brother,
Thy earnest toil for men;
Toil, like the weary workers,
On mountains and in glen.
Yet not for gems of splendor,
Not for the golden ore;
But toil for human spirits
Which live forevermore.

O, yes, we miss thee, ever,
Where saints resort to pray;
We miss thee in the forests,
Through the long Summer day;
We miss thee in the triumph,
Where storms exulting roll;
We miss thee where the Gospel
Brings freedom to the soul.

We mourn, but do not murmur;
We bow beneath the rod;
Though ours the cup of sorrow,
Thine is the bliss of God;
We still endure our crosses,
Thine laid forever down,
Our brows with thorns are bleeding,
While thine sustains a crown.

Ah, well! we glow with gladness,
For we shall greet thee soon;
Where shadows of the evening
Are lost in glory's noon;
Where severed ties are blended
In the divine employ,
And hearts in God united
Throb with eternal joy.

We rear to thee this marble,
Lawrence, the good and true;
For thee it is not needed,
Yet for us well to do,—
Not needed, for thy sowing
Was life's immortal seeds,
And thy whole life of labor
A monument of deeds.

So may our lives all noble,
Be spent in doing good;
And may our graves be moistened
With tears of gratitude;
Assured that in our lifetime,
Whatever our intent,
The deeds that we are doing
Make our true monument.

1882.

LITTLE HARRY.

"IT is time to go," so the sufferer said,
As pulse beat faint and slow;
It is time, yes time, as around his bed,
Love watched and waited, all uncomforted,
Or stood and wept, or passed with muffled tread.
"Dear Mamma, let me go;
I suffer here; O, help me, quick, pray, pray,
Read the dear Bible, sing these pangs away."

"Go where, sweet child," love sobbed in deepest grief,
"Where would our darling go?
O, would'st thou leave us here, where love is chief,
If love had power love soon would give relief,
Rest should embrace thee, rest however brief."
Then, thoughtfully and slow,
Heavenward he raised his tiny hand in prayer,
And with his finger, simply pointed there.

The child had heard there was a better land,
A land all free from woe;
He saw by faith the bright eternal strand;
And beckoned on by an immortal band,
Cried, as appeared, each Palace high and grand,
"Dear Mamma, let me go,
You cannot help me, Charlie can't I know,
O let me, Mamma, Charlie, let me go."

Love held the sufferer in its fond embrace,
To hearts and home below;
Until it saw in that sweet patient face,
The rich unfoldings of diviner grace,
And heard deep pleadings for a higher place;
"Dear Mamma, let me go."
Then love, heart-broken, bent in silent grief,
And yielding, found God sent the quick relief.

O beautiful ascent, as when the dew
From blossoms bending low,
Kissed by the sun rises in splendors new;
So, spirit-kissed, he has ascended too—
The gates of pearl triumphantly passed through;
Patience! We too shall go;
A little while, such is our faith and prayer,
Kissed into light, we too, shall meet him there.

1882.

REV. JOHN SCARLETT.

JOY to thee, thou four-score brother,
Clothed in white, and crowned with light;
Standing on life's towering summit,
Plumed for a still loftier flight!
Earth beneath and heaven above thee,
God within and angels near;
Gathering hosts and widening glory,
While robed saints are with us here.

Hero! Thine the war-like Gospel,
On the mountain, through the glen;
Truth peals out like pealing trumpets,
Startling all the hearts of men.
Hero of a thousand battles,
Banners float, and music swells,
War-scarred hosts are homeward marching,
To the step of welcome bells.

Hero! Thine the peaceful Gospel,
Oh, what peace it has secured;
Every human passion conquered,
Every human sorrow cured.
Hero! On life's lofty summit,
Thou the highest bliss hast found;
Peace of God, there is no higher,
Peace of peace, thy soul hast crowned.

Four-score Brother—hail triumphant!
Hope has blossomed, grief has flown;
Life eternal, just before thee,
Palm and sceptre, king and throne.
What a life below has blest thee!
What a life will bless thee soon?
Palace homes and walls of jasper,
Song of songs, and endless June.

1883.

BISHOP SIMPSON.

ASCEND! ascend, O Bishop of the people,
Shepherd, good shepherd, patriot and friend;
Through floods of light thy path unfolds before thee,
While we stand mute, beholding thee ascend.

Bow down! Bow down! it is a day of weeping,
And sorrow's sighs drift courseless through the air;
Our joy eclipsed, and at the full our sadness,
While spirits bend in wordless forms of prayer.

Our souls are draped with symbols of bereavement,
The crook laid down, and shepherdless his fold;
The gentle Shepherd who divinely guided
With white-robed saints forever is enrolled.

The mountain eagle plumes his wings in sunrise,
And bathes his breast in morning's freshest dew;
With earth beneath, and arching skies above him,
His pinions sweep through fields forever new.

Ascended Bishop! earth's attractions less'ning,
Time's shores recede and disappear from sight;
Eternal realms are widening out before thee,
And higher worlds are blossoming in light.

All heaven hails thee with triumphant gladness,
Ascending steeps of light away! away!
Earth's conflicts ended, white-robed throngs are rushing
With waving palms far down the slopes of day.

Exultant welcome! multitudes are surging,
With high-wrought rapture through melodious air;
Billows of bliss o'er shoreless seas are bearing
Immortal songs with which to greet thee there.

O! what a life! Earth life in Christ unfolding,
Fadeless and fragrant under frostless skies;
Millions of years! and all forever vernal,
In stormless climes where nothing ever dies.

An honored life! Intensified in splendor,
Gentle and loving, tender, good and true;
Like living seeds continually expanding,
And filling heaven with rich surprises new.

The calla lily, pearly in its whiteness,
In spotless depths his high perfections show;
Whose modest sisters bending bells of beauty,
Type his humility in vales below.

Lowly and good his beautiful foundations,
On these he built and rose supremely high;
As great, as good, as high as he was lowly,
He stooped on earth and towered to the sky.

His matchless words, like lofty domes majestic,
Or Alpine summits in their heights immense,—
Graceful and glowing in their burnished splendor,
Divinest art, resistless eloquence!

And all that eloquence was laid in meekness,
With every honor at his Master's feet;
All consecrated to advance His glory,
And that advancement made his joy complete.

His country called, and patriotism answered,
His soul aglow with this inspiring flame;
Impassioned boldness, over all triumphant,
And freedom crowned him amid high acclaim.

Tread softly now, and slow, I would not venture
To say, or do that which would not be well;
But if this life unfolds in life eternal,
Shall not his voice with eloquence still swell?

O, may he not, on some bright mount of glory,
Where trees of life afford delicious shade,
Gather the saints and thrill with higher rapture,
As he shall there receive diviner aid?

What joy of joys to hear the same old story,
In love's own language, now first understood;
The Cross, the Crown, anguish and exultation,
Until the soul shall melt in gratitude.

Think it not strange! Heaven is the earth completed,
Rather, restored to what it would have been;
Royal and loyal in its peerless beauty,
A heaven itself if still untouched by sin.

Oh, if our Bishop, in his great ascension,
Is simply more of what he was below;
His saintly smile still saintlier in its sweetness,
His wondrous words more wondrous in their flow.

What thrills of bliss it will be then to meet him,
Where we shall know as all are ever known;
Walking, it may be, through the groves immortal,
And lowly bend with him before the throne.

I bow and weep for thee, O cherished Bishop;
And yet I swoon with love's delicious joy;
As through my tear-washed eyes with clearer vision,
I see thee still in loftier employ.

My grief and joy, oft in an even balance,
Now change, and joy predominates in thee;
The Church's loss! But, oh, thine own sweet rapture,
Broader and deeper, full eternally.

Then let the Church bow down in meek submission,
God is supreme, and He is always right;
In love He gave, in tenderest love has taken,
And we adore Thee, O, thou Infinite.

June 21, 1884.

BEAUTIFUL MOTHER.

AT SEVENTY-NINE.

BEAUTIFUL childhood, fragrant and fair,
Blossoms which burst on the sweet June air;
Beautiful hopes which their fancies bring,
Beautiful songs which their soft lips sing.

Beautiful youth, with the sky all bright,
Eyes dance with joy, and their steps are light;
Beautiful pathways strewn with flowers,
Beautiful dreams in beautiful bowers.

Beautiful manhood, so strong to do,
Beautiful woman, tender and true;
Beautiful homes which our labors bring,
Beautiful nests where our birdlings sing.

Beautiful life on the mountains high,
Looking far down where the valleys lie;
Beautiful sun in his rising glow,
More beautiful still, when sinking low.

Beautiful youth, more beautiful age,
Far more, as we turn each glowing page;
Most beautiful, so our thoughts divine,
Beautiful mother, at *seventy-nine.*

In beauty still, on the other shore,
The soul shall grow through the evermore;
Redeemed and saved through the precious blood,
White-robed, beautiful, image of God.

1884.

NOBLY FOR GOD.

TO O. H., ON HIS TWENTY-FIRST BIRTH-DAY.

OUT of the bud-life, into the flowers,
April unfolding to blossoms of June;
Fruitage of sunshine, gladness of showers,
Morning's swift march to the grandeur of noon.

Sweet are the songs which hope-birds are singing,
Earth's pathways are green, skies tranquil and bright;
All through the air rich melodies ringing—
And lispings of love entrance with delight.

April is feeble, June must be stronger,
Springtime recedes, July has the van;
Standing, behold! in childhood no longer,
Years widen out to the measure of man.

Joys are no less, but rather increasing,
The seed-time will soon in harvests unfold;
Toil will be rest, and labors unceasing,
Will have their reward far richer than gold.

Nobly for God! Be high in thy aiming;
Heart, voice and intellect lay at His feet;
So at the last, His favor obtaining,
Life's labors will close in rapture complete.

1885.

A YEAR IN HEAVEN.

TO MRS. MARTHA J. INSKIP, ON THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF HER HUSBAND'S DEATH.

A YEAR on earth of sorrow and of sadness;
A year in heaven, of rapture all complete;
Here, nights of weeping; there, eternal gladness,
Here, bitter draughts; there, all forever sweet,
O blessed exchanging,
Eternally ranging,
Far, far o'er the fields of fragrance and song;
What thrillings of story,
Of light, love and glory,
To the sought and the saved in their splendor belong!

Here, among briars with feet often bleeding;
There, among blossoms which never shall fade;
Here, in the dark, and for light interceding;
There, in the brightness no gloom can invade.
In depths beyond measure,
Broad rivers of pleasure,
Exhaustless as God, the fountain of love;
Through visions entrancing,
Forever advancing,
On, onward, still flowing through the landscapes above.

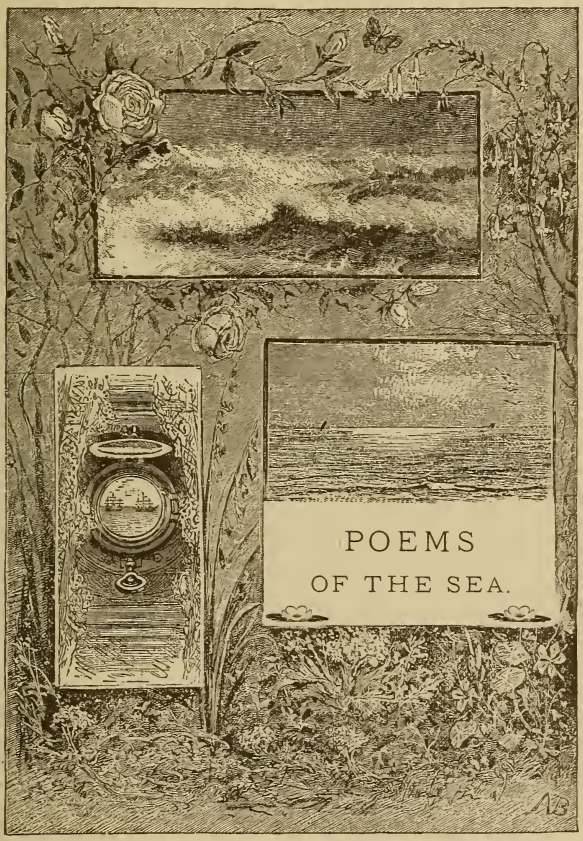
Here, the fierce tempests of sin are prevailing;
There, ever the sweetest hush of the soul;
Here, in the conflict, dark evil assailing;
There, songs of the victors unceasingly roll;

Soft songs most consoling
Forever are rolling
Over the mountains in billows of joy;—
There, never decreasing,
But always increasing,
Rich raptures eternal which no sin can destroy.

Oh, fondly beloved, and grandly ascended,
A year in the glory which knows no eclipse!
Thy joy with that of the white-robed has blended,
The songs they sing are rehearsed by thy lips.
To heights all-surprising,
In grandeur arising,
Thy spirit, refined, is basking in bliss,
On, upward, and doing,
Though faint, yet pursuing,
We shall pass to that world through the trials of this.

Be patient, O soul, in all thy bereavements,
Bright morning will come, and suns go not down;
Go forth in thy lot! Repeat his achievements,
And crosses shall fade in light of the crown.
Through memories tender,
Lo, visions of splendor
Come forth to thy soul in shades of the night;
Soon thou shalt behold him,
And once more enfold him,
Where all visions are lost in reality's light.

March 7, 1885.


POEMS
OF THE SEA.



From the sunrise, where of old
Land and Ocean have their meeting,
From the soft lips of the Sea,
Bounding billows send their greeting.



POEMS OF THE SEA.

COTTAGE BY THE SEA.

YOUR cottage still stands near the dark blue sea,
Where, forever unfettered, the winds are free,
Where the great billows sob like a weeping child,
Or the storm king roams in his grandeur wild.

It still stands in the grove where the shadows lie
In their waving beauty 'neath the sunlit sky,
And its brow is bathed in the sweet morning light,
While the pure air breathes in its face through the night.

It still stands where the shadows and sunlight meet,
And the lake's soft ripples are kissing its feet,
Where the crown of the noon-day still rests on its head,
And evening's soft splendors around it are shed.

Yes! it stands where the banks as emerald are green,
And the bright graveled walks are lying between,
The pine and the oak in their silence still bend,
Where songs of the sea with Redemption's can blend.

Yes! your cottage still stands near the dark blue sea,
Where, forever unfettered, the winds are free,
Where you lay your cares like a burden down,
And you take up sweet rest like a peaceful crown.

It still stands in the Grove where the shadows lie
In their waving beauty 'neath the sunlit sky,
And it waits your coming as the earth awaits
For her coming glory through Spring's flowery gates.

1873.

THE SEA IS BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL.

THE sea is bright and beautiful—
The calm and Summer sea,
The stormy waves of Winter time,
Are resting on the lea;
The clouds float slowly through the sky,
The sighing winds are sweet,
And silver-crested billows kiss
The weary traveler's feet.

The sea is bright and beautiful—
The calm and sunlit sea,
A maiden's smile is on its brow,
As sweet as smile can be;
I've seen its eye of softest blue,
I've heard its voice of love,
Its touching tones of tenderness,
Like accents from above.

The sea is softly beautiful—
The calm and moonlit sea,
And blissful dreams are woven here,
As sweet as dreams can be;
The dim light on the gentle waves,
The dim light on the shore,
The quiet of a tender heart,
A joy forevermore.

The sea is always beautiful—
The ever-changing sea,
Sometimes as soft as maiden's love,
Then rough as storms can be;
But still the sea is beautiful
Though howling tempests meet,
For storms and calms alike revere
And kiss their Master's feet.

1874.

DIAMOND ON THE SHORE.

THE billows cast upon the beach,
With melancholy moan,
That which to most seemed valueless,
A graceless little stone.

A stranger, passing, saw it lie
Upon the burning sand,
And stooping, took the simple thing
With interest in his hand.

It had no form or comeliness,
Or beauty to the sight,
But, polishing with diamond dust,
It flashed a diamond bright.

Transformed by toil, so wondrous fair,
Each lip its glory sings;
Its place is now on beauty's brow,
Or coronal of kings.

So, all along the strands of time,
The billows from the deep
Are casting on these human shores
Rough souls for us to keep.

Yes, souls as rough as graceless stones
Along the ocean shore,—
Which, smoothed with love's own diamond dust,
May shine forevermore.

Behold them lying at our feet—
Reach out the hand of care;
A little toil, put forth in love,
Will make them diamonds rare.

Then let us toil, for well we know
Toil rich reward will bring,
And souls so saved will grace the crown
Of heaven's Eternal King.

1874.

NETTIE.

THE beautiful sea! the beautiful sea!
Song by the beautiful sea—
'Twas a song of love, like they sing above,
As sweet as a song could be.

O, the beautiful light in the sky was bright,
As bright as brightness could be;
And the singer sung, as with angel's tongue,
"So glad that Jesus loves me."

O, the soft sweet voice made all hearts rejoice,
All hearts by the bright blue sea—
Like an angel's song, so it trilled along—
"So glad that Jesus loves me."

The beautiful child was all undefiled,
As guileless as child could be—
No wonder she sung, as with angel's tongue,
"So glad that Jesus loves me."

"And I love Him, too—yes, indeed I do,"
She said, far down by the sea—
Her heart all intent, as singing she went,
"So glad that Jesus loves me."

"But Jesus is best, and more than the rest,
I love Him, here by the sea;
Yes, more than the rest, I love Him best,
'So glad that Jesus loves me.'"

"O, my sweet Papa, I love you and Ma,
So much as ever can be;
But, more than the rest, I love Jesus best—
'So glad that Jesus loves me.'"

"Oh, I'm tired," she said: then laid her sweet head
On bosoms down by the sea—
Her brow bathed in light, she sung in the night,
"So glad that Jesus loves me."

An angel, she smiled, while, all undefiled,
She waited down by the sea;
With bright angels' song her's floated along;
"So glad that Jesus loves me."

By sweet angels kept, our dear Nettie slept,
She slept way down by the sea;
But she sings above, her sweet song of love,
"So glad that Jesus loves me."

1874.

THE LOST VESSEL.

TWO pious pilgrims by the fire were sitting,
The father smiling on his boys around,
The thoughtful mother busy with her knitting,
A rural scene with peace and plenty crowned;
When lo! a letter from the office came,
Which bore upon its face the father's name.

What is the matter now, I'm led to wonder?
As from the case he drew his glasses out,
And when with care the seal was torn asunder,
The wife and children gathered all about,
And as aloud each line he tried to trace,
Sadness and tears were seen on every face.

The letter said, "Your ship went out to sea,
Well trim'd and man'd, the sky without a cloud,
The winds were fair, as ever winds could be,
With full set sails the heavy masts were bowed,
So well she rode, with strong and steady helm,
It seemed that nothing could her strength o'erwhelm.

"But night came on! Along the awful sky,
The tempest howled with unrelenting doom;
The sails were shreds,—the masts were splinters, high
The morning broke, and looked upon the gloom,—
The wreck strewn wildly on the desert strand,
While we with life have just escaped to land."

Awhile they sat, in heavy sorrow bending,
With lips all silent in this new-found grief;
But quick as thought their sadness found its ending,
As wife and mother brought this sweet relief—
"The boat may go," she said, "each have a cross,
In cheerful supper we'll forget our loss."

As when the storm-cloud passes from the sky,
So passed the gloom from sorrowing hearts away;
The cloth was spread, joy danced in mother's eye,
The children went in childish glee to play,
And father said, "Here in this changing life,
How good a Christian and a hopeful wife."

The kettle sung a merry tune that night,
The table groaned with every needed good,
Upon the hearth the pleasant flame was bright,
And purring puss was in a playful mood;
With thankful hearts they quite forgot their loss,
And praised the Lord for blessings through the cross.

And such is life; to-day we have our gains,
To-morrow losses, crosses, cries and tears;
To-day at ease, to-morrow racking pains;
So go the months and so the passing years;
How happy they, who, in the care and cross,
Enjoy the blessings and forget the loss.

1875.

THE DESERTED SEA.

THE throngs have gone their way,
The countless voices cease to thrill;
The earnest prayer, the heaven-inspiring lay,
Like unstrung harps, are still.

On Ocean's Pathway bright,
Silence, with muffled footsteps, treads along,
And voiceless solitude takes sweet delight
In the lone cricket's song.

The child has left its play.
The happy child, that, with a merry bound,
Gathered the sea-shells through the live-long day,
Has left them scattered round.

The lakes in beauty sleep,
The boats unmoored drift idly down the tide,
Silence and solitude their Sabbaths keep
By the great Ocean's side.

Oct., 1875.

LONGINGS FOR THE SEA.

I HEAR thy voice, O, Sea!
A tender tone which memory reveres,
A gentle murmur rippling through the years,
Like love's soft whisper through affection's tears;
My spirit yearns for thee,—
Yearns on for thy smile like a homesick child,
For thy sunlit calms and thy grandeur wild.

O, ever-heaving Sea!
Love's throbbing heart through all the ages past,
Love's deathless pulse, which ever more shall last,
Love's out-stretched arms, which hold the nations fast—
I dream and dream of thee,
While the stars look down on the drowsy deep,
Where the storm-clouds rest, and the white gulls sleep.

Give me thy breath, O, Sea!
Bearing rich balm from many a land sublime,
Fragrant with odors from each sunny clime,
Cool from those strange, mysterious depths of thine,—
Give thy sweet breath to me.
Weary and worn, all tremblingly I bow,
Cool breath of Ocean, bathe my fevered brow.

Come, come to me, O, Sea!
With thy love-lit eye and thy dreamy smile,
With thy voice of love through the greenwood isle,
Where thy own sweet song all our cares beguile,
O, gently come to me;—
Where the voice of God is the billows' roar,
And his footprints lie on the wave-washed shore.

Thou canst not come, O, Sea!
O, proud old sea, whose winds so grandly blow;
O, proud old sea, where ships so grandly go;
Thy bounding billows well their limits know.
Then, then, I come to thee,
With quickened steps, as unto love's embrace,
And hail once more thy sweet familiar face.

1876.

MARRIAGE OF THE SEA.

ON the wings of light I have come to-day
Where the billows break and the soft winds play;
Where the skies look down in the sea's calm face,
And the sea and land smile in love's embrace.

I come to the beach where the winds are free;
I sing, and the billows sing back to me;
I smile as I come to my rest complete,
Where the waves are soft to my way-worn feet.

It is well, yes, well—both the sea and the land,
In their gladness meet on the noon-day strand.
I join in the joy of this love-crowned day,
And the winds and the waves sing a bridal lay.

There are notes of joy like a marriage bell;
There are tides of bliss in the deep sea's swell;
There are dreams of love in the billow's roll,
And visions of God break in on the soul.

There's a widening joy on the Summer sea,
And the beach is proud as the beach can be,
For the bright sea kisses the peaceful land,
And the sea is kissed by the glowing strand.

It is light, all light on the wedded sea,
Where the white-winged gulls in their flights are free;
There are songs of bliss, there are winds that bless,
And the heart is soothed by their soft caress.

O yes, I have come, I have come to-day
Where the billows break and the soft winds play,
Where the skies look down in the sea's calm face,
And I rest where the land and the seas embrace.

1877.

GOD BY THE SEA.

"IN the beginning, God,"—
The Father, Son, and Spirit, by the Sea;
Where truth, like dew-drops on the sod,
Falls tenderly.

God in and over all,
Whose glory glows like sunbeams on the flood;
And billows as they rise and fall,
Each murmur, "God!"

God, here, forever more,
In the blest future as the glorious past;
On rolling sea, and golden shore,
First, always, last.

1877.

THE WIDE, WIDE SEA.

THERE'S a wide, wide sea, there is gloom and night,
There's a boat, and a soul, and a broken oar;
There is land, but ah! it is hid from sight,
And the tides moan on to the evermore.

Then I cried, and the Spirit heard my cry,
Yet I saw no light from the shrouded shore;
Till the angel Faith, with her love-lit eye,
Came forth, and each hand grasped a sturdy oar.

Hope then seized the helm, and Faith bore away
With a giant's strength towards the quiet shore;
Then light appeared, and soon the full-orbed day,
Then soft, sweet music in the billows' roar.

Confusion ceased, wisdom and truth unfold,
Each mystery solved, in light the dark was plain;
And as the sun flooded the sands of gold,
Each ray revealed the Lord Jehovah's reign.

And so to-day, though earth's events seem dark,
Our stronger faith with glowing love combined,
Shows how through ruin comes salvation's ark,
How light is reached, and darkness left behind.

1877.

TRIUMPH ON THE SEA.

I HAVE walked with joy on the sea-washed shore;
I have heard sweet sounds in the billows' roar:
Seen the white sails flash in the noon-day light,
As the proud ships roll in their dreamy flight.

I have seen the gloom in the sea's dark eye,
And the lightnings leap through the angry sky,
While the storm king waved his majestic rod,
And the thunders broke like the voice of God.

I have heard the march of the midnight blast,
While the sea's deep groan seemed creation's last,
And the trembling soul, like a helpless child,
Cried to God for aid in the tempest wild.

I have seen the sky and the heaving deep,
Like armies clashing in their fearful sweep,
And the white strand strewn for long miles afar
With the splintered masts and the broken spar.

And so, when the storms of the heart beat high,
And the tempests sweep through the human sky,
I have seen how men, all too weak to stand,
Lie wrecked and broken on the sea-bleached strand.

And yet, I have seen on the surging sea,
How the steamer laughed while her course was free,
With her heart of flame and her matchless might,
She defied the storm in her proud delight.

And so I have seen, on their way sublime,
God's heroes sweeping through the storms of time,
With their hearts of flame they outrode the blast,
And in strength of faith entered rest at last.

Then I walk again on the sea-washed shore,
And I hear sweet sounds in the billows' roar,
See the white sails flash in the noon's soft light,
While the tall ships rest in their calm delight.

April, 1878.

ON THE BEACH.

I SIT upon the white sands of the sea;
The solemn waves sigh softly at my feet;
A great, tall ship, with sails all set, complete,
O'er the blue deep moves on in majesty.
The little children gather shells in glee;
Two lovers, lost in admiration, gaze,
And lisp, and dream, and picture coming days
When life shall be as sweet as sweet can be.
A little on, the sire and matron move,
Musing o'er all the past in tender mood,
Feeling so fully that the Lord is good,
And that, compared with His eternal love,
The vast, sublime, and calm or stormy sea,
Is but a drop, lost in immensity!

1878.

BEAUTIFUL SEA.

THERE'S a tone in thy billows, O beautiful sea,
Like a voice from climes of the blest;
And that song in thy billows, O beautiful sea,
So often has sung me to rest.

There's joy on thy billows, O beautiful sea,
As the waters shimmer in light;
And that joy on thy billows, O beautiful sea,
My spirit has thrilled with delight.

There's a smile on thy billows, O beautiful sea,
Like the smile of the good and true;
And that smile on thy billows, O beautiful sea,
In freshness forever is new.

There is wealth in thy billows, O beautiful sea,
Like the wealth of legends of old;
And that wealth in thy billows, O beautiful sea,
Is better than treasures of gold.

There is health in thy billows, O beautiful sea,
Like the health that comes from above;
And that health in thy billows, O beautiful sea,
Is a sweet baptism of love.

There is wrath in thy billows, O beautiful sea,
When tempests their fury unfurl;
And that wrath in thy billows, O beautiful sea,
At our feet casts treasures of pearl.

There's a breath from thy billows, O beautiful sea,
Which often is bathing my brow;
And that breath from thy billows, O beautiful sea,
In my thought is bathing me now.

I shall come to thy billows, O beautiful sea,
As a child comes home to be blest;
I shall come to thy billows, O beautiful sea,
And coming shall come to my rest.

1878.

RUTHENA VERNON.

LISTEN! listen, unto me;
Listen! and my song shall be,
Of a shipwreck on the sea—

Of a Summer morning mild;
Of a tempest dark and wild;
Of a father and his child;
Of a heart that wept and smiled.

Listen! 'tis a tale of truth,
Of the tender love of youth,
How they won and wed, forsooth.

Listen! listen, maid, to me,—
To this story of the sea,
How the good ship Waverly
Brought the grief and good to be.

Henry Preston, young and true!
"Doctor" Preston, was his due!
Loved, as youth are wont to do—

Loved Ruthena Vernon, fair—
Loved, as only true love dare;
Loved, with love without compare;
Loved, almost to love's despair.

But, with all, so rich was she,
And, alas, so poor was he,
Pride exclaimed, "it must not be."

Pride is weak, but love is strong;
Pride is brief, but love is long;
Pride is prompter to the wrong;
Pride melts down with true love's song.

Vaunting sire with flashing eye,
Home beneath a Southern sky;
Son of ancient chivalry.

Rufus Vernon! lofty name!
"General" Vernon! known to fame;
Wealth and honor, each the same,
Hand in hand, together came.

But, alas; rheumatic's keen
Sharp-edged sword, each joint between—
Spirit testy, full of spleen.

"Doctors all are arrant fools;
Sycophants, and testing tools,
Holding to their rasping rules;
Homeo—allopathic schools."

Fair Ruthena, cherished child,
Soothed him with her spirit mild,
Prayed him to be reconciled.

"Daughter! holy as thou art;
Cursed be he that would us part,
Who, with feigned-love's poisoned dart,
Seeks thy gold more than thy heart."

Preston's love still stronger burned;
Anxious, to a friend he turned;
Where these helpful truths he learned.

"Vernon knows not what to do,
Pain has pierced him through and through,
He will give for health anew,
Half his wealth—Ruthena, too.

"Portland, o'er the Summer sea,
Will their destination be,
In the good ship Waverly."

"Will Ruthena with him go?"
"Yes, Ruthena, even so!
In his weal, and in his woe,
Nothing severs them, you know."

Brightened Henry Preston's eye;
Clouds departed from his sky,
And his heart beat tenderly.

Morning on the Summer sea,—
Fresh and fair as morn could be,
And the balmy breezes free
Bore the good ship Waverly.

In his cabin, racked with pain,
Tossing, turning still again,
Vernon sought relief in vain.

By his side, Ruthena, fair,
Sat absorbed with wordless care,
Helping all his ills to bear,
Pressed down almost to despair.

Evening came, the sea was calm,
Twilight sung her softest psalm;
Silence poured her sweetest balm.

Evening with her laggard feet
Lingered where the air was sweet,
And, to her surprise complete,
Preston and Ruthena meet.

"Preston, here!" Ruthena cries,
"Doctor Preston! do my eyes,
Cheat me, in this strange surprise?"

One by one, the stars appear;
Dreamy music murmurs near;
On Ruthena's face a tear,
Preston, smiling, answers, "Here!"

Moon and starlight here attend,
Softly with her whispers blend,—
"Where and whence, my earnest friend?"

"Where and whence? may I repeat.
Portland claims my willing feet,
And, in passing, if 'tis meet,
Help thy sire to health complete."

With her deep unspoken prayer,
Murmured on the evening air,—
"Thanks, my father needeth care."

In the fading of the light,
In the thickening of the night,
Like the sea-gull in its flight,
To her father sped from sight.

"Angel! in a human form!"
Love's delicious impulse warm,
Calms the rage of passion's storm.

Preston cried, "I shall succeed—
Hope my earnest longings feed,
Love, though bleeding, still will plead—
Love, the sentiment and deed."

Morning came and passed away,
Evening, and another day,
Still unruffled Ocean lay.

"Hither, Servant, come to me"—
Preston uttered, hastily,—
"General Vernon, how is he?"
"Sick! Ah, sick as one can be."

By his side his faithful child;
Care-worn, patient, peaceful, mild.
He as if he never smiled.

Youth and beauty, auburn hair;
June-buds, gently bursting there,
In the early Summer air,
Side by side with Winter bare.

Hark! the shrill fife of the gale;
Heaving billows—tempest's wail;
Crashing thunder—men are pale,
"Will the good ship's strength prevail?"

Preston walks the deck serene
In the lightning's lurid gleam,
Soon Ruthena's form is seen.

"Is there danger?" "Yes," said he,
"But, be calm, my life for thee,
And thy father, if the sea
Breaks the good ship Waverly."

Long the strong ship struggling rolls;
Terror filled the sternest souls,
As she strikes Nantucket Shoals.

Awful, mountain billows ride
O'er the deck unchecked in pride,
Lashing, crashing, every side,
Until hope had almost died!

"Man the life boat, lower away,
Leeward, boatswain, stay men, stay,—
Hold her 'mid the blinding spray."

"Boat, Ruthena, first for you:"—
Preston whispered, "dare and do."
"Yes, but father must go too."
"Go, to father I'll prove true."

Over-full they bore away
On that dark and dismal day,
Through the foaming billows' spray.

"Safely launched!" brave Preston cries:
"Now the father lives or dies
By our action; men, be wise:"
"Aye, aye," sturdy crew replies.

"Hold! be careful, work in vain"—
General Vernon, groans in pain—
"Tight there, hold, lower again."

"All right; now boys, pull for shore;
Bail, she's sinking, bail her more!
Ease, I'll help you;" Preston bore
Sailor's part at bail and oar.

Through the dark and dreadful night,
Vernon, drenched in piteous plight,
Watched by Preston, prayed for light.

Morning came in gloomy gray;
"Morning to a hopeless day,"—
General Vernon's heart would say.
Preston, hopeful, toiled away.

Afternoon! "cheer, comrades, cheer.
Pull, deliverance is near;
Rest! behold a steamer here!"

"Thanks to God, that you arrive!
Does the other boat survive?
Is Ruthena still alive?"
"Saved to-day by Schooner THRIVE!"

"Thanks again! The kindest care
If the General here can share,
Sea-bath may his health repair."

Vernon rests, he sleepeth well!
Preston into slumber fell.
Morning failed to break the spell—
Failed the glad arrival-bell.

Preston in profound surprise,
Hears the servants' earnest cries,
"General Vernon waits; arise!"

"Tell him I will soon be there!"
"But he waits; for him prepare!
Joy he brings, with you to share!
Shall he enter? please declare."

"Enter then! What! Vernon well!
What despoiled rheumatic's spell—
Tell me, General Vernon, tell?"

"Shipwreck, salt-bath, doctor, YOU!"
"Joy, then, for a bill is due!"
"How much? Doctor, tell me, do?"
"Fair Ruthena, good and true!"

"Heavy bill! My only child!
Artless spirit, undefiled—
But"—and General Vernon smiled!

"Portland! Ah, Ruthena, here?"
Love's response, a grateful tear!
Past, the tempest's wrath severe,
Come the tenderly sincere!

Let no other word be said,—
Preston's heart was comforted
In Ruthena, won and wed!

You have listened unto me,
To this story of the sea;
How the good ship Waverly
Brought the grief and good to be.

1878.

SEA SUGGESTIONS.

I TOOK a smooth lipped shell,
And held it to my ear—strange music sweet
And soft as infant's dream, or spirits' spell,
Fell on my soul, and rippled at my feet.

It was a weird delight,
Filled with a childish romance of the sea,
When hope stood tip-toe, thrilled with visions bright,
And talked of all the future, joyously.

I stood upon the beach,
The sun in noonday beauty beamed above,
And the white sails dozed in the long sea-reach,
As billows sung their rich refrain of love.

A youthful marriage day,
When life had not a cloud, or hope a fear,
Love's silver lute murmured its softest lay,
And blue bird's spring-song lasted all the year.

The winds were wailing low,
The moaning sky was garbed in gloom and wrath,
And heaving surges in their tones of woe,
Sung midnight songs in the fierce tempest's path.

It was a time of care,
The heart was pierced, the spirit bled in pain;
The soul o'erborne, struggled in earnest prayer,
Breasting the billows of life's angry main.

Tempestuous sea "Be Still!"
The sweetest music ocean ever heard,
While the dark waves bowed to a higher will,
Then sunk to dreamless slumbers all unstirred.

A ship, majestic, tall,
In graceful silence glides at close of day,—
While native hills in beauty rise to all,
Her anchor drops within the sheltered bay.

I saw the Christian die;
The land of God lay in the golden light,
Eternal glory dazzled in his eye,
The sea was crossed, and hope was lost in sight.

1879.

WHITE-WINGED SHIPS.

FAR away as the eyes can see,
Faint, white-winged ships sail silently;
I sit and watch and wait to see
What white-winged ships will bring to me.

As hour by hour the billows flow,
So hour by hour the white wings grow,—
Grow, as I watch and wait to see
What white-winged ships will bring to me.

Fleet winds sweep through the sunlit sky,
White wings bound o'er the billows high,—
Bound, as I sit and wait to see
What white-winged ships will bring to me.

Fruits from many a sunny isle,
Spices from where the tropics smile;
Thus, as I watch and wait to see,
The white-winged ships bring good to me.

So I wait, on the shores of Time,
Returns from Love's delicious clime,
And, as I watch and wait to see,
Hope, white-winged Hope, brings joy to me.

1880.

THE STORM.

OUT of my window, I beheld the sea,—
In the dark tumult of unbridled wrath;
In fierce and frenzied fury, frantically,
The tempest swept along destruction's path.
Waves clasped each other in a mad embrace,
Then rolled, and dashed, and swirled long leagues away;
Billows which mounted with a maniac's grace,
Worn out, broke down, in lawless gusts of spray.
The sea and sky each in their own wild way,
Rung out high carnival of snow wreathed song,
And lashed the land both savagely and long,—
Till the whipped earth wept for some sheltered bay,
Where, like a storm-tossed ship, it might retreat,
And find, like sin, refuge at mercy's feet.

Dec. 26, 1880.

SO LIKE THE SEA.

HOW like the years, O sea!
Sometimes the light smiles on thy bosom deep,
Sometimes rude tempests o'er thy bosom sweep,
Sometimes soft songs lull thee to quiet sleep;
And all thy moods to me,
Are like this human life, filled in with grief,
Till tides of resignation bring relief.

And I am so like thee!
Not in thy greatness! I am very small;
Not in thy power! I am weakness all;
Not in thy grandeur! I have none at all;
And yet, thou wondrous sea,
As in a mirror, I can clearly trace,
My likeness, in thy almost human face.

But yesterday, all light,
To-day I seem as if I never smiled,
Just then, all calm, now, as if never mild,
So lately pure, now everything defiled,
The day is turned to night,
The winds unresting through my midnight sigh,
And tempests howl athwart my spirit's sky.

Then high resolves were made!
Resolves which rushed like billows to the shore,
Resolves renewed and uttered o'er and o'er!
Then, of their weight, sunk, broken evermore!
My foes made me afraid.
And coward like, my little strength gave way,
And high resolves, like billows, broke in spray.

Hope spread her cheerful sails!
And I launched out upon the smiling deep;
But soon harsh tempests down upon me sweep;
Till bowed and broken pride began to weep;
And hurried by the gales,
Or shoreward roughly tossed with giant's grip,
I lay, like fragments of a broken ship.

So ruins round me lie!
So lie the years, driftwood along the lea,
So spars and vows are worked up by the sea;
Then touched by higher tides, roll sluggishly;
Through all the air a cry,
Entoned with mystic murmurs vague and dim,
Away from God, and sad for want of Him.

And so the years go by!
But shall another thus be spent by me?
Eternal God, O lift my soul to thee!
Grant undergirdings of eternity.
Draw, loadstone of the sky,
And howsoe'er life's stormy billows roll,
Be chart, helm, compass, pilot to my soul!

Dec. 31, 1880.

SEA EMBLEMS.

THOU tempestuous sea,
Emblem of cruelty,
Ruin's dark path;
So are thy billows tossed,
Like tumults of the lost,
When life's dread sea is crossed,
Rolling in wrath.

O thou enduring sea,
Emblem of Deity,
Vaster than sight;
Emblem of love so wide,
Love of the crucified,
More than all love beside,
Wider than light.

O thou complacent sea,
Love's deep tranquillity,
Freedom from sin,—
Low at love's feet I kneel,
Love breathes her words to heal,
And O what peace I feel,
Without, within.

Thou glorious sunlit sea,
Flashing with brilliancy,
Bright eye of love;
Past all the gloom of night,
Full on my glowing sight,
Burst all thy paths of light,
Which lead above.

O thou deep heaving sea,
Thy blue immensity
By grandeur trod—
How thy soft billows kiss
My soul to dreams of bliss,
And from a world like this,
Lift me to God.

May, 1881.

THE MESSENGER SHIP.

UPON the ocean's utmost rim,
An out bound ship was lying.
Its sails were like the shadows dim,
When day's soft light is dying;
It bore the friends I loved away,
It bore my joy and gladness;
While sorrow sobbed its tearful lay,
And winds wailed in their sadness.

I slept, and lo! my spirit dreamed;
My heart no more was sighing,
For o'er a glassy sea it seemed,
Another ship was flying;
It came from far-off isles of light,
Where birds are always singing,
And to me, with a royal right,
The sweetest news was bringing.

They said, our friends are over there,
In lands forever vernal;
Where living vines breathe fragrance rare,
Through bloom which is eternal;

To go, they said, is not to die,
But, passing out of dying;
Where sorrow ends its bitter sigh,
In lands unknown to sighing.

I woke, and said, I shall not grieve,
Though ships go out to-morrow;
They are not lost, but only leave
Lands which are dark with sorrow.
They steer for ports away from this,
Where friends no more will sever,
And anchoring in bays of bliss,
They live and love forever.

May, 1883.

THE GRAND PARADE.

THE billows are out on grand parade
In their uniforms of blue;
Their white plumes toss in the passing breeze,
And their steps are strong and true.

They march to the fife-notes of the gale,
And the breaking surges' drum:
While the banners flash in the noonday light,
And the sea-gulls cry, "They come."

They come, and their march is a thousand years,
Aye, a thousand years thrice told;
They shake the earth with their lofty tread,
And their heart-beats grow not old.

They give no heed to the haughtiest foe,
But on in their high career,
'Mid lightning's flash, and the thunder's crash,
They laugh in the face of fear.

The centuries sat and gazed amazed,
Yet the crowding billows came;
With their plumes still tossing in the breeze,
And their uniforms the same.

They came, sometimes like the rough dragoons,
Sometimes with the cannon's roar;
Sometimes they rush in the Northeast raid,
Till they terrify the shore.

Sometimes as still as the lovers' stroll,
When the moon walks through the sky:
Kissing the strand with their liquid lips,
And soothing it with a sigh.

They march till they touch the frozen North,
Then down to the Summer zone;
Still on, to remotest isles away,
To the eyes of men unknown.

They bow to but one supreme behest,
To but one commander's rod;
"Thus far," is the only law they heed,
And that law they know, is God.

And the coming centuries unborn,
Shall watch by the wave-washed shore;
Though the nations rise, and kingdoms fall,
The billows march ever more.

So, the waves of influence go on,
Our own, in an endless flow;
And all whom we reach for good or ill,
We never shall fully know.

June, 1883.

SEA DRIFTINGS.

FRAGMENTS WRITTEN AT DIFFERENT TIMES, AND FOR VARIOUS PURPOSES.

BESIDE the sea the wond'ring people stood,
Or sat, or bowed, devotion's earnest throng;
The spirit, lost in worship's attitude,
Mingled its praises with the billow's song.

O widening sea! O ever-heaving flood!
Here on thy margin, where the surges roar,
Thy people rise to thee, O blessed God,
They weep, they worship, triumph and adore.

1872.

O GLEANER, go forth to the world's rough field,
Go forth with thy ransomed powers;
Go forth, for the rockiest place shall yield
Rich fruit and beautiful flowers.

1873.

THEY sought for rest, and found it by the sea,
Where proud ships sail, and winds so grandly sweep;
Where glassy lakes lie slumbering on the lee,
And dim old forests cast their shadows deep;
Here oft they sat, and with their friends conversed,
And prayed, and sung of Jesus' precious blood—
Here many a time the story they rehearsed,
Then sweetly passed in triumph up to God.

1874.

THE toil of weary years has passed away,
And here with competence and honor crowned,
Parents and happy children sing their lay,
Where ocean, lakes and sylvan shade are found.

1874.

HERE in the shade, beside the quiet lake,
In sight and sound of ocean's silvery foam,
The spirit, worn, can busy cares forsake,
And nature, wearied, find a peaceful home.

1874.

FAR from the noisy din of human strife,
Where hurried feet dash through the mart of trade,
The merchant flees to breathe a purer life,
Where ocean's song blends with the forest's shade.

1874.

HERE by the lake in Summer's soft repose,
And near the sea, the citizen shall rest;
Where God and Nature sweetly interpose,
Till heart and home are both supremely blest.

1875.

JUBILANT, jubilant Sea!
How thy bosom heaves in the opening day,
How thy sunny smiles stretch long leagues away,
While the crested waves on the bright beach play.
Tranquilly beautiful sea!
Where the white sails rest in their dreamy sleep,
As I watch and wait by the beautiful deep.

1876.

SUNLIGHT is on the sea;
Sunlight and gladness like a golden fringe,
Pin'd to the trailing garment of the storm,
With here and there a little mellow tinge,
Which from the passing cloud takes transient form,
And on the shoulders of the smiling sea
In folds hangs gracefully.

1877.

"IN the beginning, God," at Ocean Grove,
Was humbly sought, and He would so appear,
That our fond hearts were melted by His love,
And His sweet Spirit filled each worshiper;
And so, for aye, upon this holy ground,
The lifted cross shall show atoning blood,
And in these shades where sea-songs ceaseless sound,
Unnumbered souls shall find their way to God.

1877.

THERE'S a beautiful light in the evening sky,
As the sun goes down in the golden west;
There's a holy calm in the Christian's eye,
As his labors close and he sinks to rest.

There's a land unseen by our mortal sight
Where the smiles of the Lord forever stay,
And the good go up to that land of light,
As the stars fade out in the light of day.

1878.

SMILING and weeping, tempest and calm,
Sunlight and shadow, dropped from above;
Hoarseness of thunder, softness of psalm,
Tumult of terror, sweetness of love;
Solemn and joyful, fettered and free,
Humanly sensitive, changeable sea.

1878.

DOWN by the sea-washed shore,
Ever—forever more,
The billows sing to all a changeful tune;
Unto the daring—bold;
Unto the aged—old;
To life's young dreamers fresh as breath of June.

1879.

CHEER thee, O cheer, there is light on the sea,
Sunshine and gladness are waiting for thee;
White crested billows break softly and slow,
Sky and the ocean with joy are aglow.

1879.

SEE the Cross! Before it bending,
Joys of pardon sweetly roll;
Blessed Cross, whose peace unending,
Flows in silence through the soul.
Love divine; O holy Saviour,
Never more like Thine will be,
More than Oceans wide Thy favor,
O what bliss to rest in Thee!

1879.

SIN, like a sea, sweeps o'er us,
And bears all hope away;
When lo! the Cross before us,
Appears, the light of day.
The Cross, O holy Saviour,
True penitence imparts;
While faith procures Thy favor
And raptures thrill our hearts.

1880.

A SHELL! A simple shell,
In whose mysterious cell,
Soft sounds are heard, low murmurs of the sea,
The broad sea reaches seen,
The sun with burnished sheen,
And tall ships o'er the deep sail silently.

1880.

THE sea sings ceaselessly:
Her summer songs break softly on the shore,
Mellow with murmurs chanted o'er and o'er,
Chantings which mingle with the evermore;
They sweetly come to me,
Rich tides of melody from lands unknown,
Billows of bliss from love's eternal throne.

1880.

UP from the solemn sea,
Lo! the bright sun! and as his beams unfold,
Sky, clouds and sea, are all baptized with gold!
The splendor widens—more than all can hold!
So are God's gifts to me,
And this sun-glory on the sea and sky,
Is but o'erflowings of His throne on high.

1881.

AWAY, away, o'er the summer sea,
The rollicking waves roll rompingly;
Sportive with glee like a maiden gay,
Joyous with song as a bridal day;
Away, away, where the soft winds blow,
Away, away, where the tall ships go,
Solemn and grand, still, away, away,
The sea rolls on forever and aye.

1881.

DREAMILY, dreamily, far, far away,
The white sails gleam, in the rise of the day,
Quietly, quietly, out on the deep,
Like a bird, whose wings are folded in sleep;
Silently, silently, slowly away,
They linger awhile on the rim of day,
And then, like friends, whom my love could not hold,
Pass out, and beyond, through gateways of gold.

1882.

OH, the glory, highest glory!
Glory of creation's King;
Oh, the story, sweetest story,
Such as angels cannot sing.
Song of songs, redemption, heaven,
Gladness fills the earth and air,
Bliss of God to man is given,
Measured here, unmeasured there.

1882.

THE Ocean sleeps, in quiet beauty dreaming;
Its bosom heaves with tempest wrath no more;
The queenly moon through gauzy robes is gleaming,
While the low billows murmur on the shore,
And the deep calm, reflecting worlds supernal,
Crowns peerless peace, whose reign shall be eternal.

1882.

DARKNESS and death o'er all the earth
Reigned with supreme control;
Throned in the heart and intellect,
Sin paralyzed the soul.
The gospel, blessed gospel, came,
And echoing through the gloom,
Death heard, graves burst, and blossoming
Hope garlanded the tomb.

1882.

OVER the sea! Over the sea!
Plunging and dashing, wild and free;
Free as the white gull's breezy flight,
Bound for the lands beyond our sight.

Over the sea! Over the sea!
Faith rides the waves triumphantly;
And hope sings through the rush and roar,
Bounding on for the unseen shore.

1883.

THOU ever-surging sea,
Rolling, still rolling through the long, lone ages,
Unrest is written on thy liquid pages,
Whether the sun shines or the tempest rages,
There is no rest for thee:
Yet God, thy Master, He can say at will,
Thou ever-restless ocean, "Peace, be still."

1883.

FRIENDSHIP and Hope, so peacefully abide,
And float together on the sunlit tide,
Friendship and Hope, cemented into one,
Glide sweetly on beneath the glowing sun.

1883.

CHRIST, the Lord of life and glory,
Speaks, and all obey His voice,
Lame men walk, the deaf find hearing,
And the dumb in songs rejoice.
Blind men by the wayside begging,
Felt His touch and lo! they see:
Blest, divine, Emancipator,
Thou canst set the nations free!

1883.

BRIGHT the golden glow and glory,
Soft the summer sea;
Sweet the old romantic story,
Love's fond lullaby.
Where the mellow murmurs meeting,
Sink in holy calm,
Lonely beach and billows greeting,
Sing their summer psalm.

1883.

EVERYTHING on earth I cherish,
To my heart however dear,
Soon in my embrace will perish
Human friendship, hope and fear.
But the cross of Christ in splendor
Rising o'er the world's decay,
Conquers death; and friendships tender
Re-unite in blissful day.

1883.

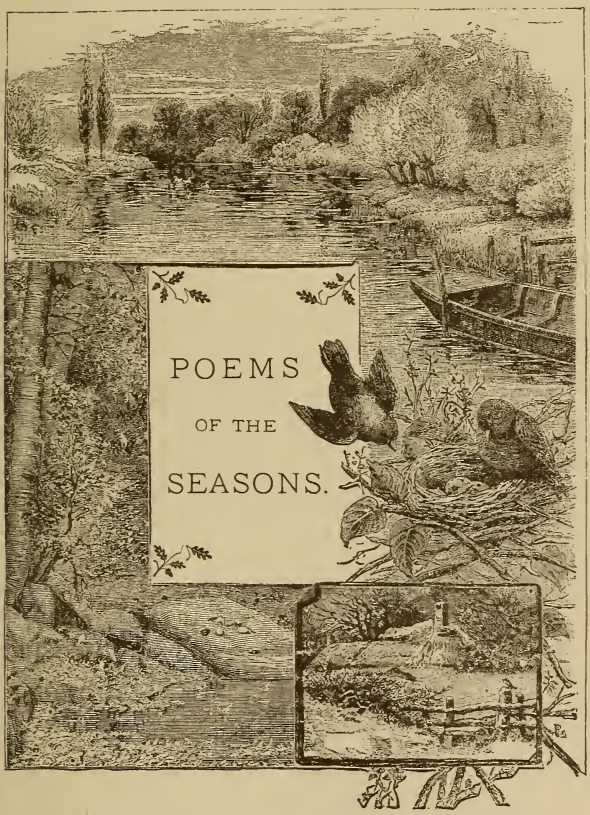
I MUSE beside the summer sea,
And tender thoughts come unto me;
The wind sighs softly from above,
Or sings a soothing song of love.

The billows break in murmurs low,
Patches of sunlight come and go,
And life, amid the tranquil scene,
Flies like a pleasant morning dream.

1884.

THOUGH the sullen clouds may gather,
And the tempests fiercely roll,
Side by side love fondly whispers
Words of courage to the soul.

1884.


POEMS
OF THE
SEASONS.

Most of the Poems in this volume stand in the chronological order in which they were written. In this Section, however, they are in the order of the seasons, rather than of dates.

POEMS OF THE SEASONS.

SPRING PROPHECIES.

STERN Winter strides across the Northern hills,
And through the vales his frozen foot-prints lie;
Death's gloomy work he solemnly fulfills,
And bloom and beauty his embraces fly.

Patches of snow lie on the hillsides cold;
The giant oaks their leafless branches sweep;
The earth is sear, the rugged rocks are bold,
The winds moan sadly, and the heavens weep.

And yet I see beneath this reign of death,
Visions of hope, a beautiful surprise—
The meek arbutus wakes with fragrant breath,
And blue-birds trill their tuneful prophecies.

So, o'er the storm-capped summits of my life,
Tho' tempests clash, and Winter holds control,
Eternal Spring, full-blooming, ends the strife,
And blue-birds trill sweet carols to the soul.

1878.

LAURELS!

FAR in the wildwood's lonely way,
In leafy June's delicious day,
I meet, where glints of sunshine play,
Laurels!

They flash in beauty 'neath the pine;
O'er rugged slopes their splendors shine;
Where forests sleep they smile sublime,
Laurels!

On mountain tops at night or noon,
'Mid briars and brakes they burst and bloom;
From wooded glens they banish gloom,
Laurels!

Earth struggling in her onward course,
Force struggling 'gainst opposing force,
Till June from winter finds divorce,
Laurels!

So, childhood, with its hopes and fears,
So, sorrow, with its sighs and tears,
Till on the brow, at last, appears
Laurels!

So, in the wear of human life,
Where hearts with heavy cares, are rife,
Our faith secures amid the strife,
Laurels!

So, in this seething world of sin,
With foes without, and foes within,
Resist, go forward, conquer, win
Laurels!

Then on fields forever vernal,
Then, with glory all supernal,
Each shall wear, in life eternal,
Laurels!

CAMDEN, N. J., 1874.

JUNE.

THROUGH the cold rain,
And winds that wailed or murmured sad and low,
With bursting throbs of resurrection pain,
The earth threw off its winding sheet of snow.

The frosted air
Chided the myrtle's first attempt to rise,
And dim old forests tossed their branches bare,
Wildly and wierd against the leaden skies.

The April sun,
Pitied and kissed the cold and cheerless sod,
And jeweled dew drops when the day was done,
Came forth the silent ministers of God.

I slept, I woke!
O'er the bright hills tripped merry-footed May;
My spirit leaped as when a vision broke,
And beauty trailed her garments o'er the way.

And now, once more,
Each leafy bough trills with a summer tune,
While at love's fragrant feet fond hearts adore,
And drink the glad'ning glee of joyous June.

The skies are blue,
And overarch a world of budding bliss,
The waters flash with golden splendors new,
And emerald banks receive their tender kiss.

There is no gloom!
Meadows and hillsides are a glowing page,
Each hoary rock is crowned with living bloom,
Like smiles that wreath the furrowed face of age.

So struggling up,
Through the cold crustings of our earthliness,
Tender, yet true, appear the blades of hope,
Which soon unfold to June's deliciousness.

Then, through the years,
And all the rough realities of time,
Through bending sorrows and the blinding tears,
Blossoms are woven, fadeless and sublime.

So, o'er and o'er,
The soul is soothed with every summer tune,
While at love's fragrant feet fond hearts adore,
And drink the joy of God's eternal June.

DELAWARE WATER GAP, June, 1881.

FULL BLOSSOMED.

I WAS a child, and childhood's richest treasures,
A father's care and mother's kiss, were mine;
And each young hope a bud of opening pleasures,
My soul the trellis, love the blooming vine.

Soft songs sung low lulled me to peaceful slumbers,
Like rippling rills in moonlit summer dell;
The mellow lute, the quiet flow of numbers,
In dreamy bliss upon my spirit fell.

My youthful paths, though full of youthful duty,
Were soft with mosses to my tender feet;
The earth and sky unfolded views of beauty,
And every day with dewy love was sweet.

I drank the waters of the purest fountains,
Waters which flashed with brightness in the sun;
My fancy saw in clouds the castled mountains,
The real and ideal melting into one.

Hope arched my sky with hues of cloudless splendor,
Love lured my feet in thornless paths of green;
The heart responded to each accent tender,
And love was life, and life was love supreme.

I sat in raptured rest, vines bending o'er me,
No withered leaf, no blasted bud was there;
Life's widening pathways gleamed in light before me,
Earth bright with bloom with fragrance filled the air.

Then came the man! That was a change forever!
Was gladness gone, as when a flower dies?
No! Youth the fountain, age the broadened river,
And fuller joys of life's young prophecies!

The first faint gleamings of the dewy morning,
Blush with new brightness with each rising ray;
Faint gleams of thought the brow of youth adorning,
Widened with glory, crown the close of day.

Hopes grow not less as days of hope diminish,
The shadows vanish in the noonday light;
The sculptor's joy is the artistic finish,
When marble yields, and angels greet the sight.

Yes! yes! I see, each added day grows brighter,
My broadened life the full blown bud of youth;
With added strength, each added weight grows lighter,
And all are carried in the strength of truth.

The morning past! The noon! Remains the gladness!
The evening tide is full of pure delight!
The song birds of the soul have sung out sadness,
They carol in the day that knows no night.

A child! I thought and spake in childish measure;
A man! these things forever put away;
This grander life, a great and grander pleasure,
Shall bask full blossomed in eternal day.

1880.

OCTOBER.

SWEET October! bland October!
Glory of the dying year,
Drest in garments pink and golden,
Crowned with honors—hoar and sere;
Softened is thy saddened sunlight,
Hazy is thy gauzy veil,
Soft October, sad October,
Sweet October, hail! all hail!!

Silence is enthroned on mountains,
Thought sits pensive by the sea;
Sunlight shimmers on the ocean,
Tempests slumber on the lea;
Ships sleep on the chastened billows,
Sails flap idly 'gainst the mast;
Softly blue, the sky bends o'er us,
Clouds their quiet shadows cast.

Flowers bloom in graceful beauty,
Crimson, scarlet, purple, gold,
Dahlias in their stately splendor;
Rose-geranium, Mari-gold.
All along among the wild woods,
Waysides, meadows, and the glen,
Burst and bloom the blessed flowers,
Blessing all the walks of men.

Forests are ablaze with glory,
Orange tints and purple dyes,—
Glassy lakes and mirror'd mountains,
Garnished earth and burnished skies;
Cattle sleep upon the hillsides;
Homeward hums the weary bee,
Earth is robed in dream-like beauty,
Sweet October, all for thee.

Sweet October, soft October;
Life is like the rolling year,
First, our spring-time, then the summer,
Then, the yellow leaf and sear;
After these, the rigid winter!
Still the song of hope we sing,
Then, must come death's quiet slumber,
THEN, the everlasting spring.

We are here, with cherished friendships,
Cherished friendships good and true,
Past with us, life's fragrant spring-time,
Past the golden summer too;
We are here in fruitful autumn,
Fruitful autumn, calm and still,
That we thus are met together,
Is the blessed Father's will.

Here, in glory-hued October;
Are our spirits glory-hued?
Here, when all is hushed and tender,
Are our spirits too subdued?
Here, when autumn flowers are blooming
In their matchless autumn dyes,
Do our spirits bring forth flowers
That shall bloom beyond the skies?

Here, in ever fruitful autumn;
Have our lives been fruitful too?
Have we done with holy pleasure,
What our hands have found to do?
Soon will close the time of labor,
Soon the race of life be run,
May we hear the Master saying,—
Well and faithful, hast thou done.

Life's dark tempests have swept o'er us;
These have largely ceased to roll;
O! how blessed is this hour,
Sweet October of the soul.
Storms succumb to storms' high Master,
Mind sits musing by the sea,
Sunlight o'er our spirits shimmers,
Softly, sweetly, silently.

Mem'ry sweeps her thousand harp strings,
Waking thoughts of long ago;
Tender memories, tearful visions,
O'er our spirits sweetly flow;
Visions of our early childhood,
In the dim and far off years;
And life's holiest affections,
Float before us through our tears.

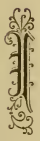
Softly now the skies bend o'er us,
Billows cease their fearful roll,
This the ante-past of Heaven,
Sweet October of the soul.
Spring has gone, the summer ended,
Autumn comes with burnished scroll,
Peace flows in like waves of glory,—
Soft October of the soul.

Here we stand, and we shall sever,
Ne'er again to meet below?
Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where eternal pleasures flow?
Past the spring-time and the summer,
Past the autumn's murmuring,
Past death's cold and dreary winter,
Come the everlasting spring?

High resolves, yes, all together,
If we meet no more below,
We will seek eternal meetings,
Where no partings we shall know,
Where the good reside forever,
Where the tempests cease to roll,
Where we shall enjoy—eternal—
Sweet October of the soul.

1871.

AUTUMN.



WALKED in the silence of Autumn,
Through solitude's sacred retreat;
I sighed with the winds of November,
Where Summer had bowed in defeat;
Defeat, for her green leaves were faded,
Defeat, for the bloom was in blight,
And the balmy breath of her mornings,
Had changed to the chill of the night.

And yet, as I paused in the silence,
Sweet voices sighed soft through the air,
And though death was stamped on the flowers,
Yet death was transcendently fair;
I gathered the leaves which had fallen,
Their greenness and freshness were lost,
Yet, dying, they gained in the glory,
Bestowed by the sunlight and frost.

The tints of imperial purple,
The crimson, the russet, and brown,
And gold like the fringe of the morning,
In beauty had woven a crown;
And this, on the brow of November,
Flashed out in the light of the sun,
Till dying was grander than living,
And death was a victory won.

I saw in the silence of Autumn,
And solitude's sacred retreat,
That death, while so cheerless to many,
Could blush into beauty complete,
Could out-glow the glory of living,
And blaze in the face of decay,
November with touches of splendor
Out-blushing the blushes of May.

And so I have seen in the human,
Such lives as were grand to behold;
Like forests in frosts of November,
Whose glory was crownings of gold,
Sublime in the vale of the dying,
As their songs triumphantly roll,
The sweet hallelujahs of Autumn,
Breathed out as the joy of the soul.

So the good, like leaves which are falling,
Are beautiful in their decay;
The tintings which grandly adorn them,
Are glints of eternity's day.
They fall, but they fall in their beauty,
In beauty's increase they arise,
They bask in the noonday of heaven,
And glow in the glow of the skies.

1880.

INDIAN SUMMER.

SOFTLY, sweet Indian Summer,
Thy footprints press the sod;
And in the solemn stillness
I hear the voice of God,
As when my heart is tendered
By love's subduing rod.

The dim and dreamy sunlight
Is bathing all the land;
And in the frost-touched forests
The patient pine-trees stand,
While billows flowing softly
Embrace the sleeping strand.

High up along the hill-sides,
Where granite rocks are bare,
And down among the valleys
Where lonely fields are fair,
And through the leafless branches,
Weird silence fills the air.

O days of lingering beauty,
Too delicate to last,
Like footprints on the lilies,
The morning dews have cast,
Or love's delicious echoes
Through shadows of the past.

O, ever-softening spirit
Into my spirit shine;
And in the holy stillness
May the still heart be mine,
And life's sweet Indian Summer
Be peaceful and divine.

1879.

DEAD AUTUMN.

DEAD autumn lies on sloping hills,
The winds are wailing low,
And skies are weaving silently
A winding sheet of snow.

The leafless trees like mourners stand,
And moaning in the air,
As autumn, glory-hued, goes down
Into its lonesome lair.

We buried it so quietly,
Then wept as those who weep
For all the loved and beautiful
Gone to their dreamless sleep.

Upon thy grave we rear a stone,
Sweet autumn, true and good,
And trace upon it "BOUNTIFUL,"
With hand of gratitude.

We love thy mem'ry, autumn sear,
Brown earth and softened skies;
And though we weep, thy seeds shall soon
In vernal beauty rise.

So friends we loved have bowed in death,
So we have wailed in woe;
And love has woven winding sheets,
Pure as the virgin snow.

So we have laid them silently
In their last pulseless sleep,
And then with hearts all desolate
Have turned away to weep.

So mem'ry holds them precious still,
As seasons ceaseless roll;
And some sweet word each day we carve
On tablets of the soul.

So, as we weep, hope's rainbow hues
Cross and re-cross our skies;
And soon, in place of autumn gloom,
Will Junes eternal rise!

PROSPECT MOUNT, PA., 1875.

THE ICE KING.

THE Ice King is out on his grand parade,
And his troops fall in from the north-land free;
On the hills afar his hosts are displayed,
With their snowy plumes from the stormy sea.

Their proud swords are wrought by the Ice King's breath,
And bayonets sharp by touch of his hand;
They sparkle and glow on the field of death,
They bristle and break at the King's command.

The Ice King is out with his legions vast,
From mountains they sweep to the plains below;
The King and his host in silence go past,
And bondage remains as onward they go.

The dew drops that smiled in light of the sun,
The waters that leaped, the spray of the mill—
All chilled to the core like a faithless one,
And shorn of their strength, are fettered and still.

There was grief and fear in the distant vale,
Where the flowers bloomed and the earth was green,
But their hope was yet that the victor's trail
Might not cross the waters that lay between.

But the host came down—in their haste they came
To the bridgeless river, both deep and wide—
A great host like this, with a deathless fame,
Must cross to their work on the other side.

And so, while his troops on the margin slept,
The Ice King breathed on the river all night;
His sentinels paced, and their vigils kept,
And the bridge was built ere the morning light.

It was built all strong from the land to land,
From the mountains high to the distant sea;
And the host marched o'er at the King's command,
For a mighty King in his strength was he.

They swept o'er the vale where the earth was green,
And the flowers drooped to the earth so low;
But a tear in the Ice King's eye was seen,
As he wove for their graves a shroud of snow.

O'er river and plain, o'er mountain and vale,
In palace and cot, o'er sea and the land,
The King and his host in silence prevail,
The King and his host in silence command.

So they pitched their tents on the icy plain,
And raised their flag in the wintry sky,
Then firmly o'er all they held their domain,
While low at their feet their victims still lie.

Then sighs went up, and so many prayers
For relief from fetters and icy chain;
But the King and his host, with defiant airs,
Turned away from their cries in proud disdain.

So flushed with their conquests, they sighed for more,
And the Ice King breathed with breath of his mouth,
Till his host was increased full many a score,
Then marched to subdue the land of the South.

But the South-land heard of their coming forth,
And stood to meet them in the sunniest place;
They met these heroes of the frozen North,
And gave them all a summer's warm embrace.

The King cried, halt! o'erwhelmed with strange surprise—
This warm embrace had now disarmed them quite—
Tears gushed like fountains from the heroes' eyes,
And all surrendering disappeared from sight.

'Tis ever so—the icy reign of hate,
Or cold indifference, or proud disdain,
The summer breath of love can dissipate,
And deck with flowers the human heart again.

1877.

The Festal Seasons.

EASTER.

THE lenten days are past! All past
The lenten days of gloom;
The shades of night are flying fast,
The light spreads o'er creation vast,
Lo! Easter morning breaks at last,—
Bring flowers to deck the tomb.
Bring flowers, bright flowers, in their freshness sweet,
And lay them with joy at our dear Lord's feet.

Yes! garland the Cross with flowers,
The rough and rugged Cross;
Christ has met death's deadliest powers,
Has struggled through the lone, dark hours,
Till life immortal, victor towers,
High over every loss;
While living blossoms spring in death's dark way,
And blushing hope blooms into endless day.

The sepulchre is void! All bright,
The joyful angels sit,
Hailing the weepers with delight,
Assuring them that death's dark night,

Is lost in everlasting light,
While heaven's own way is lit,
With His grand life, who mightier than the grave,
Henceforth is known, Omnipotent to save.

Then bring the sweetest flowers, bring flowers,
Jesus has conquered sin;
Bring blossoms from your sweet home bowers,
From morning's fresh and dewy hours,
Or from the vine-girt, twilight towers,
For Jesus, bring them in;
O twine the Cross, for lo, the dark, cold tomb,
Henceforth is fragrant with immortal bloom.

And now, O heart, look up, for thee
There's hope in deepest gloom,
Though thine is sad Gethsemane,
Though thine the Cross and Calvary,
The heart throes and the agony,
The death day and the tomb;
Soon God's third morn shall break, the light shall roll—
To usher in the Easter of the soul.

1875.

HE IS RISEN.

HE is risen! Christ the holy,
He the Christ who once was slain;
He the earth-born, lone and lowly,
Bursts the tomb and lives again.
Grace divine to men abounded,
Grave, sin, hell, are all confounded.

He is risen! Men despising,
Truths of God revealed in time;
Risen! to His foes surprising,
To His friends a joy sublime;
Risen? yes, alive forever,
Christ, of endless life the giver.

Risen! risen! every nation
Join the universal joy;
Let the song fill all creation,
Men and angels' tongues employ,
Sadden'd hell and gladden'd heaven,
Death is conquered, Christ is risen!

Risen! risen! joy forever,
Christ is victor, death in chains,
Grave shall gain dominion never,
Jesus lives, Messiah reigns!
Thrill the earth with the glad story,
We shall reign with Him in glory!

1876.

RESURRECTION.

JOY, the blessed resurrection!
Vain the spikes and soldier's spear;
Cross no more in subjugation,
Death and hell are vanquished here.
Vain the gloom of death's dark prison,
Vain the watch, the stone, the seal;
Strength divine! lo, Christ is risen,
Pulse of life the nations feel.

Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Death is conquered, conquered grave;
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Christ is mighty still to save.

Come, but not in sadness bending,
To the place where once he lay,
Empty tomb is sorrow's ending,
Blessed resurrection day!
Tell the ever joyful story,
Jesus lives, and we shall live;
Risen Christ, through ages hoary,
Joy divine this truth shall give.

Joy, the blessed resurrection!
Past the sadness, come the cheer,
Past the winter's dark dejection,
Vernal blossoms now appear;
Violets the earth are breaking,
Gladness bursting into bloom;
Song birds of the soul are waking,
Sunlight banishes the gloom.

1883.

THE CHRIST-CHILD OF THE HEART.

OUR Lord was born in Bethlehem,
So many years ago;
But is He born within my heart,
Is what I wish to know?.

The wise men came with gifts of gold,
And worshiped at His feet;
But have I brought my heart to Him,
An offering complete?

He occupied a lowly place—
The manger and the stall—
But well deserves within my breast
The highest seat of all.

The angels sung a holy song
When Jesus Christ was born;
And I can sing so joyously
This blessed Christmas morn!

Not o'er Judean hills, alone,
So many years ago,
Did Jesus come into the world,
He comes to me, I know!

I've brought the fine gold of my heart,
I've brought frankincense, too;
And He so cheerfully accepts
This little that I do!

My heart is but a lowly place,
Yet better than the stall;
I'll garland it with evergreens,
And He shall have it all!

Flashes the guiding star of hope,
The promises are true;
For I have found the new-born King,
And you may find Him, too!

The world presents its Christ to-day,
In poetry and art;
Be ours the simpler faith to know
The Christ-child of the heart.

1875.

THE OFT-TOLD TALE.

THE oft-told tale that Christ was born
In Judah's hills on Christmas morn,
Again with rapturous joy our hearts repeat,
While earth and heaven unite in anthems sweet;
For angels from glory
Announced the blest story,
And gladly our voices the song would complete.

How freely the wise men of old
Brought forth their frankincense and gold,
And meekly bowed with hearts by love made mild,
And in their faith they worshiped Mary's child!
Though He was so lowly,
They saw Him, the Holy,
Though earth-born, divine, by sin undefiled.

O wonder of wonders, the Lord,
Fulfilling His own blessed Word,
As ruin in wrath was ready to fall,
Came cheerfully down to manger and stall,
Assuming our nature,
The Holy Creator,
Our Ransom became and Saviour of all!

All praise for this gift so divine!
With wreaths His dear brow we entwine;
We sing of His love in beautiful song,
We give Him our lives, to whom they belong,
While angels from glory
Repeat the sweet story,
The bells of our hearts His praise shall prolong!

1876.

RING THE CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL.

COMING, coming, Lord of glory,
Coming through the ages hoary,
In accord with ancient story,
Coming, coming, Lord of light;
Coming, so the truth engages,
Coming through prophetic pages,
Coming in the thoughts of sages,
Ring the bells of joy to-night!

Coming, lo! His star ascending,
Coming, heaven and earth are blending,
Coming, glory never-ending,
Ring the bells of joy again!

Coming, not as man expected,
Coming, by the high neglected,
Coming, by the proud rejected,
He who shall forever reign.

Come, though years of God move slowly;
Born of virgin mother, holy,
Cradled in a manger, lowly,
Human form, and flesh and blood;
Come the child, yet mighty Leader,
Weak, yet all-prevailing Pleader,
Destitute, yet hunger's Feeder,
Infant, Maker, Monarch, God!

Come! the world with thanks is ringing;
Come! the sad with joy are singing;
Come! the weak to Him are clinging;
Come *the All*, and come *for all!*
Come! the nation's long desire;
Come! all hearts to Him aspire;
Come! the world is lifted higher;
Ring the Christmas festival!

CHRISTMAS, 1878.

CHRISTMAS IN BEREAVEMENT.

THE blessed Christmas times,
With all harmonious chimes,
Of merry bells, and merrier hearts, have come;
Childhood's ecstatic glee,
Youth's full felicity,
And age's sober joys, old friends and home.

Ah! home, sweet home, oh! where
Amid the wide world's glare,
And pomp, and fashion, shall the spirit rest?
Not in the dance or song,
Where mirth her strains prolong,
But home, sweet home, is where the heart is blest.

O yes! 'tis ever so,
Home must the fond heart go,
When weary with the earth, its pride, and sin;
But what makes home—the walls
Where memory recalls
Fond forms, and faces here no longer seen?

Home halls, familiar bowers,
Soft music and sweet flowers,
Are solemn mockeries, if there be not there,
Affection's holier choice,
The dear, familiar voice,
That greeted us with welcomes everywhere.

Ah! on this festal day,
Bring golden gifts who may,
Can these atone for such heart welcomings;
Bring back the soft sweet kiss,
Bring back the smile of bliss,
But do not mock me with these senseless things.

But ah! who shall restore?
The grave forevermore
Has claimed those lips once eloquent with love;
My heart, worn with its woe,
Would break, did it not know
Those smiles still wait me in the land above.

O heart! bowed with thy grief,
Earth's scenes give no relief,
Though loving words from those who pity, come;
Yet suffer, and be still,
Wait thou thy Master's will,
And He will soon restore smile, kiss, and home.

1862.

CHRISTMAS JOY.

WHAT a joyful hour to our sin-cursed earth,
When the tidings came of a Saviour's birth,
And the heart's warm pulse beat stronger still,
As the song was heard of Heaven's good will.

What a joyful hour! cried the sons of night,
For, as Jesus spoke, there was instant light;
And the exile heard, in that new-born day,
Of a home in heaven and a blissful way.

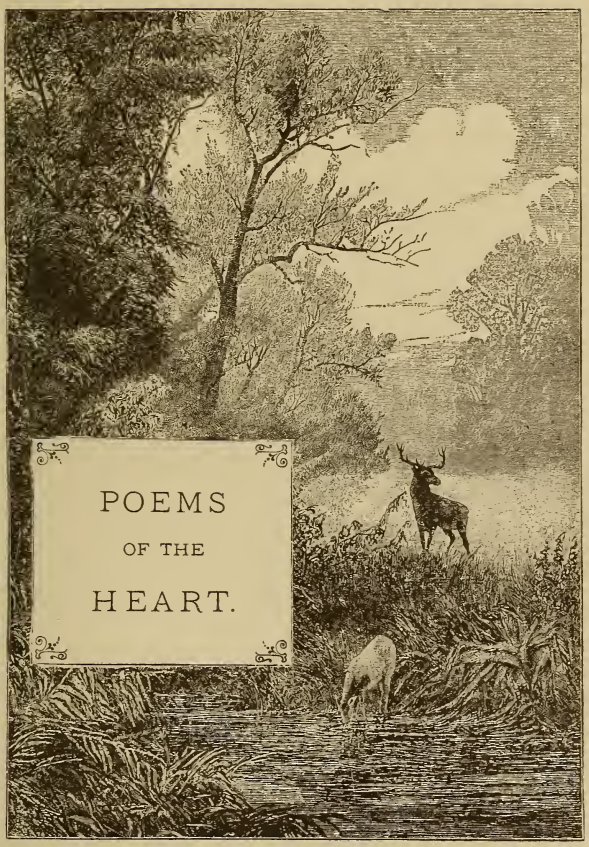
What a joyful hour, when the dumb could speak,
And the palsied arm was no longer weak;
When the sick could rise from their bed of pain,
And the halt and lame were restored again.

What a joyful hour, when the Saviour spoke,
And the slumbering dead from their graves awoke,
When the Prince of Life, through death's dark domain,
Sent the warm blood back to the heart again.

But there comes an hour, far more joyful still,
When the good man's soul shall with rapture thrill;
When his eyes shall glow with the fire of love,
As he leaves this world for his home above.

A more joyful hour, when life's tide is crossed,
And the roar of its surge in the skies is lost;
When our toils are o'er, and our exile past,
And we rest in the smile of our God at last.

CLINTON, N. J., 1851.


POEMS
OF THE
HEART.

The following Poems are of the higher and intenser forms of the religious life, and were mostly written in times of Sabbatic meditation.

Poems of the Heart.

FOLLOWING.

THY footprints, Lord, I see!
And O, how hallowed are these prints to me,
They lead where my worn spirit fain would be,
To sweet and holy rest,
Where all the good eternally are blest.

Ah yes, these steps, I know,
Lead on, where all the good desire to go,
But, ah, sometimes, they turn us backward so;
Then up the mountain steep,
Or with crushed hearts, in valleys low to weep.

O yes, sublimely true!
Thy footsteps Lord, will lead in triumph, through
The Palm-branch march, and sorrow's garden too;
The bloody sweat, and all,
The crucifixion, vinegar and gall.

And must I follow, where
The mount is rough; be crucified, and wear
With Christ the crown of thorns, in suffering there?
Yes, thus His pathways go,
Be patient, child, and follow on, to know.

Yes, follow: soon thine eyes
Shall find at Joseph's tomb a sweet surprise,
And death be found a higher-life disguise:
For suffering is not loss,
But ever brightening glory through the Cross.

Then, shall we fear to go,
Where Thou shalt lead us, blessed Jesus? No!
Up mountains steep, through valleys dark and low;
Thy footsteps let us see,
And we will travel anywhere with Thee.

Yes, anywhere with Thee,
Through flood or flame, or calm, or stormy sea,
Through midnight gloom, or when the gloom shall flee;
Though earth may smile or frown,
For such alone shall wear the victor's crown.

1873.

SOUL REST.

LIFE'S morning broke with rosy-tinted light,
With fragrant flowers the balmy air was sweet,
Earth's fairest vision burst upon my sight,
And blooming pathways opened at my feet.

I traveled on with light and merry heart,
The birds sung sweetly in the greenwood shade,
The shimmering waters softly sighed their part,
And murmuring winds the gentlest music made.

And still I traveled, but the skies grew dark,
The tempest howled along the midnight sky,
My hopes were sinking like the foundering bark
Sinks in the ocean when the storms sweep by.

Then, soon I found beneath my weary feet,
The slippery rocks with precipices nigh,
And here my ruin was so near complete,
That help must come or I must quickly die.

But, swift-winged mercy from the throne above,
Saw my condition and the help supplied;
And so my heart was overcharged with love,
For my Redeemer was the crucified.

Then fleet of foot and light of heart once more,
With skies all bright, I pressed my joyous way,
And grateful, too, my spirit o'er and o'er,
Sung of its love in one continuous lay.

But, oh, the mountains tall would often rise,
The way seemed rough, I knew not how to go,
The heat of noonday glimmered through the skies,
And my worn feet moved wearily and slow.

And when so worn I could not go alone,
I sought for help and found it every day;
Help which the good in every age have known,
And help that came in every needed way.

At last I've reached the mountain's peaceful crown,
And like the travel'r, who from far has come,
Beneath the shade in quietness sits down,
And sees beyond the white walls of his home.

So I find rest, the mountain height is still,
I see the home-land brightly on before,
My spirit sinks into the heavenly will,
And all my fierce heart struggles now are o'er.

So I too, rest, above the din and strife,
I rest to-day, and find I have obtained
Another mile-stone in the way of life,
Another mount of observation gained.

O Pisgah summits, visions pure and bright,
O valleys calm, and rivers winding slow,
An added mile has added new delight,
Another mount reveals a grander glow.

The day descends! all cloudless is the sky,
The sun sinks slowly towards the golden west,
The winds have sunken to the softest sigh,
The lakes lie sleeping and the ripples rest.

And so I rest, but not in dreamy mood,
Waiting for something that may not be given,
But, even now, saved through the cleansing blood,
My rest in Jesus is a present heaven.

1874.

GO FORWARD.

GO forward; God assures thee
That heaven shall be thy prize;
But, ah! how dark before thee
Death's gloomy waters rise.
Go forward, sweetly guided,
For God has so provided,
Death's stream shall be divided,
Go forward to the skies!

Go forward; God allures thee
To deeper depths away;
Go forward; on before thee
Glory unfolds its day.
Angels their wings are shaking,
Millions their songs are waking,
Billows of glory breaking,
In God-light melt away.

Forward; on mounts of glory
Immortal angel bands
Beckon, and shout the story,
Forward, through endless lands;
To glory still ascending,
Glory with glory blending,
Glory unknown, unending,
Go forward, blood-washed bands!

Go forward; for unto thee,
Lo, other mountains rise;
And further bands of angels
Are opening further skies.
Go forward; on forever!
For end there is none—never!
Ever, and yet forever,
The soul wing God-ward flies!

1874.

YOURS IN JESUS.

"YOURS in Jesus," sweet conclusion,
To a letter, full of love;
Yours, in all the joys of Jesus,
Yours, until we meet above.

"Yours in Jesus," blessed sentence,
Love's cementing, all divine;
Yours in patience like the Saviour's,
Yours, in gentleness, sublime.

"Yours in Jesus," O what friendship,
Broad and deep, as love can be;
Yours, in all the grief of Jesus,
Yours, in sorrow's deepest sea.

"Yours, in Jesus," sweet conclusion,
As to letter ever given;
Yours, in deathless love of Jesus,
Yours on earth, and yours in heaven.

1874.

THE MIGHTY MARCH.*

SOUND the anthem high as heaven,
Raise the grand triumphal arch,
Make way, continents and nations,
Truth is on its mighty march!
Towns and cities, land and ocean,
Bannered hosts and marshaled men,
Lift the blood-stained standard higher,
Shout aloud the glad amen!

Conquering God, go forth in grandeur,
Blessed Christ, assert Thy sway;
Holy Spirit, lift the nations
Out of darkness into day.
Prayer is answered. Lo! the victory—
Highest mount and deepest glen
Roll the blessed tidings onward
Jesus Christ is saving men.

Saving men and saving nations,
Blessings come in tidal waves;
Down to human hearts the lowest,
Flows the blessed blood that saves.
Like the sound of many waters,
From a choir ten thousand strong,
Swells the ever-widening glory,
Swells salvation's sweetest song.

* Opening services of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, Philadelphia, Nov. 21, 1875.

Earth give way, give way perdition;
Give way men and devils, too;
For the lowly one of Nazareth,
Girds himself with strength anew.
Dagon, broken, falls before Him,
Anak's sons are bending low;
Shout the triumph, faith beholdeth,
Prostrate walls of Jericho.

Jesus saves from sin's pollution,
Jesus saves from doubt and fear,
Jesus saves, and saves us freely,
Shout the tidings far and near!
Saves to uttermost salvation,
This we see and feel is so—
Saves until the sin-soiled spirit
Is as white as virgin snow.

Hail, ye holy men! Evangels,
Sound the joyful tidings forth,
From the East to golden sunset,
Blooming South and frozen North.
Sound the anthem high as heaven,
Raise the grand triumphal arch;
Make way, continents and nations,
Christ is on His mighty march.

TEMPTATIONS.

TEMPTED, O Lord, and tried,
By day and night, at morn and dewy eve,
Weary and worn, beside
My sense of weakness, over which I grieve,
And sick at heart, by Satan tempest-tossed,
O'erwhelmed with fear, lest I at last be lost.

Which way I anxious turn,
My foe is near, confronting my advance,
There with his visage stern,
Leading his fiery legions, whose menace
Appals the stoutest heart, and hellish might
Holds its high carnival with mad delight.

Is there no help, O Lord?
Must I be drifted to the verge of woe?
What saith the blessed Word?
Through all my life must I be troubled so?
Succumb at last to Satan's fiery breath?
And then go down to everlasting death?

The Scriptures answer, No!
"All power is mine," Eternal Jesus said,
Then do not tremble so!
Dear saint of God, lift up thy drooping head,
For, He, thy Lord, has pledged His word divine,
That crown, and palm, and triumph shall be thine.

1875.

ASPIRATION.

"BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART, FOR THEY SHALL SEE GOD."

LORD, make me pure within,
For so I know that I should always be;
O take away my sin,
And let my soul reflect Thy purity;
Come, blessed Lord, endow me with Thy Spirit,
And let me all my privilege inherit.

I want this holy life!
Freedom from pride, self-will, and malice, too,
Where endeth inward strife,
And all the soul is beautiful and true;
Where God Himself continually unfoldeth,
And my fond spirit Deity beholdeth.

'Tis done! Sweet work! I see
My blessed Lord, around, beneath, above;
My heart goes out to Thee,
Whom now I realize as boundless love;
And all my words and all my mind now thinketh,
Into Thy holy will so sweetly sinketh!

All such in Him are blest,
How sweetly blest in all their life-work through;
In storm or calm they rest,
Alike in Him with whom they have to do,
For the pure spirit Deity caresseth,
And that pure spirit evermore He blesseth.

1875.

SUMMER OF THE SOUL.

MY soul is cold, and needs Thy warmth, O Lord;
So very dark, and needs Thy blessed light;
O let Thy Spirit and Thy holy word,
Be as the day-dawn, bursting on my sight;
For this I look, and long, and wait, and pray,
Hasten, O Lord, bring in the summer-day.

I cannot rest, this dreary winter-time,
This desolation, gloom, and howling blast;
No leaves, no buds, no blossoms intertwine,
And the pale moon her coldest shadows cast;
Pass! frigid zone, this ice-belt of the soul,
Come, soft, sweet summer, o'er my spirit roll.

Southward I press, out into milder skies,
And warmer airs, more genial and more kind;
Where brighter landscapes spread before my eyes,
And winter winds are left afar behind;
Where birds are singing, and the leaves are green,
And sweetest flowers come smiling up between.

And still I press, on, to the tropic clime,
Where bloom expands, and fruits perfection know:
I long to pass the equatorial line,
Where native summer has perpetual flow;
Where birds with songs and richest plumage fly,
And summer earth kisses the summer sky!

I want this summer, not so much without,
But grant me, Lord, this blessed state within;
Thou by Thy word can'st bring it all about,
And free me from this winter-time of sin;
O bring me where the tropic seasons roll,
To this sweet, fruitful, summer of the soul!

1875.

GAINED.

I DREAMED that I was dead!
That I had passed from fading things of time,
And lived where angels live, in lands sublime;
Where Triune God is head!
And here, where'er my deathless spirit goeth,
I find a depth of love no mortal knoweth,
Which all my nature constantly o'erfloweth.

I said,—"To die is gain."
So I had often heard in days gone by,—
And so believed, yet still, my spirit's cry
Was to avoid the pain:
God heard my cry, and sent the help I needed,
And so the agony was all unheeded,
As tidal waves of bliss from Him proceeded.

"To die is gain." Love sees
Visions of glory earth cannot reveal,—
Knows joys undying, mortals never feel,—
Joins in soft melodies
Chanted by millions in the white-robed choir,
Where love's sweet impulse ever lifteth higher,—
To love's own bosom, God, the glorifier.

O bliss of bliss, I gain
Freedom from all that gave me sorrow here,
Freedom from sin, freedom from every fear,—
Freedom from every pain!
I gain the home of God where naught offendeth,
I gain the bliss of God where glory blendeth,
I gain the life of life where dying endeth!

I've gained this blessed rest,
Promised so long in God's most holy word,
Rest, O, so longed for, now no more deferred,
I've gained it and am blest.
Conflict no more my grateful heart appalleth,
Glory on glory now upon me falleth,
And heaven's deeper depths my spirit calleth!

And yet, I was not dead!
A breath disturbed, and broke the charm sublime,
I woke, and found that I was still in time,—
Where human things are head.
But now no more death's throes my spirit feareth,
The tender voice of God my soul-ear heareth,
And glory-visions all my future cheereth!

1875.

I KNOW.

I KNOW there's a beautiful land
Beyond the realms of woe,
Above the fading scenes of time,
Where all the good shall go.

I know there are beautiful crowns
With gems all rich and rare,
And these the honored victor's brow
Eternally shall wear.

I know there are beautiful harps
For all the pure and true,
Whose harmonies, so soft and sweet,
Forevermore are new.

I know there are beautiful palms
In holy realms above,
And these immortal hands shall wave
In fadeless wreaths of love.

I know there are beautiful homes,
And palaces so grand,
Which all the good shall occupy,
In God's own blessed land.

I know of these beautiful things;
These and a thousand more;
But shall they all be mine at last,
When earthly toils are o'er?

Lord, grant me a beautiful heart,
A life entirely thine;
Then home, and crown, and victor's palm,
Shall be forever mine!

1875.

WHAT SHALL I DO WITH JESUS?

WHAT shall I do with Jesus,
God's own Eternal Son,
Who loved a world of sinners lost,
And died for every one;
What shall I do with Jesus,
O what shall be my part,
Say, shall I crucify my Lord,
Or take Him to my heart?

I know this blessed Jesus,
Almighty is, to save,
That He can rescue me from death,
And He can spoil the grave;
But shall I yield to Jesus,
With my resistance part,
O shall I crucify my Lord,
Or take Him to my heart?

I know this Holy Jesus,
Is full of love divine,
That He has saved so many souls
And gladly would save mine:
But shall I for this Jesus
Consent with sin to part,
O shall I crucify my Lord,
Or take Him to my heart?

I know that this dear Jesus,
Must have my love or hate,
And should I still neglect to love,
I may neglect too late;
I know that for this Jesus,
My soul must take some part,
That I must crucify my Lord,
Or take Him to my heart?

What shall I do with Jesus?
I'll tell you what I'll do,
Give up my heart to Jesus,
And let Him make it new:
This very moment, Jesus,
With every sin, I'll part;
No more I'll crucify my Lord,
But take Thee to my heart!

Let all do so with Jesus,
Though we have tried Him sore,
But if we come, He'll take us up,
And love us evermore;
O then from Thee, dear Jesus,
We never will depart,
No more will crucify our Lord,
But take Him to our heart!

1876.

CRUCIFIXION.

IN weakness, Lord, I bow,
Yet, of this weakness I would not complain;
Still, low, soft voices like a sad refrain,
Murmur along, an undertone of pain—
Pain that I am not now
Wiser and stronger, better, more like Thee,
Lost in love's own divine simplicity.

Ah! yes, I inly sigh!
I must go down to deeper depths unknown,
The *I* of nature, Lord, Thou must unthrone,
My self-life heave its last expiring groan—
And crucified, must die;
My haughty self-hood to the grave must go,
Ere my poor heart diviner strength can know.

My stubborn will dies hard!
And unbelief in lurking ambush lies,
While earthly love with pleas for life applies,
And secret pride to power would fain arise,
Yet, these I must discard;
End, end, O Lord, this lingering human strife,
And bring me up to faith's victorious life!

'Tis finished, on the Cross,
Self-will, and pride, and unbelief expire,
Deep silence reigns, the gloom of death is dire;
What more can heaven's righteous law require?
Nature is utter loss.
Where nature ends the life of God obtains,
The blood redeems, *all conquering Jesus reigns!*

1876.

UNMOVED.

ROUGH, rugged, bold and strong,
When the black storm-cloud sweeps in fury by,
Or the glad sunlight fills the laughing sky,
Solemn and grand with summits lifted high,
Through all the ages long,
Beneath the azure heavens, or tempest's shock,
Moveless and mighty, stands the time-scarred rock.

Yes! I remember well;—
The songs of childhood often I repeat,
As when its murmuring waters kissed my feet,
Waters that never more shall be so sweet;—
How its cool shadows fell
Across my path, when all was young and gay,
And bloomed in beauty, life's inspiring May!

And it is standing yet!
Love at its feet a thousand times has sighed,
Youth has grown gray and generations died,
Empires have come and gone with pompous pride,
And rising suns have set;
The endless tides with weary moans surge by,
Yet, all unmoved, its summits kiss the sky.

Help me, too, Lord, to stand!
Unmoved alike, in tempest and in calm,
True to all truth, waving the victor's palm,
And conquering, sing with joy the conqueror's psalm!
So held by Thy right hand,
The storms may beat and empires rise and fall,
I shall abide in quiet strength through all!

1877.

DOING.

LET me, Lord, be doing
Something for Thee,
For Thou art always doing
Something for me!

How very great Thy doings,
Dear Lord, for me;
How very small, my doings
Have been for Thee!

Upon the Cross Thy doings,
So vast for me,
Demand that all my doings
Should be for Thee.

Then let me, Lord, be doing
Something for Thee;
For Thou art always doing
So much for me!

1877.

SUBMISSION.

YES! it is so!
My heart is weary, weary of its care;
Weary of earth, and of its pathways bare;
Rock, desert, sand, no fragrance fills the air;
Please, Master, let me go!

Hush, hush, be still!
It is not thine, O heart, to speak of pain;
Did He who suffered for thee, e'er complain?
Or has His grace been proffered thee, in vain?
Thy pathway, is His will!

Lord, is this true?
Most gladly, then, I suffer and be still,
I welcome pain if 'tis Thy holy will,
Or thorny pathways take, so I fulfill,
What Thou wouldst have me do!

I am content!
Sweetly content. Nay, vastly more than this,
Thy rod, O Lord, all lovingly, I kiss,
And lo! I find my cup is full of bliss,
Through sweet submission sent.

1877.

"ROCK OF AGES."

ON RECEIVING A FRAMED PICTURE, "ROCK OF AGES."

"ROCK of Ages." Thanks to you
For the picture, and the frame.
Rock of Ages, always true,
Through the changing years the same;
Rock of Ages, kindly be
Still a refuge unto me.

"Rock of Ages." Christ divine,
By the Roman soldiers cleft,
Died for all, O truth sublime!
Not a soul outside is left.
Be it gain, or be it loss,
Be your resting-place the Cross.

"Rock of Ages." Weak and small,
Poor, we nothing have to bring;
Sin has ruined each and all,
To the Rock of Ages cling.
Blessed Rock of Ages, here
We can rest without a fear.

"Rock of Ages." Conquering faith
Here reposed in ages past,
Rock of Ages, Jesus saith,
Trust and conquer all at last.
Rock of Ages, dearest, best,
Here we will forever rest.

Jan. 2, 1878.

JESUS.

DEAR Jesus, I thank Thee
For quiet and rest;
But, Holy Redeemer,
Thy love is the best.

Thy word in the Gospel
Is blessed and true;
But, Jesus, without Thee,
I nothing can do.

Thy life more beautiful
Than my life can be,
Till Thy Spirit, dear Lord,
Brings new life to me.

Thy great resurrection,
In glory divine,
Is proof and example
Of what shall be mine.

Thy holy ascension
In grandeur on high,
Shows man all immortal,
And I shall not die.

With Thee, in Thy glory
Thy saints shall have share;
O grant, blessed Saviour,
That I may be there!

1878.

THE LONE SPIRIT.

MY lone spirit fain would be
In communion, Lord, with Thee;
In this crowded world, alone,
Bring me closer to Thy throne;
Bring me, bring me, dearest Saviour,
Into Thy most holy favor.

Friends to me are ever kind,
But I need Thy peaceful mind,
Sad without them earth would be,
Sadder far if reft of Thee;
Bring me, Saviour, where Thou dwellest,
And Thy love in secret tellest.

Thou that livest everywhere,
Hear, O! hear my feeble prayer;
Grant me, Lord, this one request,
Let my soul in Thee be blest;
Let me evermore inherit,
Dearest Lord, Thy Holy Spirit.

Thou that hearest prayer, dost hear,
And I feel Thee sweetly near;
As the rippling currents roll,
Flows Thy Spirit to my soul,
And the blessings Thou suppliest,
My lone spirit satisfiest!

1878.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

SET of sun!
Lo another week is done.
Lo the sands of time have run,
Passed the hours so quickly by,
All are gone eternally;
Passed with the retiring sun,
Lingering moments, one by one.

Set of sun!
Moments gone, what have I done?
Any good to any one?
Solemn is the thought to me,
Moments gone eternally;
Passed with the retiring sun,
Golden moments, one by one.

Set of sun!
Life itself will soon be done,
May I not in vain have run.
Let me, Jesus, plant for Thee,
Gather fruit eternally.
Earthly toils forever done,
Risen life's eternal Sun!

1878.

THE SPIRIT'S SIGH.

I HEAR the voice of God in whispers holy,
Calling my spirit to its far-off home;
But still pain lingers, and the clouds lift slowly,
Sweet rest of God, O let the chariot come!

Haste, chariot, haste, my heart and flesh grow weary,
Watching and waiting for the "welcome home;"
The way is long, O Lord, and dark and dreary,
Sweet peace of God, O let the chariot come!

I would be patient, Thou who art most glorious,
I would be quiet till I reach my home,
But in my patience, Lord of all victorious,
My spirit sighs, O let the chariot come!

I linger still, my pain full oft concealing,
And sigh for thee, my precious heaven, home;
And yet the Lord Himself is so revealing,
My soul exclaims, Soon will the chariot come!

Hark! hark! I hear from unseen shores eternal
The rush of wings and wheels to bear me home;
The pain is past, I rise through regions vernal—
Sweet rest is gained, and God's own chariot come.

1878.

TEN YEARS OF SEA-SIDE TOIL.

TEN years of faith, ten years of hope,
Ten years of stern employ;
Ten years, so kindly owned of God,
Fill all our hearts with joy.

Sometimes our day, so wildly dark,
Saw not the sun arise,
Till God's sweet smile broke through at last,
And rainbows filled the skies.

And often, too, our thorny way
Pierced every foot with pain,
Till patient love removed them all,
And beauty bloomed again.

Ten years of toil, inwrought with rest;
Ten years of smiles and tears,
And lo! the wilderness to-day
In bridal robes appears.

Ten years! Immortal souls are saved,
Rich blessings to us given;
Souls saved! this is our highest joy,
And tinges toil with heaven.

Ten years! Let every spirit bend
In worship's attitude,
While hearts with love to God o'erflow,
And melt with gratitude.

1879.

CREDO.

I BELIEVE in God the Father!
I believe in God the Son!
I believe in God the Spirit!
I believe the three are One!
I believe the Holy Bible,
All its teachings through and through;
All its promises of blessing,
All that it commands to do.

I believe that man is sinful;
Sinful all of Adam's race;
I believe that God can save us,
Through His Son's abounding grace.
I believe in true repentance;
I believe through faith and prayer,—
We may know our sins forgiven,
And the richest blessings share.

I believe in heart religion,
More as fully understood;
That the way to true enjoyment,
Is the path of doing good.
I believe from all pollution,—
All the guilt of inbred sin,
Jesus' blood can fully save us,
And can make us pure within.

I believe in going forward,
In the pathways Jesus trod;
I believe in ever learning,
More and more the mind of God;

I believe the gift of power,
Is the blessed Holy Ghost;
I believe in such baptisms,
As they had at Pentecost.

I believe in every Christian,
By whatever name defined;
In the lowly, as the highest,
If they bear the Christly mind.
I believe in all the Churches,
Where the Spirit walks sublime;
I believe in sweet communion,
With the saints of every clime.

I believe in Resurrection;
Let the blessed tidings roll;—
Resurrection of the body,
Resurrection of the soul.
I believe in life eternal;
I believe the life of bliss,
But that all who gain the glory,
Must be true to God in this.

I believe in endless heaven,
Home of all the good and true;
In a God of truth and justice,
Who will give to all their due.
I believe in God Almighty;
I believe, and all is right;
I believe, and Kingly Glory
Dazzles all my soul with light.

1879.

WALKING IN WHITE.

"And they shall walk with Me in white, for they are worthy."—Rev. iii. 4.

I JOURNEY, I journey, O Jesus!
I travel, I travel through time;
I walk in the paths of the holy,
I walk in the pathways sublime;—
I walk, and the way is delightful;
I walk where the prophets have trod;
And I walk where once walked the martyrs—
I walk in the pathways of God.

I walk where the flowers are blooming,
I walk where their fragrance is sweet—
Where skies bend in beauty above me,
And the brooks sing low at my feet.
All the air re-echoes with music,
Sweet music that drops from above;
My heart is an ocean of pleasure,
And throbs with the throbbings of love.

O, pathways which are so delightful;
Bright skies and soft music so sweet;
O, flowers that scatter your fragrance;
O, waters that sing at my feet!
Say, will you, O, will you, continue?
Continue the bright and the true?
Or, will you die out like a whisper,
Or pass as exhaleth the dew?

But, I waited not for an answer,
With anguish my spirit was bowed;
Sweet music was lost in the thunder,
And sunlight was buried in cloud;
The fragrance of flowers was wasted,
Was wasted by tempests so wild,
And I walked in pathways of sorrow,
Yet I walked, O, Jesus, Thy child.

Then a voice came softly unto me,
And throbbed through my spirit in pain,
A tone that was gentle and loving,
The tempest's inspiring refrain;
'Twas Thy voice, O, Holy Redeemer,
'Twas Thine, O, Thou tenderest Friend,
And it said: "Fear not, I am with thee,
And I will be unto the end."

'Twas enough! the storm-steeds were mastered,
The tempest I proudly defied;
Bright rainbows were arching the cloud-land,
And thunders in harmonies died.
'Twas enough! my heart was triumphant,
No longer it throbbed in its pain;
The voice of the blessed Redeemer
Was joy in the tempest's refrain.

I listened! again in its sweetness,
As waves in their gentleness roll,
The voice of the holiest Saviour
Beseechingly came to my soul;
And it said: "My Spirit is on thee,
In thee I have taken delight;
But, if we walk onward together,
Thy robes must be spotless and white."

'Twas enough! I saw my defilement,
I had felt its burden and blight;
I fled to the fountain of cleansing,
I plunged, and my garments were white.
I rose in the fulness of blessing,
Was thrilled with exquisite delight,
And now, more than ever united,
My spirit walks with Him in white.

1879.

UNITED.

DISEASE and death eternally are ended;
Sorrow forever past!
The latest born on wings of light ascended,
In love's domain at last!

Who? who, shall mourn o'er such sublime translation?
Is it a cause for tears,
When one we love, lifted from lowly station,
On jeweled throne appears?

Say, shall we weep when ships by tempests shattered,
Outride the wintry gale?
Weep, when brave armies, though with banners tattered,
O'er all their foes prevail?

Shall we be sad, when from the land of sadness,
Our cherished take their flight?
Shall we make discord in their songs of gladness,
Where darkness ends in light?

Gone, from the frost land, unto lands all vernal,
Where peaceful pleasures roll!
No want unmet, where living tides eternal,
Sweetly o'erflow the soul.

What friendships there? Love's long-expected meetings,
And soft affection's kiss!
Immortal sisters, in whose saintly greetings,
Centre the soul of bliss.

Before the throne, where death no more can sever,
They walk the streets of gold;
They rise in rapture through the long forever,
As years of God unfold.

The ocean crossed! Its storms in calm have ended,
Light brighter than the sun!
Long severed friends in love forever blended,
And life eternal won.

Let us be glad! Transporting is the story,
The good shall meet above!
And tender hearts, tinged with the coming glory,
Are full of tender love.

Cheer thee, O, cheer, a little longer duty,
And duty shall be o'er!
Sackcloth to-night, to-morrow fadeless beauty,
Then, sackcloth never more.

1881.

EVERY DAY.

THOUGH there may be shades of sadness
Every day,
There are golden gleams of gladness
Every day;
There is joy amid the sighing,
Laughter ringing through the crying,
Love to love with smiles replying,
Every day.

You may have your little crosses
Every day;
You may meet with little losses
Every day;
Never mind! each cross will lighten,
Grief in all your losses brighten,
If your hold on God shall tighten
Every day.

In the path of life you weary
Every day;
Something happens, oh, so dreary,
Every day;
Patience! faith must have its testing;
This is love's own manifesting,
And you're getting nearer resting
Every day.

Seek to lighten some one's sorrow
Every day;
This will bring a sweeter morrow
Every day;
Faint, it may be, yet pursuing,
All the Christly graces wooing,
And some little good be doing,
Every day.

Tell the ever-blessed story
Every day;
So shall earth be filled with glory
Every day;
Going forth with strong desire,
To the greatest good aspire,
From the high, still rising higher,
Every day.

Cheer thee! life has holy pleasures
Every day;
And the heart finds many treasures
Every day;
Cheer thee! skies are growing clearer,
Dear ones all becoming dearer,
And our home is so much nearer,
Every day.

1882.

THE VOICE WITHIN.

QUAINTLY and sweet, with garb of dove-like hue,
Meekly, a matron stood;
Her placid face, and eyes of tender blue,
Spoke of the pure and good.

Often she sat, in quietude's delight,
With thoughts on things above;
Her spirit sighing, "Help me to do right,
And always rule with love."

All through her home, which sin did not defile,
There dwelt a quiet grace;
The sun that filled it with a cheerful smile,
Was mother's gentle face.

Her husband views with fond affection's eyes,
And bows to her calm will;
While romping childhood to her bosom flies,
And in her arms is still.

One sunny day, her blue-eyed Mary came,
With eagerness all new;
And asked in words with earnestness aflame,
A certain thing to do.

The mother's heart, filled with the Spirit, mild,
Was sensitive to sin;
With a warm kiss, she simply asked her child,
"What says the voice within?"

The child, subdued, retired without a word,
With thoughtful steps, and slow;
But soon returned, declaring she had heard,
A little voice say "No."

O God! the silent and the unseen power,
Found by each heart that seeks;
So may we too, in calm or tumult's hour,
Hear when Thy Spirit speaks.

1882.

EVENING INQUIRIES.

WHAT good to-day? Have kindly thoughts been cherished?
Have words been spoken full of gentle grace?
Some one been helped, who but for thee had perished?
Some sad heart seen the sunlight of thy face?

Something, I hope! I prayed for help this morning,
I asked for strength to do some little good;
Asked that the Spirit all my thoughts adorning,
Might move my lips with words of gratitude.

Thus I went forth; my pathways God inspected,
He filled my mind with joy's divine increase;
I spoke as best I could, by Him directed,
And sorrow heard the blessed voice of peace.

One tear was dried! One little tear of sorrow,
One throb of heart-pain found a sweet relief;
My soul was glad, and fondly said, "To-morrow,
With help divine, I'll soothe some greater grief."

1882.

TRANSITIONS.

OUT of self life into the Christ life,
Beautiful Christ life hushing all strife.

Out of the darkness into the light,
Beautiful light, Christ's always is bright.

Out of the toiling into the rest,
Beautiful rest, Christ giveth the best.

Out of the sorrow into the joy,
Beautiful joy, Christ's never will cloy.

Out of the false and into the true,
Beautiful true, Christ bringeth to view.

Out of the tempest into the calm,
Beautiful calm, Christ's comes like a balm.

Out of the narrow into the broad,
Beautiful broad, so like unto God.

Out of the dying into the living,
Beautiful living, Christ is giving.

Out of the faith realm into the sight,
Beautiful sight, Christ's visions of light.

Out of the grave-dust into the skies,
Beautiful skies, Christ's blessed surprise.

Out of the fading into the vernal,
Beautiful vernal, Christ's is eternal.

1874.

ANOTHER DAY.

ANOTHER day, O Lord,
Has quickly passed;
Soon, very soon to me,
Will come the last.

Help me, O blessed God,
That I may be,
In a sweet state of mind,
All, all like Thee.

So if death comes to-day,
O Lord, to me,
I may be all prepared,
To be with Thee.

I know no other way,
O Lord, to live;
So, day and night to Thee,
My life I give.

1882.

PATIENCE.

PATIENCE! O, patience, child of sadness, sorrow
Endureth but a night;
Night is a prophecy of golden morrow,
As darkness is of light.

Hard, didst thou say? I know, such is the seeming,
But grief is not despair;
The tempest's crash, and lightning's fearful gleaming,
Both purify the air.

"Lonely," I hear thee sigh! Ah, very lonely,
The cherished disappear;
Though this be so, look up, see "Jesus only,"
His smile will be thy cheer.

Asleep! Asleep! And yet it is not sleeping,
Calm as an evening sigh;
They rest where eyes forever cease their weeping,
Their palace home, the sky.

They walked on earth in rugged paths of duty,
By faith, and not by sight;
But now with God in blushing bowers of beauty
They rest in heaven's own light.

And wouldst thou call them hence, nay, rather, knowing
Their high and holy state;
Like lonely outcasts, let us rise, and going,
Meet them at heaven's gate.

Forever blest! How tender there the meeting,
Where sin has left no trace;
Heaven waves its palms of triumph in the greeting,
And love has long embrace.

Patience, sad heart! One little night of sorrow,
Which will so soon be past;
Then will break in the glad, eternal morrow,
And all be thine, at last.

1884.

REASON.

"I found an altar with this inscription, 'To the unknown God.'"—*Paul.*

A KING sat in his kingly might!
Before him stood
A sage, who claimed to dwell in light,
Vaunting superior mental sight,
Solving dark problems with delight;
Who said, he would
Be pleased to answer all the world might ask,
And count it as an easy and most pleasant task.

Then, robed in all his regal state,
The king exclaimed:
Who, who is He that doth create?
Who, the Eternal Potentate,
On whom the universes wait?
How is He named?
Thou, wise man, sage and proud philosopher,
Haste, tell me all, and His high attributes declare.

The theme is vast, exclaimed the sage,
Give me a day:
For I must scan each learned page,
Consult the lore of every age,
And all my reasonings engage.
Right! Go thy way,—
But, said the king, I do demand of thee,
Who is it holds, and guides, and builds eternally.

The wise man searched with learned care,
Wisdom's great deeps;
Then scaled the mountains bleak and bare,
And calling through the silent air,
Echoes, like voices of despair,
O'er craggy steeps,
And solitary summits, round and through,
Bound and rebound, with melancholy moanings, Who?

The sage exclaimed, the subject flees,
Extend my time.
Granted. Then lofty Socrates,
Plato, broad-browed, Sophocles,
And all their deep philosophies,
Rhythm and rhyme
Roll up dark mists, draping the vaulted sky,
And in the thickening gloom, sages are asking, Why?

Sunlight withdraws! Gloom deeper grows,
Stars disappear;—
The wondering sages ask, Who knows
From whence unceasing power flows;
Whose splendor in the sunlight glows?
Who, who shall clear
The doubts which gather round us like a pall,
Or, to inquiring minds, fully explain it all?

I cannot tell, the sage replies,
I tread earth's sod;
But fail to see with these dull eyes:
My mind to grasp it vainly tries:
My reason reels, my spirit sighs—
Eternal God!
Yet trembling comes upon me like a spell,
While I declare to thee, O king, I cannot tell.

Away! Away! what meanest thou?
Thundered the king!
Sage as thou art, yet tamely bow,
And cannot tell me whence or how
The power which holds and binds me now?
Vain boastings bring
Proud boasters to the dust, thy boastings vain,
And I despise thee in thy unaccomplished aim.

The sage replied: God is unknown,
Who knoweth Him?
Throne of all thrones, the upper throne,
Which human symbols have not shown,
The everywhere and yet, alone.
All light is dim,
And loftiest reasonings in their loftiest flight,
All fail to comprehend or grasp the Infinite.

The intellect's unbounded field,
Forever so.
New thoughts, His thoughts forever yield;
New strength, His arms forever wield;
The open, yet forever sealed;
Above, below,
He rises, deepens, broadens out, away,
Through palaces of light, and realms unknown to-day.

Who, who shall follow Him, who, who?
When, where, or how?
Who shall infinities pursue?
Who traverse universes through?
Unfold the old or grasp the new?
Past, future, now;
How can I tell what human lips ne'er told,
Or mysteries of vast eternities unfold?

Bold reason, in her boasted might,
On lofty wing,
Rises to a majestic height,
And widens in her viewless flight,
Yet cannot grasp the Infinite;
And, faltering,
Rears from the earth a cold memorial stone,
And writes upon it, sadly, "To the God unknown."

1885.

WHY?

MY soul is sensitive! My spirit's ear
Hears all discordant sounds; earth's hinges creak;
Throughout the universe, hearts throb with fear,
And white-robed angels bend their heads to weep,
While lightnings flash athwart a darkened sky,
And righteous anger gleams from God's all-seeing eye.

Rebellion deep and dark, and direful too,
Through all the soul, rebellion drear and dread,
Whose treacherous arms are raised against the true,
And pride's dark spirit lifts its haughty head;
While rampant discord goads its fiery steed,
Whose ever-crushing hoofs leave prostrate forms to bleed.

There is a sigh through all the burdened air,
There is a groan deep in the quaking earth;
There is a woe as dismal as despair,
A wild heart yearn that never yet had birth,
A wail, too great for words, too deep for tears,
Which moans through ghostly marches of unnumbered years.

There is a gloom, deeper than gloom of death,
A sunless, moonless world, untouched by light;
A starless realm, where breathes no vernal breath,
Frigid and frozen—dayless, hopeless night,
Where the lone soul, rejecting God, remains,
Held by its own, self-wrought, and everlasting chains.

Away, away, through trackless depths unknown,
Remote, and still remoter; down, still down;
Where dark essential evil rears its throne,
And Satan, robed in wrath, wears ruin's crown:
Down, down, through continents by light unclaimed,
Soul suicides still sink with their own ruin stained.

What mean these wails of unsubsiding woe,
Which break like billows on a midnight shore?
Are there no means by which our souls may know,
Or must we question on forever more?
Must there still echo through a gloomier sky,
A still unanswered, and unanswerable, Why?

God's law is right! creation's noble song,
Through all the universe proclaims it right;
Its violation brings eternal wrong,
And wraps the spheres in unillumined night,
While its observance stills the midnight wail,
And everywhere divinest harmonies prevail.

Now bright as sunrise on a burnished sea,
Gentle as spring tides on a verdant shore,
Fragrant as vines whose blossomings shall be,
Unblighted by the frosts forever more;
Like Eden earth, unscathed by tempest's wrath,
Where meek obedience walked in Law's love-ordered path.

There are no discords! Inharmonious sounds
In silence die, or sing in peaceful psalms;
With smiles of joy the universe abounds,
And tempests lose themselves in holy calms;
There are no sinkings, every step we rise,
And Enoch like, with God, walk upward to the skies.

All scenes of splendor now entrance my eyes;
Exquisite sounds are ravishing my ears;
Bright rainbows span the ever stormless skies,
An endless beauty crowns the flowing years.
The soul subdued, has heaved its final sigh,
And leaning on love's breast, well knows the reason why.

1885.

GOD.



THOU Eternal God! Most excellent,
The King of kings, the Lord of lords, most high!
All seeing, knowing and Omnipotent,
And yet, Thou hear'st contrition's humble sigh,
Most just, and yet, most piteous to all,
On us, Thy wayward children, let Thy Spirit fall.

Hidden, yet near; most beauteous, yet strong,
Unchanged, unchangeable, Thou always art;
Thy ways harmonious as perfection's song,
Which moves in mellow rhythm through the heart;
Unchanged, yet changing all; Thou good and true,
O change our hearts and our affections all renew.

Thou always working, ever-restful Lord,
Gathering, yet needing nothing, helping all;
Creating, nourishing, and through Thy word
Sustaining each; and e'en the sparrow's fall,
Is watched by Thee from Thy great throne above,
From which, look Thou on us, and fill us with Thy love.

Infinite One! Wide as the universe,
Thy love burns on, an unconsuming flame,
Jealous! our want of love Thy lips rehearse;
Angry! Thou dost serenity maintain;
Possessing all things; Thou art seeking still,
So, ever seek, till all shall bow to Thy sweet will.

I am amazed! How covetous Thou art,
Forever full, yet always wanting more;
Wanting to have and hold each human heart,
And with Thy fulness, fill forever more.
Debtors to Thee, and doomed to endless woe,
Meek mercy takes our place and pays the debts we owe.

Still more amazed! Paying, yet owing nought;
Forgiving all, yet nothing ever lost;
O'er time's rough mountains, every spirit sought,
And rescued all at the divinest cost.
Infinitudes are Thine, whose raptures flow,
And yet to save, drank dregs of every human woe.

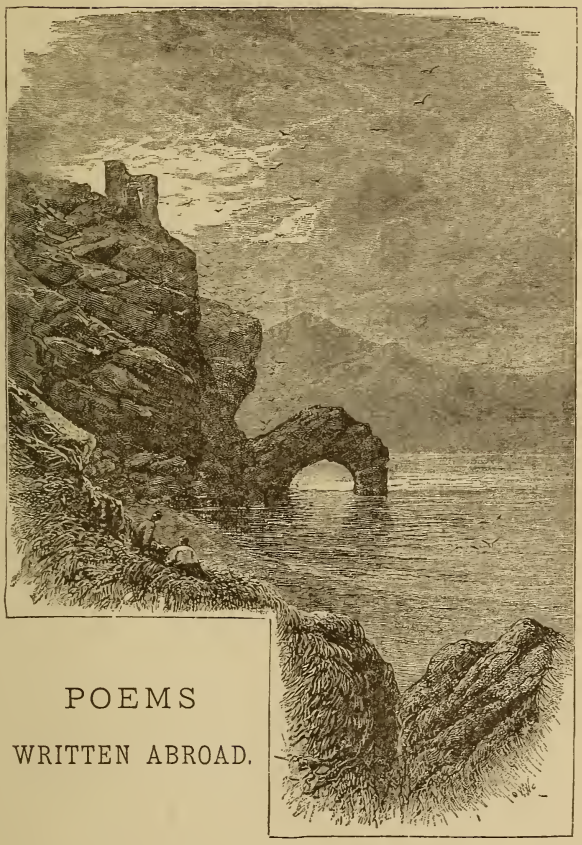
What shall I do? I cannot comprehend;
Unmeasured length, and breadth, and depth, and height,
Vast, shoreless oceans, with vast oceans blend,
And everywhere I see the Infinite.
Out and away, through starry paths of gold,
Beyond mind's utmost reach, great fiery worlds unfold.

Suns blaze in splendor, in the far off sky;
Great steeps of light with altitudes unknown,
And silent worlds through ranks of grandeur fly,
Heeding the mandates of the Central Throne,
Where high Archangel never yet has trod,
They march and counter-march at the behest of God.

Eternal Might! Holding supreme control!
Which was, and is, and ever hence shall be;
Thy breath, the breath of every human soul,
And Thy own lifetime all eternity.
What can I do? I bow down and adore,
Lost in unfathomed love, Thine own, forever more.

I hear Thy footsteps on the wave-washed shore,
I see Thy garments in the flaming sky;
I hear Thy voice amid the thunder's roar,
And lightning gleams are flashes of Thine eye.
Sun, stars and systems; Thou dost all things fill,
Yet our adoring souls claim Thee as Father still.

1885.



POEMS

WRITTEN ABROAD.

The articles in this division were written during the hurry and excitement of foreign travel, with all the inconveniences attendant upon such conditions, and at the places whose names they bear.

Poems Written Abroad.

SABBATH AT SEA.

THERE are no temples here, in great mid-ocean,
No lofty domes I see;
No organ throbs amid the wild commotion,
Its tones of melody.

No altar here, no nave, or fluted column,
No congregation vast;
No mitred priest, with paces slow and solemn;
No walls their shadows cast.

One grand cathedral all around, above us,
The sky a dome immense;
God at the centre, throned, presides to love us,
He, its circumference.

Winds are its organ, minor, major, tenor,
Bass and the flageolet;
The keys are touched, and the wild tempests render
Music unequaled yet.

Beneath the sunlight lies its grand old altar,
Heaving with sacrifice;
And white-capped billows never known to falter,
Wave incense to the skies.

Clouds are its priesthood in a grand procession,
Borne by the fleet wind's breath;
They hold the storm keys in their high possession,
And mete out life and death.

The sun itself, old with unnumbered ages,
This temple flames with light;
And waneless star-glow evermore engages,
To fresco it at night—

Save when the tempest spreads black wings above us,
Black wings of tameless wrath;
But God, e'en then, does not forget to love us,
Watching the tempest's path.

What sermons, too, are preached, majestic, peerless,
O'er waves Jehovah trod;
The soft and tender, then the bold and fearless,
The eloquence of God.

In the sweet rapture of a new-found glory,
Broad, vast and rare;
A child enthused with grandeur's simple story,
While God himself is there—

My soul bows down, and with supreme devotion,
Never expressed before;
In the sweet calm, or tempest's wild commotion,
Worships forevermore.

Atlantic Ocean, Oct. 28, 1883.

IN THE TEMPEST.

OUT upon the stormy sea,
Christ is all the world to me;
He who all the world commands,
Holds the tempests in His hands.

Christ the Mightiest of all,
Hear me when on Thee I call;
In the madness of the night,
Hear me as when all is bright.

Christ is Lord of calm and storm;
Tempests fled before His form;
Billows bowed at His sweet will,
And at His command were still.

Out upon the stormy sea,
Christ is all the world to me;
More than all the world beside,
In Thy bosom let me hide.

BANKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND, Oct. 30, 1883.

PRAYER AT SEA.

HELP, Lord, in this stormy hour,
Help us by Thy mighty power;
Let us see Thy blessed form
Coming to us, through the storm;
Who art able to deliver,
Hold us in Thy hand forever.

ATLANTIC OCEAN, Nov. 2, 1883.

GLENGARIFF.

This celebrated place, sixty miles from Cork, is at the head of Bantry Bay, and eleven miles from the town of Bantry. Surrounded with bare and rugged mountains, it is extremely wild, but the earth is covered with arbutus; the yew and holly, scattered here and there, and the waters, studded with islands of green, make it a charm.

SECLUDED and quiet Glengariff,
Soft solitude's sacred retreat;
Sweet sunlight is kissing each summit,
And waters of Bantry thy feet.
Away from the rush and the tumult,
Peace foldeth her wings in repose,
While the earth laughs out in its gladness,
And joy like a melody flows.

Thou art hemmed with hedges of fuchsia,
Whose red bells are swinging in air,
While the Shamrock kneels at thine altars,
In lowly prostrations of prayer.
The ivy is clinging and climbing,
The heather its beauties unfold;
And over the modest arbutus,
Furze poureth its blossoms of gold.

I rise by the charm of thy pathways,
I muse by the rock and the rill;
And as I look out in the sunlight,
New splendors the horizon fill.
Below and beyond in the distance,
The mountains encircle the bay;
And the islands so green in their freshness,
Flash out in the glow of the day.

And still I ascend in the silence,
I ascend in rapture complete;
And as God unfoldeth His glory,
I fall overawed at His feet.
I rise in the glow of devotion,
I drink in the spirit of prayer;
For here are Divinity's footsteps,
And His voice is filling the air.

Still I rise, for this is delicious,
Each step is extending my view;
While I sing the charms of Glengariff,
My heart thrills with raptures anew;
The pathways, the rocks and the mountains,
And waters which murmuring roll,
Have a voice which gladdens my spirit,
And a song which reaches my soul.

Glengariff! O quiet Glengariff!
When from thee my footsteps shall stray;
I shall think of thy pathways and flowers,
Bold mountains and silvery bay:
Shall think of thy restful seclusion,
The beauty which greeted my eyes;
Yet moved to a higher endeavor,
By these shall be helped to the skies.

GLENGARIFF, IRELAND, Nov. 8, 1883.

CASTLE OF EDINBURGH.

SOLID and grand as Scotland's hills,
Stands Scotland's Castle high:
Solid and grand the nation wills;
Solid and grand her work fulfills,
Solid and grand through good and ills,
As centuries go by;
Yes; solid and grand like the truth sublime,
She smiles defiant on all-conquering time.

Its corner-stone of granite walls,
Deep, wide, immense and strong;
Was laid in Nature's silent halls,
In ages which no mind recalls,
Where time into oblivion falls,
Like a forgotten song;
Till all stood forth and flashing in the light,
A mountain rising from the infinite.

Upon this rocky summit old,
Unmarked by counted years;
The Scotchman from the mountains cold,
Impelled by mighty projects bold,
Erected here a stronger hold,—
A refuge for his fears;
Then, in the rock-based castle all his own,
Reared in its might Scotland's enduring throne.

The tempests swept through angry skies,
Tempests of human wrath;
The lightnings flash in wild surprise,
Thunder to thunder swift replies—
Each rampart full of strength defies,
And hurls them from their path;
While through the gloom and rising still, ascend
Tower and turret with the sunlight blend.

Here kings were born and crowned and died,
Queens shone in diamonds bright;
Here grandeur sat in ancient pride,
Here royalty its foes defied,
While at its feet submission sighed,
Defeated in the fight;
And fame which seemed to be immortal stood,
And wrapt itself in its own solitude.

From these stern visaged heights looked down,
Kings, lords and warriors brave;
Proud brows which wore the nation's crown,
Were knit with might's superior frown,
While bugle blasts pealed forth renown,
And lofty banners wave;
In conscious strength exulting in their might,
Rock, castle, throne, smile in supreme delight.

But fame and rank and titles die,
And men pass out of sight;
The centuries go trooping by;
Names linger only as a sigh;
And banners which had flaunted high,
Trail in the gloom of night;
Kings are uncrowned and scepters laid aside,
And then like others, unadorned, they died.

But solid still as Scotland's hills
Truth stands, a castle high;
Because Omnipotence so wills,
The Church of God its work fulfills,
For life divine its bosom thrills,
As centuries go by;
Though thrones may fall and crumble into dust,
God's *Truth* shall stand, for He hath said it must.

EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND, Nov. 26, 1883.

BONNY DOON.

WHO now shall sing sweet songs for thee?
O Bonny Doon, sweet Bonny Doon,
Whose waters murmur to the sea,
O Bonny Doon, sweet Bonny Doon.
There lingers in thy mellow flow,
A soft, sweet song sung long ago,
And yet with love still all aglow,
O Bonny Doon, sweet Bonny Doon.

Thy banks and braes are fresh and fair,
O Bonny Doon, sweet Bonny Doon;
The blue bells dangle in the air;
O Bonny Doon, sweet Bonny Doon.
Thy waters flashing bright and clear,
Bear many a thought to memory dear,
And dew my eyes with friendship's tear;
O Bonny Doon, sweet Bonny Doon.

Here let me sit and weep by thee,
O Bonny Doon, sweet Bonny Doon;
For Scotland's silent minstrelsy,
O Bonny Doon, sweet Bonny Doon.

The Brig o' Doon is standing yet,
Its storied charms who can forget,
But, ah, its sun of song has set,
O Bonny Doon, sweet Bonny Doon.

When shall another Burns arise?
O Bonny Doon, sweet Bonny Doon;
Whose songs shall bank and brae surprise?
O Bonny Doon, sweet Bonny Doon.
I do not know: There is a strain
Which glows and burns with Jesus' name,
May you enjoy this sweet refrain,
O Bonny Doon, sweet Bonny Doon.

SCOTLAND, Nov. 22, 1883.

CITY ROAD CHAPEL.

SIMPLE, and yet supreme;
Ancient, and yet in youth;
The honest pew, the pulpit's theme—
Eternal truth.
Men sat with earnest mien,
Full of celestial fire;
Women with souls aglow, were seen
In plain attire.

No organ's lofty peal
Sent forth exultant strains;
But song, which every heart could feel,
The lost regains.
The wail of deep distress,
Reaches the throne above,
God hearkens, and comes in to bless
With all His love.

Tread softly, sons of God,
  This is a holy place;
Tread softly here where Wesley trod,
  The child of grace.
Wesley, our founder's name,
  Our under shepherd he,
Whose highest joy was to proclaim,
  The Trinity.

Wesley a fountain ope'd;
  Small when it first appeared;
So small that Wesley feared yet hoped,
  Hoped more than feared.
He gave the streams their course,
  By his mysterious rod;
Their channels cut with matchless force,
  All under God.

They bounded through the land,
  Watered the nation through;
The thirsty blest on every hand,
  With courage new.
The nations drank, and lo,
  Joy which the spirit cheers;
And now the waters overflow
  Both hemispheres.

Thou grand old City Road,
  Yet in thy grandeur plain;
Here Wesley's zeal with fervor glowed,
  A quenchless flame.
And still that flame shall run,
  Till time its roll forgets,
Forever, like a rising sun,
  Which never sets.

Millions have seen it rise,
Millions before it knelt,
Millions on earth and in the skies
Its glories felt.
And millions yet unborn
Its splendors shall behold,
While crowns of light their brows adorn,
Grander than gold.

Still let the flame ascend,
Still let it wider roll;
Till heaven and earth together blend,
And pole with pole.
A spark it was before,
Till Wesley blew the flame;
For Wesley's works we God adore,
And bless His name.

Thou dear old City Road,
What records are with thee,
Great names with which the church has glow'd—
One family.
One family on earth,
One family in heaven;
Thy family! Exalted birth!
By Jesus given.

Their children, clasping hands,
Belt the wide world around;
And Wesley's sons in all the lands
Like kings are crowned.
Kings, may they always reign,
The world beneath their feet,
With hearts ablaze and tongues of flame,
In love complete.

Praise God, our eyes have seen,
The place where Wesley stood,
Where rose the stream, and flashed the gleam
For doing good.
Dear City Road in thee
We worship and adore;
And may thy power increasing be,
Forevermore.

LONDON, ENGLAND, Dec. 3, 1883.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

MAJESTIC, vast, imperial and peerless,
With bases broad and deep;
Whose towers rise, defying tempests, fearless,
Whose walls rich treasures keep;
Religion guards thee with divinest care,
For the imperial dead are sleeping there.

Time-honored fane! We tread with reverence lowly,
Where grief has solace sought;
Dome, transept, nave with aisles and altars holy,
Throb with devotion's thought;
While truth sedate, moves on with quiet mien,
And through the gloom, faith walks with soul serene.

Mysterious hush! The old and solemn ages,
Their long dim shadows cast;
And wide unfold, through all their dingy pages,
Mute records of the past,
While silence moving through each long drawn aisle,
Looks on stone faces, never known to smile.

So, I too, more through nave and transept lonely,
Where kings and warriors sleep;
Poets and priests of high distinction only,
These walls memorials keep,
Where fame sat down to guard the sacred trust,
Till fame itself has mouldered into dust.

Aye, mouldered into dust, though robed in splendor,
And crowned with honors rare;
While loyal homage, such as nations render,
Was freely offered there;
Yet, like soft zephyrs in the summer sky,
The loud applauses of the nations die.

I pass along! It is the same old story,
Names, dates, and deeds arise,
Great names which men would fain surround with glory,
And so immortalize;
The strivings of the human heart to be,
Greater than death, blest immortality!

How dim the light which comes through windows olden,
Where linger pictures rare;
O, that the beams of sunlight glad and golden,
Might freely enter there;
That some grand song might swell through all the choir,
Blazing and burning with celestial fire.

It may not be! By columns, under arches,
In niches, by the tomb,
Lingers the twilight, while each century marches
By cenotaphs in gloom,
With muffled footsteps silently and slow
Passing far down into the long ago.

The long ago! Proud centuries are sleeping
Their deep and dreamless sleep,
And memory sits by broken column weeping
For things she cannot keep;
While we pass on this gorgeous greatness through,
And vainly ask of Fame to tell us who?

Not all! for some, forever fresh and vernal,
Their record have on high;
There, clothed in white, glowing with life eternal,
Have pathways through the sky,
Dazzling in light before the blissful throne,
Forgotten here, yet there, forever known.

The years roll on and monuments must perish,
In unrecorded time;
Wilt thou be great? true goodness thou must cherish,
A monument sublime!
Angels and men the record will approve,
And God will bless with His eternal love.

Thus I passed through this shrine of grandeur hoary,
Absorbed, and yet so sad;
Then thoughts of God and all the higher glory,
These made my spirit glad;
For here the Scriptures peal their grandest cry;
He that believeth, he shall never die!

London, Dec. 11, 1883.

PRINCE OF PEACE.

On December 16th, Rev. Jackson Wray, pastor of the Whitefield Tabernacle, London, England, preached a sermon from the text, "And the Prince in the midst of them, when they go in, he shall go in; and when they go forth, he shall go forth." Ezek. xlvi. 10. The exposition was that the Royal Prince of Peace, the Lord Jesus Christ, would go in and out with His loyal subjects, in all the ways, duties, and trials of life.

WILT thou go with me, O, Prince of Peace,
Through all my pilgrim way?
Wilt thou go with me, O, Prince of Peace,
Each moment, every day?
Go with me all my devious journey through,
And help me do all that I have to do?

Wilt thou go with me, O, Prince of Peace,
Wherever I go in?
Wilt thou go with me, O, Prince of Peace,
And keep my soul from sin?
Go in with me, though my abode be poor,
And help endure all that I must endure?

Wilt thou go with me, O, Prince of Peace,
Into the darkest night?
Wilt thou go with me, O, Prince of Peace,
Into the thickest fight?
Wilt thou stay by me till my foes shall flee?
And stand by me while I shall stand by thee?

Wilt thou go with me, O, Prince of Peace,
When Satan's darts assail?
Wilt thou go with me, O, Prince of Peace,
When earthly friends shall fail?
Wilt thou go with me through the tempest's wrath,
And in the pathless gloom be still my path?

Wilt thou go with me, O, Prince of Peace,
Wherever I must go?
Wilt thou go with me, O, Prince of Peace,
Through gladness or in woe?
Through all the gloom which death itself shall cast,
And with thy smile give courage to the last?

I have heard thou would'st, sweet Prince of Peace,
If I would loyal be;
Loyal to Royal, O, Prince of Peace,
I pledge my heart to thee!
The Prince replied, "Yes, I would have thee know,
Royal with Loyal, shall forever go."

Enough! enough, O, thou Prince of Peace,
How blessed thus to know;
It soothes my soul, O, sweet Prince of Peace,
In all my ways below!
O, Royal Prince, in thy palace above,
My soul shall bow, thrilled with its loyal love.

LONDON, Dec. 17, 1883.

A SIGH FOR THE SUN.



H, for the light of the sunlit land,
Where the birds forever sing;
Oh, for the sight of the angel band,
And flash of their snowy wing.
Oh, for the light, the glowing light,
The home-land of the soul,
Out from the night to regions bright,
Where joys forever roll.

There's fog and gloom at the height of noon,
There's damp in the chilly air;
While day, alas, turns to night so soon,
As hope sinks to despair.
Would mornings rise in sweet surprise,
Would the light of God unfold,
While joyful eyes behold the skies
And hill-tops tipped with gold.

I sigh for light of the golden day,
For home light from above,
Where morning's flash and noons are gay
And the sunsets smile with love.
A golden ray of the royal day,
And skies like the blue bird's wing,
A joyous lay, like a song in May,
Where birds of the soul shall sing.

Through the mists and chill a vision breaks,
Sweet hope in the heavy gloom;
A song of joy on the hill-top wakes,
And the soul warms into bloom.
The mists grow thin, without, within,
And on to the distant shore;
The ransomed rise and free from sin,
There's light forever more.

LONDON, Jan. 2, 1884.

LUTHER.

The bronze monument, commenced in 1856, and finished in 1868, at Worms, Germany, to the memory of Martin Luther, is, altogether, including the statue of the great reformer, who is clasping the Bible, forty feet high, and a splendid work of art. Beneath the figure are the words: "Here I stand; I cannot retract. *Gott help me.* Amen."

A MIDNIGHT pall obscured the sky,
Egyptian like, or greater;
While through the earth the soul's sad sigh,
Went up to its Creator;
Hope had expired in rayless gloom,
Faith was consigned to doorless tomb,
The poor were crushed in dayless doom,
Without a Mediator.

Dark error, too, had forged her chains,
Where superstition found them;
While ignorance in triumph reigns,
With bands of steel she bound them;
Sin rolled, a dark, resistless flood,
And murder soaked the earth with blood,
While men usurped the place of God,
And tyrants flourished round them.

Indulgences like shore lights bright,
Yet false as sin could make them,
Attract the storm-tossed seaman's sight,
To find worse woes betake them;
Oh, fearful trade of sin and hell,
Yet Tetzel works the scheme so well,
That millions, Rome's dark coffers swell,
Ere vengeance could o'ertake them.

Hark! hark! there is a rumbling sound,
'Tis thunder in the distance,
A nervous tremor shakes the ground,
The stronger for resistance;
The lightning's gleam is in the air,
One man has started from despair,
Another, and another, there,
All asking for assistance.

A monk within his gloomy cell,
The word of God has lightened;
His soul with hope begins to swell,
While brother monks are frightened;
Up Pilate's stairs his duty led,
He heard a voice, as darkness fled,
"The just shall live by faith," it said,
And Luther's sky was brightened.

Thus light broke in like rising day,
I'm saved, just by believing;
I simply gave myself away,
In turn, God's love receiving;
With pure love all is now aglow,
Around, within, above, below,
O, that the world this love might know,
God's blessed undeceiving.

My soul enjoys this gracious boon,
'Tis free for all, forever;
Faith turns dark soul-night into noon,
Which gold can purchase never;
The lion started from his lair,
The giant waved his sword in air,
Deception's mask this hand shall tear,
And right and wrong shall sever.

God heard the vow, and nerved the man,
For work no mind could measure;
He raised his hand and nailed the ban
'Gainst Rome's infernal treasure;
He braved the lion in his den,
He shouted out the crimes of men,
And cried, "I will be silent when
They do God's holy pleasure."

Men trembled, and their cheeks grew pale,
In truth was wrath revealing;
His words like fierce November's gale
Left nought for wrongs concealing;
He smote the brazen face of sin,
Light blazed without and flashed within,
For right is might and both shall win,
Though blood is shed for sealing.

The fires were kindled on the hills,
And mountains caught the glowing;
Truth flashed upon a thousand rills,
Its joys on all bestowing;

It bounded down the mountain side,
It swelled the rivers' rolling tide,
Till broadened into oceans wide,
The world was overflowing.

Stop! stop the false-mouthed heretic,
And this infernal riot:
Restore, by some strange magic, quick,
The Church's ancient quiet;
Or, let him, infamous, be sought,
All arguments must count for nought,
Covered with crimes, let him be brought,
To Worms' imperial diet.

They found him at his toil divine,
And summons gave most urgent;
Desist from this dark work of thine,
Thou ruthless, vile insurgent;
To Worms! to Worms, without delay,
Come, gird thee, haste, this very day,
No parleying, nor needst thou pray,
To have thy path divergent.

Right! right! most right, and I shall go,
Life's currents often eddy;
But mine, though all a stream of woe,
Shall be direct, and steady.
I'll go to Worms, though thou shalt see,
Dark Devils in pursuit of me,
As numerous as the tilings be,
Forward! for Worms I'm ready.

Here Luther stood, in matchless might,
Eternal God beside him;
Striking for the eternal right,
Whatever should betide him;
Each land had sent its potentate,
Kings and the royal men of state,
Prelates whose eyeballs flashed with hate,
But God was there to guide him.

Retract? Who says retract, to me?
Retract the truth eternal?
A thousand deaths shall welcome be,
A thousand deaths infernal;
But I will not God's truth recall,
The blessed truth of God is all,
On this I stand or with it fall,
God help me, thou Supernal!

And God did help! The victor stood,
As we have read in story;
The lion, lamb, the rugged good,
'Mid errors dark and hoary;
He stood and fought the battle through,
In thickest dangers bolder grew,
While truth, emancipated, flew,
Like sunrise in its glory.

The mountains of Germanic Rhine,
Are all aglow with splendor,
Truth makes the bitter waters wine,
Which God alone can render.
All Europe and the broadened sea,
And lands beyond hold jubilee,
The blessed truth of God is free,
May He for aye, defend her.

Great Luther, of a giant race,
Son of the rolling thunder;
Stand thou upon thy granite base,
For ages without number;
The word of God is granite, too,
And it shall stand the ages through,
Forever old, forever new,
It never shall go under.

WORMS, GERMANY, Jan. 9, 1884.

VENICE.

THOU art to me, fair Venice, like a dream,
Whose watery ways are trailings of the sea;
Gemmed with the star glow, and the morning's gleam,
Thou art a vision and a mystery.

Bride of the sea, in queenliness, thou art
A silent trance, a something all ideal;
Billows of song flow softly through thy heart,
And moonlight shadows float in forms unreal.

Thy marble palaces arose at will,
And the proud sea gave way to make them room;
Thy ancient halls of costly grandeur still
Flash in the sun, or rest in midnight's gloom.

There was a tide, all golden in its flow,
Brilliant with sunlight, reaching far and wide;
A full flood tide, but that was long ago,
And with its ebbings, ancient glory died.

* * * * * *

VENICE, ITALY, Jan. 27, 1884.

BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

THERE is amid thy palaces,
And 'neath thy dreamy skies—
O, Venice, fair and beautiful,
A fearful "Bridge of Sighs."

Thy halls of splendor still are gay;
Thy streets, the dark blue sea;
Thy gondoliers are graceful still,
And full of melody.

Thy temples flash beneath the sun,
Thy altars blaze with gold:
And every wall is crowded yet
With paintings rare and old.

I walk amid thy narrow ways,
Each turn a strange surprise;
With bridges here and bridges there—
But, oh, that "Bridge of Sighs."

One side the palace of the Doge,
With grandeur all aglow,
And opposite a prison dank,
The carnival of woe.

Between, the fearful "Bridge of Sighs,"
Which art has finished well,—
One end is buttressed on a throne,
The other, on a cell.

Out from the light, and gilded halls,
Often a wild surprise,
The noble and the innocent,
Crossed o'er that "Bridge of Sighs."

The tongue of slander, foul and false,
Assailed the good and true,
And envy listening to the tale,
Was swift the ill to do.

Who crossed that bridge in olden time,
Crossed to return no more;
And light, if ever their's, must come
From the eternal shore.

There is no light, there is no hope,
Across the "Bridge of Sighs;"
The gloom of glooms, the death of deaths,
Upon the spirit lies.

Oh, Venice, fair and beautiful,
Thy palaces are grand;
And all the olden marks of wealth,
Appear on every hand.

The sea comes in with rapid flow,
Thy ancient halls beside,
A song comes in, a song goes out,
With flood and ebbing tide.

But, oh, above the swell of song,
Beneath thy soft blue skies,
There comes the dungeon wail of woe
Across that "Bridge of Sighs."

A wail of woe, a wail of woe,
I never shall forget,
From out the dungeon, dark and dank,
I seem to hear it yet.

But, why should I to Venice come,
Or these Italian skies,
Each land has sorrows of its own,
And its own Bridge of Sighs.

So short from gilded scenes of bliss,
To sorrow's wretched flow;
Joy founded on a hollow hope,
And grief on granite woe.

But, see, across the gulf of time,
A bridge from God descend,
Who cross it find the bliss of love,
Where sighs forever end.

VENICE, ITALY, Jan. 28, 1884.

ST. PAUL.

Paul, the Apostle to the Gentiles, arrived at Puteoli, about four miles southwest of Naples, Italy, (Acts xxviii. 13), June, A. D. 62. In approaching this place by sea, he would come in full view of Naples, Herculaneum, Pompeii and Vesuvius. This was only one year before these places were greatly injured by an earthquake, and seventeen years before Herculaneum and Pompeii were destroyed by an eruption of Vesuvius, A. D. 79. Starting for Rome, one hundred and forty miles on, and only eight or ten miles from the city, he would look down the Appian Way—straight as an arrow—and then, as now, a highway lined with tombs on either side—and for the first time, behold Rome, then the proud mistress of the world. Persecutions followed, Paul was beheaded, and finally, Rome sank under Papal rule. On the 20th of September, 1880, Victor Emanuel, at the head of the Italian army, entered Rome in triumph, proclaimed a united Italy, and the temporal power of the Pope was ended.

WHO! Who is this along the widening way,
Coming with high intent?
Whose footsteps in their firmness, seem each day
Almost omnipotent?

Who, who is this? There's brightness in his eye,
And on his brow deep thought;
A lofty purpose, wider than the sky,
Within him has been wrought.

Who is it, who? A broad, capacious man,
Although of stature small;
Like sunrise he, forever in the van,
Profound, imperial Paul.

Naples appears! Vesuvius' graceful cone,
Rests 'neath a cloudless sky;
With wrath concealed, down from her lava throne,
Smiles on the passers by.

Naples is bright, and in the morning's glow
Flashes proud Naples' bay;
The waters murmur in a dreamy flow
Through gardens of Pompeii.

Alas! Pompeii! thy fate was shadowed soon,
Swift as the flashing light;
Lifted with pride, all gay with life at noon,
Came fiery woe at night.

All is serene, the sky is soft above,
Earth fair beneath his feet;
The birds trill out their tender tones of love,
And June breathes fragrance sweet.

On, o'er the hills and through the flowery vales,
Past fountains by the way;
In strength divine each weary mile assails,
With strength renewed each day.

Bronzed by the sun, and scarred in recent fight,
His garments travel-worn;
Truth's banner flashes in eternal light,
And errors must be torn.

As truth absorbs him by its power complete,
Each mile flies quickly past;
Hope springs like blossoms 'neath his swollen feet,
As he draws near the last.

The Alban Hills, the tomb of Hercules,
All shake beneath his tread;
He widens out, like rivers to the seas,
All Europe to o'erspread.

From Alban Hills, with spirit all aglow,
Sees city, tower and dome;
And silent in the sunlight far below,
Flashes imperial Rome.

Far to the East the Aqueducts are seen;
Westward, tall columns rise,
And the great city cradled in between,
A crouching lion lies.

The Sabine Mountains fringe the northern sky,
Where history goes to weep;
Zephyrs of June along the summits sigh,
While sultry summers sleep.

Great palaces! The world's imperial throne,
In the Augustan age;
Massive in might as earth had never known,
Or history's proudest page.

On base of rocks the seven hill'd city stood,
And still half ruined stands;
Through all the past her tracks are marked with blood,
And blood is on her hands.

The Cæsars reigned! Art spread her charms o'er all,
Mosaics, marbles, vast;
Long lines of statues met the eyes of Paul,
With archways overcast.

And artists, too, who carve out human thought,
As matchless Cicero;
Whose imagery from granite truths are wrought,
With sunset's golden glow.

Great emperors, and statesmen of renown,
Sat in their pompous pride;
Sceptre and throne, the purple and the crown,
And captives crushed beside.

Frescoes, mosaics, statuary grand,
And vaulted ceilings high;
But, through the grandeur, throned on every hand,
Glared Nero's savage eye.

Nero, whose gaze struck terror to the soul,
He whose inhuman reign,
Was like the midnight tempest in its roll,
When multitudes are slain.

Nero, whose hands were red with deeds of blood;
Deeds of a demon's art;
A reign of wrath with sorrow's deepening flood;
A reign without a heart.

And thus came Paul, the city in its pride,
Surged like the surging sea;
The haughty Roman in his strength defied
Paul and his Deity.

The Nazarene! Who is the Nazarene!
A name most infamous;
To polished Greek, worse than an idle dream,
And comest thou to us?

"Away! away!" rejecting Jews exclaimed;
"Away, away," say we;
"The Nazarene! No more let him be named—
And Paul, away with thee."

But as the day beams in their silent course,
Bind sun to lowly sod;
Unyielding faith, unbounded in its force,
Bound peerless Paul to God.

And thus sustained, unmindful of the jeers,
Uninfluenced by shame;
Truth plants her triumphs in the trail of years,
In the Redeemer's name.

Thus Paul was bold in face of Roman wrath,
And Roman pride and sin;
He saw before him but a rugged path,
Yet humbly walked therein.

Walked humbly! Yes, humility is might—
Might of the kingliest kind;
And the sublimest majesty of right,
The humble always find.

So, like a giant, Paul in triumph stood,
A victor, though uncrowned;
In bondage, yet, through all the multitude,
The only one unbound.

Some heard; ah yes, thank God! and some believed
The blessed word of truth;
Though faith cost life, in death they life received,
And seized immortal youth.

For every death there came another life,
Aye, more—truth multiplied:
Embracing truth 'mid hurricanes of strife,
Their faith by fire was tried.

Death came to women and to faithful men,
By sword and bloody block;
By fire and fagot, dungeon and the den,
Wild beasts and Tarpeian Rock.

Yet they were firm as their own Alban hills,
As Sabine mountains strong;
By faith they triumphed over human ills,
And greeted death with song.

Each blow Rome struck Paul bolder grew, and rose
To matchless heights sublime;
His breadth of love encircled all his foes,
With strength almost divine.

There is a blow which falls, but never kills,
Brings low, but lifteth high;
It narrows down, and yet the wide world fills,
Gives joy for every sigh.

And such the truth which holy Paul proclaimed,
Like quenchless flame it ran;
It glowed with heat, brought strength to halt and maimed,
And life to every man.

They came to hear, and did not come in vain,
Came through the golden years;
And Cæsar's guards, bound to him with a chain,
Found freedom from their fears.

And Cæsar's household saw the blessed light,
Through palace halls it flamed,
And in dark hearts where reigned the gloom of night,
Eternal Jesus reigned.

Lone prison walls, the horror of all lands,
Shut from the joy of day;
Close by where now the Colosseum stands,
And arch of Titus gray.

Lone prison walls! Birth places of despair,
Dank dungeons deep and vile—
Alone! and yet the God of Paul was there,
To cheer with His own smile.

The judgment throne! The prisoner arraigned,
All wait with bated breath;
The case is heard, and Nero loud proclaimed,—
The penalty is death.

Hark! Clanking chains! And now a muffled tread,
The multitudes give way;
A rabble throngs the pathway of the dead,
At gloomy close of day.

Paul's work is done! The seeds of truth are cast,
True seeds which never die;
His steps are firm, and Godward to the last,
And ended in the sky.

How great the change! A troubled way below!
A stranger to renown!
But sorrows end in joy's delicious flow,
Palm, palace, throne and crown.

It is enough! The truth of God is sown,
The holy truth of God;
Although sometimes it seemed to be o'erthrown
And crushed beneath the sod.

Courage, faint heart! God's word can never die,
The truths proclaimed by Paul,
Through lone, dark ages lifeless seemed to lie,
Shall triumph over all.

E'en Rome itself was buried from the light,
And vines upon it bloomed;
But thrones and statues now emerge from night,
And temples are exhumed.

And so the truth of God, though buried long
In the debris of Rome;
Right in her might shall now avenge the wrong,
And swift-winged vengeance come.

All hail, Victor Emanuel, all hail!
From mountains to the sea;
Thy reign exhumes—the truths of Paul prevail,
And Italy is free.

ROME, ITALY, Feb. 22, 1884.

GENEVA.

CHILD of the Alps, and bright gem of the mountains,
Blossom of sunshine, and fruit of the skies;
Gladness is gleaming like spray from the fountains,
A glowing of love in beauty's soft eyes.

Slow o'er thy bosom the zephyrs are sighing,
Wings of the sea gull flash gayly and bright;
Shadows of heaven in thy blue depths are lying,
Shadows of God, in the glory of light.

Down from the rocks which thy borders are hemming,
Cascades are dashing in grandeur away;
Snows on each summit in sun glow are gemming,
The bold and the rugged in royal display.

On through the valleys, triumphantly greeting,
Foam-crested waters come dashing in pride;
Joyful, O, joyful, Geneva, the meeting,
As bridegroom gladly embracing the bride.

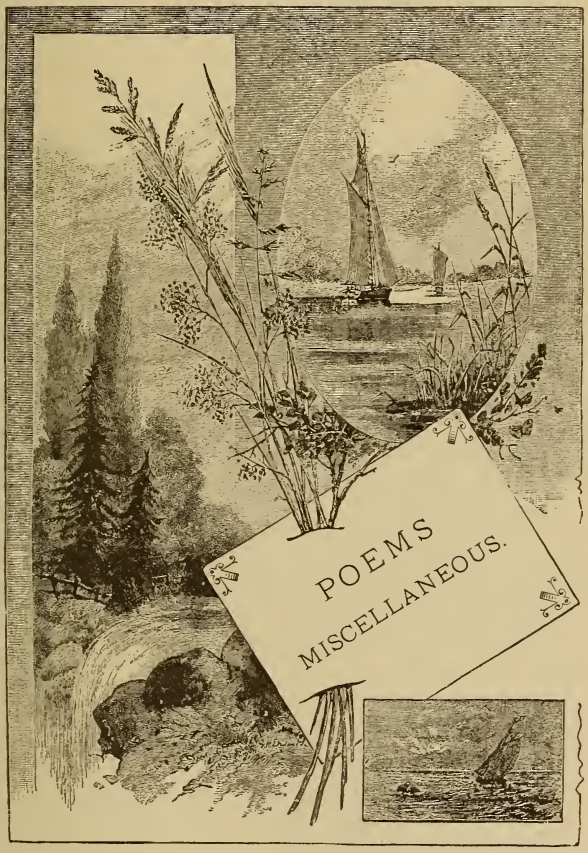
Ages have looked on these scenes in their splendor,
Ages of struggle for home and the right;
Here true love has sighed in accents most tender,
And woman's fond heart has throbbed with delight.

Switzerland, Switzerland, gleams on thy finger,
Placid Geneva, both regal and bright;
Catching the sunbeams, the stars love to linger
O'er thee with their smiles from thrones of the night.

Jewel Geneva, thou purest of waters,
Clear as the crystal and fair as the dew;
So be the hearts of thy sons and thy daughters,
While Alps shall endure or Rhone runneth blue.

Switzerland, Switzerland, Alps are thy spires,
Thy mirrors the lakes, thy cataracts song;
Hearts are as mountains for freedom's red fires,
And these thy defense from tyrants and wrong.

LAKE GENEVA, SWITZERLAND,
March 6, 1884.


POEMS
MISCELLANEOUS.

The Poems of this section, too various for classification, will not be found less interesting on that account.

Miscellaneous Poems.

BRING FLOWERS.

BRING flowers, beautiful flowers,
Bring flowers of every hue,
In this weary work-day world of ours,
Bring flowers still wet with dew.

Bring flowers, the sweet, fresh flowers,
Flowers from the plain and hill.
They cheer my heart in the dreary hours,
They say to my soul, "Be still."

Bring flowers, the fair, bright flowers,
From the brook-side and the glen,
O bring them in from the wild wood bowers,
Bring in from the walks of men.

Bring them in from the mountain side,
Bring them in from the valleys deep,
Bring them to adorn the fair young bride,
Bring them in where the sorrowing weep.

Bring them in for the wise and good,
Bring them in for the old and poor,
Let them bloom where feet of the great have stood,
Or smile by the cottage door.

Bring them in to the prisoner's cell,
Or set by the sick man's bed,
Let their perfume rise where the outcasts dwell,
And fragrance around them spread.

Let them grow where our loved ones lie,
And deck the brow of the tomb,
While our thoughts go up to that world on high,
Where flowers forever bloom.

O flowers, the blessed flowers,
How soft is your voice of love,
Your mission is sweet in this world of ours,
As ye point to worlds above.

O flowers, transplanted flowers,
Ye bloom in holier sod,
Ye were ours awhile in our bright home bowers,
But now ye belong to God.

The flowers, unsullied flowers,
So fresh with undying bloom;
Brought in to the bright immortal bowers,
Brought in from a world of gloom.

Brought in from the wild tempest's blast,
Brought in from the frosts that blight,
Brought in, yes, brought from the destroyer's path,
Brought in to the golden light.

Brought in, yes, brought from every sky,
Brought in, yes, from every sod,
Let them bloom in immortal airs on high,
Let them deck the throne of God.

CAMDEN, N. J., 1869.

SONG OF THE LARK.

WITH hearts all sad we worshiped God one day;
The church where once we met was burned with fire;
No cheerful word, or heaven-inspiring lay,
Lifted our spirits higher.

The place where now we sat was dim and old,
Where nothing pleasant met the saddened eye;
And lo! the rain, so cheerlessly and cold,
Fell drizzling from the sky.

Although it was the fragrant month of June,
Yet, June, that day, forgot to do her part;
All things below so strangely out of tune,
Took June out of the heart.

Like those who sat by Babylon's waters, dark,
Where dull tides moaned, and harps were all unstrung,
We sat in sorrow,—when behold, a lark
Up from the clover sprung.

Like arrow darting from the well-bent bow,
The bird, strong-pinioned, pierced the gloomy sky,
And as it mounted, left to us below,
This heart-inspiring cry—

"Cheer," said the bird, and then repeated "cheer,"
Still rising, it exclaimed, "cheer, cheer," again;
My heart was touched, and as I bent my ear,
Once more, I caught the strain.

The incident referred to in the above, occurred during a Love Feast at Manasquan, N. J., shortly after the church at that place was consumed by fire.

It fainter grew, the bird was rising higher;
Yet, when far out of sight, it was not done,
For then it sung, filled with celestial fire,
"Cheer, cheer, I see the sun!"

O my sad heart, why cheerless in thy day!
Though disappointments gather one by one,
Rise with the lark, and thou, too, soon shalt say,
"Cheer, cheer, I see the sun."

1873.

THE JUBILEE.

THE jubilee! the jubilee!
Hurrah! hurrah! the slave is free!
From mountain crest to stormy coast
The trodden-down are uppermost;
Saluda cries to Congaree,
Hurrah! hurrah! the slave is free.

The printing-press, the ballot-box,
Where free speech grandly interlocks—
The Bible and the Churches blend,
To reach a high and holy end—
To bless the new-made citizen,
The chattels, lifted up to men.

The school-house and the spelling-book,
The fountain and the babbling brook,
The cornfield and the glittering hoe,
The rice swamp and the cotton row,
All join the flowing Wateree
With joyous song, The slave is free.

The children, swinging on the gate;
Their fathers, at the helm of State;
And mothers, through the night and day,
From Greenville down to Charleston Bay;
And all along the Great Peedee,
Are shouting yet, The slave is free!

In cabins and in mansions too,
On old plantations and the new,
The man, the woman, and the child,
With new-found hope are fairly wild;
While grandly flows the broad Santee,
With merry music of the free.

Magnolia, in its rich perfume,
The cypress, in its green or gloom,
The palmetto, erect and tall,
The lordly pines, o'ertopping all,
From northern lines to old Tybee,
Are clapping hands—the slave is free.

The ivy, clinging to the wall;
The myrtle, lowliest of all;
The mistletoe, mysterious bough,
All join the song of freedom now,
And tuneful tides sweep toward the sea,
Bearing sweet music from the free.

And all along the sandy coast,
The trodden-down are uppermost;
Where bondmen bowed in hard employ,
The curlew flaps her wings for joy;
And ocean breaks on old Moultrie,
With thundering sound—the slave is free!

The earthworks, and the fortress high,
In blackened ruins 'neath the sky;
The half-burned tower, tall and grim,
All join the universal hymn.
From mountain crest to smiling sea,
The land is full of jubilee!

But, blessed God, we wait and pray,
For yet another jubal day,
To bless the heart, and free the State,
From rings corrupt and party hate—
When from the mountains to the sea
Shall roll the higher jubilee!

God bring the blessed hour sublime!
God bring it in his way and time!
Bring hearts and State from night to noon!
God bring the day! O bring it soon!
Till from the mountains to the sea,
Shall sweep the double jubilee!

SOUTH CAROLINA, Jan., 1874.

SIDE BY SIDE AT LAST.

Thirty-three years and two months after departure, the remains of the mother were re-interred by the side of the daughter, who also, had been sleeping *twelve years and four months.* Separated for the *third of a century*, and then placed side by side at last.

SIDE by side at last!
The long, slow, solemn, tedious years are past,
So long indeed, that hope grew sad at last!
And patience, weary with the dreary while,
Had long forgot her own sweet wont to smile:
And worn with years, so numerous and so slow,
Had bound her brow with cypress wreaths of woe.

Side by side at last!
Full many a spring its fragrant bloom had cast!
Full many a winter howled its dreary blast!
And moons had waned, and tides with weary flow,
Had sobbed in sorrow of the long ago!
And children that were bright in summer play,
In the long waiting, had grown old and gray.

Side by side at last!
The long, slow years of waiting all are past!
Mother and child are side by side at last!
Yes, side by side, beneath the silent sod!
Yes, side by side, before the throne of God!
Yes, side by side, forever undefiled,
Rests blessed mother and her blessed child.

Side by side at last!
Sorrow and death forever more are past!
And sin its shadow never hence shall cast!
White-robed and crowned, walking the streets of gold,
Where heavenly glories endlessly unfold,
Mother and daughter, side by side are blest!
And side by side they shall forever rest!

CAMDEN, N. J., Dec. 9, 1874.

THE OLD CLOCK.

UP in the corner, the solemn old clock,
Has stood for many a year,
When grand-sire was born, it said, tick, tock,
And ever since then, the grave old clock,
Has repeated each day, tick, tock, tick, tock;
From month to month, from year to year,
When friends were few, or foes were near,
Tick, tock, tick, tock, said the solemn old clock.

When midnight drew her curtains of gloom,
And the world seemed standing still,
The little boy woke in his upper room,
And heard through the silence and through the gloom,
The beat of his heart, and the solemn old clock,
It seemed to him, while all was still,
The fearful hour of doom or ill,
While the grave old clock, said, tick, tock, tick, tock.

The Spring came down with its buds and flowers,
And the world with life was gay,
The birds built homes in the leafy bowers,
And sung their songs through the sunny hours,
But the solemn heart of the solemn old clock,
The same by night, the same by day,
Both when we sing, and when we pray,
'Mid blossoms and fruits, still repeats, tick, tock!

The hurricane rushed with its howling blast,
And swept the wintry sky,
While the vessel, wrecked, on the beach was cast,
And the sailor's pulse had throbbed its last;

But the heart and voice of the grave old clock,
Without a groan, without a sigh,
With steady aim, and fixed eye,
Kept on as in sunshine, tick, tock, tick, tock.

When the fair young bride on the nuptial day,
With blossoms had twined her hair,
And visions of beauty, unfolding, lay
Along her path like the flowers of May,
Unswerved by the joy, still, the stern old clock,
Between the promise and the prayer,
Looked down upon the vision fair,
And simply to the banquet said, tick, tock!

The lights of life on the hill-tops expire,
As oft they had done before,
With the years go out the strength of desire,
And death comes at last to the gray-haired sire,
But as when he was born, the grand old clock,
In solemn tones, said, o'er and o'er,
As it had done in days of yore,
In the simplest way, tick, tock, tick, tock.

'Twas the old clock's mission, to say, tick, tock,
And to give the time of day:
And true to its work, like the moveless rock,
It keeps on its course, tick, tock, tick, tock!
So true to its work, was the grave old clock,
And so may we, when all is gay,
Or when the sunlight fades away,
To every trust, be true, and say, tick, tock!

1875.

THE OLIVE BOUGH.

On receiving a piece of Olive wood from a tree which grew at, or near, Jerusalem, bearing upon its highly-polished surface the name of "Holy City."

HAIL Palestine! thou sacred land!
Where once the feet of Jesus trod,
Jerusalem, thou city grand,
That once beheld incarnate God;
Hail brilliant skies, from which the star
Beamed mildly on the wise men's way,
Hail! land of Prophets! *once* so far,
Which Olive bough brings near to-day.

I hail thee, precious Olive bough,
Peace emblem, from the ancient wood,
And seem, upon the mountain now,
Where Jesus walked in solitude.
Hail, sacred mountain, gray and old,
Thy sun of glory has not set,
Thy relics here, our hearts enfold,
Far-famed, historic, Olivet!

Or, yet, perchance, this bough had birth,
Of roots that bore the ancient tree,
Where Christ in sorrow, bowed to earth,
In thy dark shades, Gethsemane,
Or Kidron's waters, may have made
Soft music round its moss-grown feet,
And Prophets in the grateful shade,
Here held with God, communion sweet.

I do not know if here or there,
In mount or vale it slowly grew,
Or how the moonlit skies so fair,
Cast on its leaves the midnight dew.
I only know, Jerusalem,
Thou sacred City, owned of God,
That Olive root, and bough and stem,
Had origin in holy sod.

So, Olive bough, each passing day,
As mind on thee, is sweetly set:
Your distance, softly melts away,
Gethsemane and Olivet.
Thus, through this bough, delightfully,
In vale and mount, I meet the good,
And therefore, *friend*, my thanks to thee,
For thy peace emblem, Olive wood.

1875.

THE FIRE FIEND.

BELL! Bell!
Midnight slumber! Midnight knell!
On the silent city fell
Like the clang of bursting shell!

Fire! Fire!
Forked flames are flashing higher!
Dome and turret, fane and spire!
Scream and crash—a funeral pyre!

Over head
Midnight sky with wrath is red!
Darkness now! The light has fled!
Hush! Fall back! Room for the dead!

Woe! Woe!
Wife and mother feel the blow!
"Charlie's dead! He loved us so!"
Married but a week ago!

Vacant stare,
Laugh, and shriek, and moan, and prayer!
"Where's my husband, Charlie—where?
Touch my darling if you dare!"

Sad and slow,
People come and people go!
Muffled footsteps—whispers low!
Bride in widowhood and woe!

Bell! Bell!
Noonday brightness; measured knell,
On the busy city fell!
Dust to dust—he sleepeth well!

1875.

BROOKLYN THEATRE.

FLASH, flame, hurry, fire,
Water, run; fiercer, higher,
Leap the savage tongues of fire.

Clang, clang, clang the bell
In a dread and dismal knell
On the death-doomed city fell.

Hold! Hot wrath, beware!
Crash, scream, falling walls, despair;
Moans and cinders fill the air.

Smoke! for God's sake breath!
Hush; men are gasping—beneath,
Smothered, mangled, crushed in death.

Ghastly! Men turn pale,
Hundreds ghastly, thousands wail
At the sickening, ghostly tale.

Mother, home, alarm;
My boy! run—where? I'll go; harm!
Hurry! What, *only an arm?*

Shriek! She's fallen; say
Men, fall back, bear her away.
Hold—here's his leg, take this. Nay—

Where's *my* son? You might
Just let me see him. All right,
Come this way. Heaven, what a sight!

Where's my brother—where?
O say, husband, are you there?
Death, delirium, despair!

Who are these? Say, who?
Two hundred and seventy-two!
Mine among them? Tell me, do!

What? Only a shred!
Burnt piece of his coat, they said.
What? Willie—my Willie—*dead?*

Hush; it is not so—
No, not *my* Willie, no, no!
Stop! This cloth I seem to know!

Room! Give her the air;
She's fainted—fan, water, prayer;
Torn and charred, her Willie's there!

Thus, and thus, and so,
Through the long dead lines they go—
Fiery holocaust of woe.

Orphans! More than *two!*
Through all streets are orphans new—
Father dead and mother too!

Sigh, and tear, and moan
For the fifty-four *Unknown!*
Rear the monumental stone.

Bells, toll softly, slow,
Bleeding hearts together flow—
Mutual fellowship of woe.

Dark December chill;
Husband, lover, child, all still
On the crown of Battle Hill!

1876.

AFTERNOON.

'TIS four o'clock, all cloudless is the sky,
The sun descends into the burnished west;
The winds have sunken to the softest sigh,
The lowing kine upon the hill sides rest.

The clock strikes five. There's stillness in the air,
The lengthened shadows creep across the green;
The tall trees clasp their hands in silent prayer,
And balmy airs breathe sweetness o'er the scene.

Six, six o'clock; the drowsy day is past.
Her mate the doting dove coos to her nest,
The dreamy twilight dewy robes has cast,
And weary hours on night's soft pillows rest!

So cloudless be my life's sweet afternoon,
So gently come my evening's fading light,
Come, rest of God, with love's soft footsteps, soon,
Then soon will come the day that needs no night.

1877.

ANTITHESES.

UP from the low and marshy soil,
As black as night,
A lily came in angel garb,
Spotless and white.

Out from the cold northeastern blast,
Where tempests moan,
In sweetness came to soothe the soul,
A minor tone.

Out from the dark and moonless sky,
Light held at bay,
Arises in its new-born strength
The perfect day.

Up from recesses far remote,
And depths unknown,
Comes topaz and the chrysolite
To deck the throne.

Up from the tomb where Jesus slept,
High attributes,
Brought life and immortality,
Redemption's fruits.

So from the pit came Jacob's son,
A child of grief;
Yet in the coming time to be
Proud Egypt's chief.

So from the couches of distress,
Where pains annoy,
From fevered lips of suffering,
Come songs of joy.

So from the slimy soils of sin,
As black as night,
All the redeemed shall rise, arrayed
In spotless white.

So out of tribulations deep,
Conflict and strife,
The good through Christ shall enter in
To endless life.

Then, welcome all the toils of time,
Affliction's rod,
If through them I shall go at last
To be with God.

1878.

SUNRISE.

THROUGH the long and silent watches
Of the long and silent night,
Fevered brain and throbbing temples,
Waited for the coming light;
Waited through the wild wind's wailings,
'Mid the lightning's lurid glare,
Waited, as the awful thunder
Rolled defiant through the air.

Waited, as the angry billows,
Dashed against the midnight shore,
Waited, but the demon darkness
Seemed intenser than before;
Waited, watched, and prayed for morning,
Though the heart was pierced with pain,
Prayed that through the gloom and terror,
Light and hope might come again.

Then I listened, and the tempest,
Died in silence far away;
Then, I looked and o'er the ocean,
Broke the first, faint beams of day;
Very faint, and yet sufficient,
For my faith to grasp and hold;
Then the light grew clear and stronger,
Then the sky was flushed with gold.

Flushed with gold! The pain and anguish,
Vanished with the reign of night,
And before my raptured vision
Flamed a path of living light!

Living light! God's own creation,
Answered to the fervent prayer;
Child of earth, howe'er discouraged,
Trust and wait, for God is there.

Trust and wait! Soon blessed sunrise,
Will thy pathway flood with light;
Trust and wait! Eternal mornings,
Break on shores which know no night.
Know no night! Sublime condition,
Waves of daylight ceaseless roll;
And though dark life's latest hour,
Death is sunrise to the soul!

1881.

"ADVANCED THOUGHT."

OVER the desert, burnt and bare,
The travelers took their way;
The sun looked down with furnace glare,
The molten sands blazed in the air,
While men pressed on in mute despair,
Too hopeless all to pray,
As one low murmur like a funeral sigh,
Broke on the air, "*Give water, or we die.*"

And so they toiled day after day,
Weary, and faint, and slow;
At last they saw in verdure gay,
The Palm trees, in the far away:
While blistered lips just moved to say,
"There's water where they grow."
Hope caught the sound, and quickening her pace,
Enwreathed with smiles, the lately haggard face.

That night they dreamed, that weary night,
Of waters cool and clear;
Of dew drops glistening in the light,
The old home well, a vision bright,
Whose mossy bucket gave delight,
Whose drippings all could hear.
And in their sleep, drank of the waters sweet,
While gurgling brooklets bathed their fevered feet.

The morning came! With hearts aglow,
And hopes as at the first;
The Palm trees reached! But ah, the foe,
The waters had destroyed below,
The crystal tides had ceased to flow,
And then, their maddening thirst
Again swept o'er them like a fiery breath,
And yielding to despair, they sank in death.

Sad, sad indeed; but worse than this,
Through desert wastes of life;
Men seeking paths of happiness,
Lips drinking draughts of bitterness,
Hearts breaking for the cup of bliss,
Die in the fearful strife:
Die when God's word would give them bliss supreme,
Yet men declare this Word is all a dream.

Stand back, stand back, ye dastards! Hold!
Touch not God's holy truth,—
From which through ages vast and old,
The crystal tides of life have rolled,
O'er desert wastes, or sands of gold,
For hoary age and youth;
Waters which soothe God's servants when they sigh,
And give them strength to triumph when they die.

Stand back, and let God's word alone,
Truth shall forever live;
Men cry for help, as ye have known,
A deep, wide, universal groan,
Which belts the earth with ceaseless moan;
And yet, what do ye give?
In desert wastes, ye bitter all the sweet,
And starving, give us only chaff to eat.

Stand back, stand back, God's hosts demand
Some better things from you;
You say the Bible will not stand,
You strike it with your impious hand,
And place upon it falsehood's brand;
O say, then, what is true?
Your thoughts, are waters, pledged us in the waste,
But cheated still *we die without the taste.*

1882.

PICTURES.

THANKS for your pictures, ye at Prospect Mountain,
Pictures of quiet grace;
I gaze, and gushing from fond memory's fountain,
Thoughts flood my soul apace.

I seem to see thee, garbed in simple beauty,
Sister, a maiden fair;
Along the pathways of thy patient duty,
A rose of fragrance rare.

I think of home, life's springtime, soft and tender,
Sweet mornings bright with love;
Sweet twilights, too, where hearts would often render
Homage to Him above.

I think of thee, and of each elder brother,
Father's and mother's smile;
The warm home-nest, softer than any other,
Which sheltered us the while.

The summer came, the cherished nest was broken,
And feathered birdlings fled—
To build soft nests themselves, so love had spoken,
For parent birds were dead.

One built in sunny climes among the flowers,
One in the golden West;
Some lingered round the shade of city towers,
One has a sea-side nest.

And so they dwelt, and reared their brood around them,
Each feathered in their way,
Drab, gray and russet, so my fancy found them,
And some had plumage gay.

They sung sweet songs of varied tunes, but meaning,
In each and all, the same;
Through love's bright bowers, with sunlight intervening,
Their music went and came.

But there was one home-nest, affection's centre,
Where one lone birdling dwelt;
Where, in His presence, who had kindly lent her,
Fond parents often knelt.

Watching, quick glances, saw her plumage changing,
Saw soft white wings unfold;
Then flash in light, through worlds eternal ranging,
Where cities are of gold.

Sad songs were sung, sad songs of deep contrition,
Over the empty nest;
Until subdued, sinking in full submission,
Hearts found the higher rest.

But, yours are with you yet, and as they gather,
On love's home boughs they sing;
I know no treasure to be cherished rather,
No richer blossoming.

So, I have looked upon your peaceful faces,
Enwreathed with faith and prayer;
A quiet joy has left its tranquil traces,
And holy hope is there.

Then sit and muse in love's sublime composure,
Your birdlings round you still;
Your birdlings' birdlings, in the home enclosure,
Such is the Master's will.

1884.


DEVOTIONAL
PIECES.

The following pieces have mostly been set to music, and are sung with frequency in religious worship.

Devotional Pieces.

NO FAULT WITH JESUS!

PILATE took the Holy Jesus,
Took the Holy Jesus in,
And he carefully examined,
All without and all within:—
And he said, this Man is faultless,
I have found Him just and true,
Faultless in His words and actions,
Faultless in His spirit too.

Sinners, have you done like Pilate,
Looked at Christ with greatest care?
Is there any wrong within Him,
Is He faulted anywhere?
Sinners! Died He not to save you,
On that dark and dreadful day?
And to lift you up to Heaven,
Gave He not His life away?

Christians, have you done like Pilate?
Sought to know Him, through and through?
Has He not been ever faithful,
Has He not been kind to you?

Has He not been always present,
Gently led you on your way?
Turned to joy your deepest sorrow,
Changed your darkness into day?

Children, have you done like Pilate?
Have you sought to know Him too?
Have you carefully considered,
All that He hath done for you?
Thought of all His tender mercy,
Thought of His ten thousand charms,
Thought how much He always loves you,
As He takes you in His arms?

Is there any fault with Jesus,
Found by angels or by men,
Ever fault in earth or heaven,
If so, kindly tell me when?
Earth and heaven responds there is none,
He is holy, just and true;
May we all hear Jesus saying,
Lo! I have no fault with you!

1872.

WORK FOR JESUS.

WE have toil'd in many vineyards,
We have toiled through many a day,
Toiled for thee, O blessed Jesus,
Worn for thee our strength away.

And we still will work for Jesus,
Work for Him has blessed pay;
We will ever work for Jesus,
Work for Him our lives away.

We have toiled through storm and sunshine,
Summer's heat, and winter's cold;
Toil is sweet in youth's bright morning,
Sweet when men are growing old.

We have toiled in human gardens,
Digging, sowing, pruning, too,
Praying for the dew and sunshine,
On the work we found to do.

Lo! the gardens bloom with flowers,
Fragrance fills the blessed air;
Living, dying, precious brethren,
Toil for Jesus everywhere.

1874.

BEAR HER AWAY.

BEAR her away, blessed and beautiful!
O bear her away, the gentle and true!
Bear her away! O God, be merciful,
Must she forever, be borne from our view.

Bear her away, quietly, peacefully,
Life's struggle is o'er, life's struggle is o'er;
Hearts crushed and bleeding, almost hopelessly,
Need thy aid, dear Lord, as never before.

Bear her away, softly and tenderly,
So precious the dust you lay 'neath the sod;
Bear her away, softly and tearfully,
Wearing the beautiful impress of God.

Bear her away, sadly, but hopefully,
Brightly the morning will break bye-and-bye;
Fervently still, fond love will follow thee,
Dearest and best, to thy home in the sky.

Bear her away! in hope triumphantly,
Beautiful casket, commit to the sod;
Bear her away, faith now beholdeth her,
White-robed and glorified, walking with God.

Nov. 21, 1874.

ZION.

BEAUTIFUL Zion, strong old Zion,
Wonderful Zion, with palaces grand;
Triumphant Zion, laurel-crowned Zion,
Thy conquests extend o'er sea and the land;
No more in sadness, go forth in gladness,
Grandeur of nations with banners on high,
Glory now flashes, sackcloth and ashes
Pass like the clouds from the face of the sky.

On, blessed Zion, soul-conquering Zion,
Peace-making Zion, march bloodlessly on,
Bulwarks of Zion, towers of Zion,
Glow in the light of millennial sun;
On in thy glory, tell the glad story,
Jesus is taking the sorrowing in,
From thy high towers, ring through the hours,
God thy Redeemer is saving from sin.

O! holy Zion, world-conquering Zion,
Thy splendor with light is filling the air,
Joy-giving Zion, song-waking Zion,
The chime of thy bells brings hope to despair!
Lo! life forever, comes like a river,
Singing and swelling thy channels all through,
Heart, feel no tremor, God thy Redeemer,
Is making the world, through Zion, anew.

1875.

SAVED.

I'M saved, I'm saved; O blessed Lord!
I'm sweetly saved, I'm saved in Thee!
Saved by Thy blood, and by Thy word,
I'm saved, and Thine henceforth will be;
Thy blood has saved me, blessed Lord,
I'm sweetly saved, I'm sweetly saved.

I'm saved, I'm saved, O joy sublime!
I'm saved from self, and saved from sin;
I'm saved, I'm saved, O bliss divine,
Eternal love has closed me in!
Thy blood has saved me, blessed Lord,
I'm sweetly saved, I'm sweetly saved.

Saved at the Cross, the blessed Cross,
I'm saved without, and saved within;
I'm saved, I'm saved, O what a loss
Is theirs, who fail this joy to win!
Thy blood has saved me, blessed Lord,
I'm sweetly saved, I'm sweetly saved.

I'm saved, I'm saved, I'll tell it here,
I'm saved, I'll tell it o'er and o'er;
I'm saved from doubt, I'm saved from fear,
I'm saved, as never saved before!
Thy blood has saved me, blessed Lord,
I'm sweetly saved, I'm sweetly saved.

I'm saved, I'm saved! I still repeat,
I'm saved, I'll sing it o'er and o'er;
I'm saved in Jesus, O how sweet,
I'll sing on the eternal shore.
Thy blood has saved me, blessed Lord,
I'm sweetly saved, I'm sweetly saved.

1875.

NO ROOM.

IT was said, and O, I can hardly tell
How sadly the news on my spirit fell—
That the heavenly world, all bright and fair,
Was so full that no more could enter there!

There were no more crowns for a mortal brow,
They were all, and forever, taken *now;*
There were no more palms, and the robes of white
Were all engaged by the sons of light!

And all through the breadth of the heavenly land,
The mansions were many, and great, and grand;
But all were full, there was room for no more,
And bolted and barred was the entrance door.

Yes, full—all full—for but yester-night
A great host went up to the land of light;
And all the mansions and crowns were given,
Till the conquering host had filled up heaven!

Then my heart grew sick, and my brain was wild,
As I, left out, was a hell-doomed child;
While the friends I loved, all before my eyes,
Had passed to their homes in the God-lit skies!

O my soul went down into deep despair,
As I said, no room—no room for me there;
No room for me there, no crown and no rest,
No fellowship, sweet—for me—with the blest.

But soon as I turned to the Word of God,
I found there was room in the Saviour's blood;
It was sin that had brought my soul in gloom,
It was sin that had said—no room—no room!

I found there was room since the Saviour died;
There was room—still room for the purified;
To all such, at last, a crown shall be given,
For sin—sin alone, can exclude from heaven!

O then, to my Lord, this moment I'll fly,
That I may be cleansed from sin's deepest dye;
So that when I arise from death's dark gloom,
All heaven shall cry—*there is room—still room!*

1875.

NEW YEAR HYMN.

O LORD! we thank Thee, that the light,
Comes to us on this New Year day;
We thank Thee that our nature's night,
Through grace divine has passed away;
And joy that a Redeeming God,
Has cleansed us through His precious blood.

We bless Thee, Lord, though born in sin,
That Jesus Christ has power to save;
We praise Thee that we feel within,
The quiet which our spirits crave;
All glory, gracious Lord, to Thee,
For pardon, peace and purity.

And now another joyous year,
Dawns on us through Thy grace divine;
Our hearts are full of holy cheer,
Our hopes are blissful and sublime;
For Thou to us Thyself hast given—
And present God is present heaven.

But not content with this, O Lord—
Though this such sweet content imparts;
Moved by Thy Spirit, and Thy Word,
We weep and pray for other hearts—
That these may all be cleansed from sin,
And find, through faith the rest within!

O, holy God, be this the year,
The great revival year of grace!
To every human heart appear—
Let all behold Thy glorious face!
Let valleys rise, let mountains fall,
And Jesus Christ be Lord of all!

Do Thou appear to every heart,
To every family appear;
To every Church Thyself impart,
Go through the nations far and near;
To all the islands, Mighty God,
Make known salvation through Thy blood.

1876.

OCEAN GROVE HYMN.

JESUS, Lord, Thy power display,
Grandly here, Thy right maintain;
Here, pursue Thy glorious way,
Ocean Grove invokes Thy reign.

Here make known Thy power to save,
Here refine from sinful dross;
Mightier than the ocean's wave,
Show the victories of Thy cross.

Ocean Grove we give to Thee,
Ocean Grove, its lakes and shore,
Ocean Grove, its land and sea,
Shall be Thine forevermore.

Ocean Grove, its hands and hearts,
All are Thine, and Thine shall be;
Ocean Grove in all its parts,
Seal with Thy divinity.

1876.

MY NATIVE LAND.

MY native land! My native land!
I love thee, O my native land;
Thy valleys and thy noble hills,
Thy oceans, lakes and rippling rills;
My native land, dear native land,
I love thee, O my native land!

My native land, home of the free,
I love thy songs of liberty;
Thy brilliant banners, floating high,
Whose starry folds embrace the sky;
My native land, dear native land,
I love thee, O, my native land!

My native land, in proud delight,
I cherish thee, where right is might.
A land redeemed by patriot blood,
And guarded by the patriot's God.
My native land, dear native land,
I love thee, O, my native land!

My native land! Religion rules!
The Bible and the common schools!
Here, knowledge is a potent rod,
And all are free to worship God.
My native land, dear native land,
I love thee, O, my native land!

July 4, 1878.

COME, ALL YE BURDENED ONES.

COME, all ye burdened ones, come, in your sadness,
Bathed in your tears, and with sorrow oppressed;
Sin bows the spirit down; Jesus brings gladness;
Hear ye His blessed words: "I'll give you rest."

Come, all ye penitents; hope for the dying—
Fills all the soul, when our sins are confessed;
Come, then, on Jesus' blood fully relying,
Sin shall be pardoned, and you shall find rest.

Come, ye desponding souls, doubt Him no longer,
All things are ready, and you may be blest;
Come in your weakness now, He'll make you stronger;
Weary of earth and sin, He'll give you rest.

Pilgrims of Jesus, come; let nothing sever;
Love Him with all your heart; trust, and be blest:
Bask in the smile of God, love Him forever,
And through eternity you shall have rest.

1878.

THE SWING OF CONQUEST.

General Grant, in reviewing the veteran troops of England, exclaimed as they were passing, "*They have the swing of conquest!*"

THEY come, the war-scarred veterans come,
With bugle blast and beat of drum,
With hearts of flame and flashing eye,
Their measured steps go firmly by,
While banners float above their head,
The swing of conquest marks their tread.

The swing of conquest! Warriors bore
The marks of many a conflict sore;
Yet, blessed inborn sense of right,
Made every step a step of might,
While banners float above their head,
And swing of conquest marks their tread.

Each foeman fell beneath their blade,
On distant plains their graves are made;
And o'er the towering hills afar,
Sweet peace proclaims the end of war,
While banners float above their head,
The swing of conquest marks their tread.

Sweet peace! All hail its bright return!
Sweet peace, the cheerful home-fires burn!
And as each bell peals forth its joy,
Art plies the loom in rich employ,
While honor crowns each victor's head,
The swing of conquest marks their tread.

They come! the war-scarred Christian host,
From mountain, vale, and stormy coast,
With hearts of flame and flashing eye,
They throng the pathways to the sky,
While banners float above their head,
And swing of conquest marks their tread.

Enough! Life's work is grandly done.
Enough! Each battle fought and won.
Enough! They conquered earth and sin,
And through the pearly gates went in,
While glory glows around each head,
The swing of conquest marks their tread.

June, 1879.

HOVER O'ER ME.

HOVER o'er me, Holy Spirit;
Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
Fill me with Thy hallowed presence,
Come, oh, come, and fill me now.

Fill me now, fill me now,
Jesus, come and fill me now;
Fill me with Thy hallowed presence,—
Come, oh, come, and fill me now.

Thou canst fill me, gracious Spirit,
Though I cannot tell Thee how,
But I need Thee, greatly need Thee,
Come, oh, come and fill me now.

I am weakness, full of weakness;
At Thy sacred feet I bow;
Blest, Divine, Eternal Spirit,
Fill with power, and fill me now.

Cleanse and comfort; bless and save me,
Bathe, oh, bathe, my heart and brow,
Thou art comforting, and saving,
Thou art sweetly filling now.

August, 1879.

ALL ARE MINE.

ALL are mine, Thou holy Jesus,
All Thy blessed words divine;
All Thy promises of favor,
All are mine, forever mine.

All are mine, oh, matchless mercy!
Oh, how boundless is the store!
All Thy promises of favor,
All are mine forever more.

All Thy promises of pardon,
Coming from the throne above,
All Thy promises of cleansing,
All Thy promises of love.

All Thy promises of comfort,
Every promise of relief;
All Thy promises of gladness,
Promises of joy in grief.

All Thy promises eternal,
Honored in the ages past,
Words which must remain unbroken,
Promises of heaven at last.

1880.

O, COME AND LET US WORSHIP.

OH, come and let us worship, let us worship by the sea,
Before the great Jehovah let us bow the suppliant knee,
Let us join our happy voices in a song of jubilee,
Salvation's flowing on.

Glory, glory, Hallelujah!

Oh, worship God the Father, let us worship God the Son,
Let us worship God the Spirit, ever blessed three in one;
Let us worship in the morning—worship when the day is done,
Salvation's flowing on.

Let praises rise forever unto God the Father, good,
Eternal praise to Jesus, who hath bought us with His blood;
Oh, praise the Holy Spirit, for He seals us heirs of God,
Salvation's flowing on.

Come, all ye blessed people, all the faithful and the true,
Let us praise the Lord together, 'tis a blessed thing to do;
We shall praise Him over yonder in a song forever new,
Salvation's flowing on.

Jan., 1880.

ONE BY ONE.

ONE by one, our loved ones slowly
Pass beyond the bounds of time;
One by one, among the holy,
Sing the victor's song sublime.

One by one; one by one;
We shall soon, yes, soon be there;
One by one, yes, one by one,
We shall endless glory share.

One by one, soon we shall gather,
Not as we have gathered here—
Bowed and broken, but the rather,
In eternal youth appear.

One by one, our ranks are thinning,
Thinning here, but swelling there;
One by one, bright crowns are winning,
Crowns they shall forever wear.

Good bye! Hail! The fondly cherished,
Tears and joy are ours to-day;
Some have gone, and lo! the others
Hasten on the shortening way.

1881.

THE NEW YEAR.

HOLY Spirit! God Eternal!
Holy Spirit! God of might!
Holy Spirit, the Supernal,
Dissipate my nature's night,—
Grant this year, Thy holy light,—
Set my erring spirit right,—
To my sorrow bring delight—
Buds of hope, and blossoms vernal.

Holy Spirit! Blest instructor,
Let me ever know Thy ways;
All through life, be my Conductor,
Whether few, or many days;
In the sunlight, through the haze,—
Heart and lip shall sing Thy praise,
In my wanderings through the maze,
To all good be my Inductor.

Holy Spirit! Purifier!
Keep my heart this year from sin;
O, baptize my soul with fire,
Let no dross remain within!
As a Healing Power, come in,
And whatever I have been,
Let me life eternal win,
Wear the crown, and sweep the lyre.

Holy Spirit! Consolation!
This year, I will give Thee room;
Perfect, Thou, my consecration,
Let my self-hood find its tomb;
Banish unbelief and gloom,
Let my soul be wreathed with bloom;
And with blossoms and perfume,
Grace me for my coronation!

1882.

I'M ABIDING.

MY soul for light and love had earnest longings,
Oh, how it longed for fellowship divine!
I sought it here and there,
I sought it everywhere,
At last, through faith, the holy boon was mine.

I'm abiding, gracious Saviour,
I'm abiding in Thy precious love to-day;
I'm abiding, yes, abiding
In Thy love, Thy precious love, to-day.

Oh, how enriching is this sacred treasure!
Enriching to this soul, this soul of mine;
There's nothing anywhere,
Can with this love compare,
And I henceforth, forever, Lord, am Thine.

Oh, yes, I rest, how blessed is the resting!
I rest to-day, I'm resting all the time;
"Come," echoes through the air,
"Come," and the resting share,
And Jesus will be yours as He is mine.

1882.

BLOOD OF JESUS.

SALVATION! is the battle cry,
Through the blood of Jesus;
Salvation from sin's deepest dye,
Through the blood of Jesus;
Lift the crimson banner high,
All the hosts of sin defy,
Victory is always nigh,
Through the blood of Jesus.

Through the blood, through the blood,
Through the blood of Jesus;
Victory is always nigh,
Through the blood of Jesus.

Salvation from all fears within,
Through the blood of Jesus,
From outward and from inward sin,
Through the blood of Jesus;
Let the high crusade begin,
For our faith has always been,
All the saints of God shall win,
Through the blood of Jesus.

Salvation cometh with a song,
Through the blood of Jesus;
The victor's shout is loud and long,
Through the blood of Jesus;
Ho! the cry of saintly throng
Like a river flows along,
Life to right and death to wrong,
Through the blood of Jesus.

Salvation faith always obtains,
Through the blood of Jesus;
Salvation from sin's last remains,
Through the blood of Jesus;
Saved! the spirit now exclaims,
Saved! a crown forever claims,
Saved! a king forever reigns,
Through the blood of Jesus.

1883.

WHITE ROBES OF GLADNESS.

PUT on the white robes of gladness,
White robes are the emblems of joy;
Put off the signs of thy sadness,
And praise be thy constant employ.

Put on the white robes of gladness,
White robes, pure white robes of joy;
Put on the white robes of gladness,
Praise be thy constant employ.

There's cause, yes, cause for such gladness,
Thy sins are all pardoned to-day;
The heart, festooned with new beauty,
Is fragrant as blossoms in May.

What cause, what cause for such gladness?
The blood washes guilt all away;
Come now, completed redemption,
The soul's glad millennial day.

What cause, what cause for such gladness?
There's healing for you in the blood;
Sad hearts are feeling this power,
And sinners are coming to God.

What cause, what cause for such gladness?
Peace freely comes in like a tide;
My soul, adorned for the Bridegroom,
Is claimed by the Lamb as his bride.

1883.

FEAR NOT.

I'VE been redeemed with price divine,
And I am Christ's forever;
Fear not, He saith, for thou art mine,
And I am His forever;
I will not fear, I will not fear,
For God is always very near,
His presence fills my heart with cheer,
And I am His forever.

Fear not! He called me by my name,
And I am His forever;
My heart with joy is all aflame,
For I am His forever;
Though passing through the watery deep,
Who giveth His beloved sleep
My spirit still doth sweetly keep,
And I am His forever.

Fear not! the fire shall not consume,
For I am His forever;
In darkness there shall be no gloom,
For I am His forever;
Fear not, thy God will never fail,
Though all the hosts of sin assail,
His grace for me doth still avail,
And I am His forever.

Fear not, though in the vale of death,
For I am His forever;
Without a fear I yield my breath,
For I am His forever;
I fear not,—life is ebbing fast;
I fear not,—all my toils are past;
Home, home, sweet home, is reached at last,
And I am His forever.

1883.

PEACE.

THERE'S peace upon the mountain top,
There's peace upon the sea;
From pines of Maine to Mexico,
The land holds jubilee.

All hail the blessed reign of peace,
The nation now is one;
Bound by the cords of brotherhood,
From rise to set of sun.

From Southland comes the peaceful grey,
From Northland comes the blue;
The blue and grey together meet,
In friendships firm and true.

All hail! all hail, forever hail,
The joyful sons of peace;
And may the love which binds us now,
Forevermore increase.

The clang of war no more is heard,
Earth's bloody banners furled;
May flags of peace forever wave
In triumph o'er the world.

1884.

SEEK UNTIL YE FIND.

LUKE xv. 4.

ALAS! alas! a wayward sheep,
Had wandered from the fold;
Far o'er the mountains rough and steep,
Where howling tempests rolled.
The Shepherd, with a burdened mind,
Went forth the missing one to find,
The missing one far, far away,
The missing one to find.

"Go, seek until ye find;
Go, seek until ye find;
The missing one must not be lost,
Go, seek until ye find."

He sought with many a footstep sore,
From early morn till night;
Through rocky wastes where torrents roar,
All pathways but the right;
Then cried, with sad and burdened mind,
The missing I have failed to find,
The missing one far, far away,
Alas, I've failed to find!

How long, O Lord, must I still go?
How long search for the sheep?
They've wandered far away, I know;
Discouraged, lo, I weep!
How long thus go, with burdened mind?
"Go," Jesus saith, "until ye find,"
The missing one must not be lost,
"Go, seek until ye find!"

I've sought my friends for many a day,
Have prayed for many a year;
Yet, still they wander far away,
O'er mountains dark and drear;
How long thus seek with burdened mind?
"Seek," Jesus saith, "until ye find;"
The missing one must not be lost,—
"Go, seek until ye find!"

Lord, at Thy word I go again,
Believing I shall find;
I listened, and a low refrain
Came to me on the wind;
Led by the sadly joyful sound,
I rushed, and, lo, the lost was found!
Joy! joy! O blessed joy divine!
The lost one I have found!

"Joy! joy! the lost is found;
Joy! joy! the lost is found;
The missing one, no longer lost,
The missing one is found!"

1885.

REST.

TOUCH my spirit with Thy Spirit,
Lord of All, my Saviour;
Let me Thy sweet rest inherit,
This my highest favor.

Rest, sweet rest, rest, sweet rest,
In my blessed Saviour;
Rest, sweet rest, rest, sweet rest,
In my blessed Saviour.

I have found Him, what a treasure!—
Found my blessed Saviour;
This the pleasure, of all pleasures,
Rest in my dear Saviour.

I have found Him: past my weeping,
Blessed, blessed Saviour;
And my soul to Thy kind keeping
I commit, dear Saviour.

On the earth this heavenly resting,
Comes to me, dear Saviour;
This is love's own manifesting,
Through my blessed Saviour.

In this rest toil does not weary,—
Toil for Thee, my Saviour;
In the gloom there's nothing dreary,
With Thee, O my Saviour.

1885.

JESUS IS GOOD TO ME.

JESUS I love, for His heart is good,
He has loved me o'er and o'er;
He sought me and saved me by His blood,
And I love Him more and more.

Jesus is good to me,
Jesus is good to me;
So good! so good!
Jesus is good to my soul.

He calls, I rise, He maketh me whole,
How fond His tender embrace!
He cleanses, keeps and blesses my soul,
My day the smile of His face.

I want to love Him with all my heart,
Though all its powers are small;
I will not keep from Him any part,
For He is worthy of all.

He's good to me in my sorrow's night,
He's good in the tempest's roll;
He bringeth from darkness into light;
With joy He filleth my soul.

1885.



YOUNG AMERICA.

A POEM DELIVERED AT OCEAN GROVE, N. J., ON
THE ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY
OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE,
JULY 4th, 1876.



THE line of thought pursued in the following Poem, is—The young people, Religion and Liberty, fall in love with each other. The parents, Tyranny and Superstition, forbid the banns. They elope in the May Flower. Arriving in this country, they suffer many deprivations, but finally challenge the world for cause why they should not be united. None being shown, they are at last married. The fruit of this union is, YOUNG AMERICA, born at Independence Hall, Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., July 4th, 1776. Then follows the struggle for the establishment of the colonies into Independent States. The success of this struggle is celebrated in a Pæan of Peace. The remaining parts of the Poem recite the exploits of Young America for a *hundred years*, including the great Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, May–October, 1876, and ending with an ode expressive of the universal joy.

Young America.

TWO lovers sat in blissful mood,
Beside the summer sea;
Religion, was the name of one,
The other, Liberty!

Like gentle doves they lisped and wooed,
They sung in soft refrain,
While both their hearts were throbbing high,
With love's delicious pain.

They softly sighed love's sickness o'er,
As you have often done;
And so, beneath the moonlit sky,
They vowed they would be one!

Their dream of happiness was sweet,
Love's fragrance filled the air,
The stream of life was smoothly bright,
With bloom the banks were fair!

Both parents, by suspicion led,
Behind the copse were hid,
And, in the solemn name of law,
The marriage rites forbid.

Affrighted, the young lovers woke,
To life's first stern decree;
And love's first impulse moved their hearts,
The Fatherland to flee.

The May Flower,—love-suggesting name,—
The May Flower in her might;
Strong in her strength for stormy seas,
Offered her wings for flight.

THE ELOPEMENT.

Then, arm in arm, the lovers came,—
Fearing, and yet they hoped;
They prayed, and then grew stronger still,
Weighed anchor—and—*eloped!*

The great deep sea was dark and wide,
Storms held high carnival;
The tempest howled in wrath unchained,
Yet love smiled over all!

Upon the rolling May Flower's deck,
Borne by the surging sea,
With manly brow and heaving chest,
Stood youthful Liberty!

And there, in flowing robes of white,
Meek-eyed, with cheeks of rose,
Religion leaned upon his breast,
In love's serene repose.

What cared they for the tempest's wrath?
What cared they for the sea?
What cared they? For in life or death—
They loved, and would be free!

Days, weeks and slowly moving months,
Foretokening despair,
They roamed upon the trackless deep,
And yet they triumphed there.

Love has its triumphs, though the course
Of true love is not smooth;
Love's voice prevailed on Galilee,
And still its whispers soothe!

At last, where stern New England's coast,
And dark waves interlock,
The storm-tossed May Flower anchor cast
By proud old Plymouth Rock!

The day was drear, the snows were deep,
And meagre was the store;
While cold December claimed her own,
The wild New England shore.

No gleam of light the sky revealed,
No path marked out the way,
And darkness reigned from Plymouth Rock,
O'er Massachusetts Bay!

But, love, superior to all,
Love in her matchless might,
Turned into softest summer day,
The cold New England night.

Love built her palaces of logs,
Of snow-flakes made her flowers,
And while the dreary winter reigned,
Sung to the cheerless hours!

Then famine came, and pestilence
Breathed forth her poisoned breath,
The young, the strong, the beautiful,
Slept in the sleep of death!

But love survived! Religion sweet,
And Liberty, still young,—
Together sat, and lisped and loved,
And still together sung.

Thus tried and true, together good,
Their strength no longer hid,
They now propose the marriage tie!
Who shall the banns forbid?

The world was challenged, but the world
Stood silent and in awe;
Religion pure, and Liberty,
Are one, by God's own law.

THE NUPTIALS.

The marriage day was fixed for June,
Sweet June, when all is fair;
When earth is crowned with blossomings
And fragrance fills the air.

Religion came with graceful steps,
And Liberty was strong;
Religion, filled with holy love,
And both disdaining wrong!

They stood before the Eternal Priest;
Grand altar, earth's green sod;
They vowed, and earth replied, Amen,
Amen, responded God!

Henceforth, Religion, Liberty,
Are one, forever one,
Man must have liberty to do,
What God wills shall be done.

No longer fettered, mind and heart,
No longer brain and will,
Let liberty and love go forth,
Their mission to fulfill.

The sea chimed in her grateful song,
The ever singing sea,
And all the roaring billows cried,
Religion—Liberty!

The forests clapped their hands for joy,
The forests wide and free;
With wreaths of bloom the flowers crowned
Religion—Liberty!

The soft winds kissed their fair young brows,
The soft winds full of glee:
Then tempests shrieked, o'er hills away,
Religion—Liberty!

The lofty mountains in their strength,
The eagle, roaming free;
The rivers, in their courses, cried,
Religion—Liberty!

Religion, Liberty, say all—
Religion—Liberty!
One song shall chime the wide world round,
Man must, and shall be, free!

THE WRATH OF KINGS.

But, earth is not an Eden, now,
Nor has been since the fall;
The greed and grasp of thrones and kings,
Would Liberty enthrall!

The morning, bright with rosy light,
  At noon, was overcast,
And zephyrs full of odors sweet,
  At midnight howled a blast.

All that is good beneath the sun,—
  All that is brave or true;
If it accomplishes its work,
  Must press its passage through.

Our foes are on the right and left,
  Our foes are strong within;
And all who will succeed at last,
  Must struggle if they win.

Our lovers found their union sweet,
  Though kings had failed to bless;
And true as needle to the pole,
  They marched towards success.

They breathed the free-born mountain air,
  On freedom's soil they trod,
And every day still stronger grew,
  Beneath the smile of God.

Success in all the walks of life,
  Its opposition brings;
And so this union's success,
  Awakened jealous kings.

The iron heel of tyrants came,
  With life-consuming power;
But Liberty, immortal, rose
  Superior to the hour!

Religion, strong in meekness, bent,
Thrones thought that she had cowered;
She stooped to conquer, then sublime,
In matchless strength she towered!

The sky was black, the contest fierce,
And might was in each blow,
Kings said, that Liberty must die,
But Liberty said, No!

And no, proclaimed the mountain pines,
And no, proclaimed the sea;
No, thundered down the cataracts,
And no, said Deity!

The storm stayed, then, though transiently;
Peace rose on silken wings,—
And through the riftings of the clouds,
Looked down on brighter things.

Delusive lull! O treacherous calm,
Kings failed their vows to keep;
And innocence, from holy sleep,
Awakened but to weep.

But tears of innocence gave strength,
To sinews and to bones,
And men, baptized with woman's tears,
Were mightier than thrones.

Old England sent her edicts forth,
To men, sworn to be free;
The stamp-act labored to enforce,
And duty on the tea.

The storm increased along the sky,
The clouds were edged with fire,
The thunder stirred Virginia,
And Patrick Henry's ire.

The muffled bells at Boston tolled,
And Philadelphia's, too;
And on the wings of every wind,
The warlike tidings flew.

But granite-like the people stood,—
Firm anvils to the stroke;
And like their hardy ancestry,
Resisted every yoke!

They would not bear the stamp-act rule,
Their paper should be free;
And into Boston harbor, turned
Whole ship-loads of the tea!

The Wrath of Freemen.

Wrath kindled wrath—storm meeting storm—
Brave sons and noble sires,
And gathering thousands rushed to save,
Their homes and altar-fires!

At Concord and at Lexington,
The fiery missiles flew;
And yeomen through the leaden blast,
Their flying foes pursue!

Then victory clapped her wings in pride,
The eagle screamed for joy;
The godly offered thanks to God,
Who makes and can destroy.

At Bunker Hill, strong in success,
While stars illumed the night;
The ramparts silently arose,
To hail the morning light.

Then British wrath, enkindled, blazed,
Hot wrath, like bursting shell;
Our sharp scythes mowed their cohorts down,
Till patriot Warren fell.

Their's was the victory that day,
And our's the sad defeat;
But England said *such* victories,
Their ruin would complete.

Now, all along the stormy coast,
And through the midnight sky,
Long smothered war-fires broke at last,
And flashed from every eye.

They met in Independence Hall,
Proud hall, in fame complete;
Both brave and grave they bow in prayer,
Low at Jehovah's feet.

They rose in strength, they would not bow,
Slaves on their native sod;
They clasped each other's hands and vowed,
To own no king but God.

THE JOYFUL ADVENT.

Great thoughts of freedom and of truth,
O'er all their spirits roll;
The conflicts of that fiery hour,
Were birth-pangs of the soul.

And so, our lovers' first-born son,
Saw light that very day;
The people hailed him—and his name,
Was YOUNG AMERICA!

Not weak and wrapped in swaddling clothes,
But robed in bannered bars;
Bright from his infant brow flashed out,
The grand old thirteen stars.

The first breath that he drew, gave hope
To freedom's struggling cause,
Brought joy to twice a million hearts,
And life to equal laws.

The Bellman in the steeple stood,
Hearing the child had birth,—
With brawny arms rung out the news,
To near and further earth.

The mountain shouted to the sea,
And swift the tidings ran,
From Maine to Mexico was heard,
Man's right to be a man!

Hail, blessed child, in age a day,
In strength a giant strong;
His heel shall crush the hoary head,
Of tyranny and wrong.

Kings swore in wrath that he should die,
Republics shouted, Live!
The freedom sought in older lands,
This new-born child shall give.

The conflict raged through bloody years,
The conflict, fierce and strong;
Right struggling bravely for the right,
Wrong struggling for the wrong.

Unequal strife, wrong scarlet-robed,
Right barefooted, but true;
While wrong grew weak in conscious wrong,
Right mightier still grew.

The tides of blood rolled deep and wide,
Death swept from front to rear;
Full oft the timid held their breath,
And boldness quaked with fear.

But God and Liberty advanced—
Struck hard—the work was done,
And Wrong her sword at Yorktown gave
To Right and Washington.

Hail, blessed peace, forever hail,
White dove of heavenly birth,
Thy angel wings once more are spread,
O'er this bright spot of earth.

God-given peace, illustrious boon,—
Wide let the tidings fly;
Enkindle bonfires on the earth,
Let rockets fill the sky.

PÆANS OF PEACE.

Ring the bells, the jubilant bells,—
Ring the bells ye happy people,
Ring from tower, ring from steeple,
Till the nation's anthem swells—

Over land and over ocean,
Till the air throbs with commotion;
On the mountains, crowned with snow,
Through the flowery vales below;
Children, maidens, grand-sires hoary,
Ring and sing of war-gained glory;
Let the nation throw off sadness,
Beat the nation's heart with gladness;
Ring, ring the bells, jubilant bells,
Hark! the nation's anthem swells,—
Over land and over ocean,
Throbs the air with proud commotion—
Ring the bells ye happy people,
Ring from tower, ring from steeple,
Ring, ring, ring, ring,
Ring the bells ye happy people,—
Children, maiden, grand-sires hoary,
Ring and sing of war-gained glory,
Over mountains, through the dells,
Ring the bells, jubilant bells:
Ring the bells, for war has ceased,
Ring the blessed bells of *Peace!*

YOUNG AMERICA'S EXPLOITS.

The boy, bright Young America,
Survives, is safe and free;
The father, looking matters o'er,
Asks what his son shall be?

No time was this for art's display,
And science could not rule;
And so the parents said, their son
Should hoe, and go to school.

Thus, in the summer, on the farm
He worked, as you may see,
And in the winter went to school,
To old Necessity.

Stern old Necessity was good,
That is, once in awhile;
He often ruled with iron rod,
Though sometimes with a smile!

No matter which, our boy grew strong,—
In muscle and in mind;
And learned so fast that all the school,
Lagged lamely far behind!

He learned so fast, his master said,
"He's far ahead of me;"
And then our boy, in kindness, helped
Poor old Necessity!

His work in summer time, though good,
Was dispossessed of charms;
And yet it learned him how to take
The charge of thirteen farms.

But that in which he most excelled,
Was ciphering, 'tis true;
He ciphered long and ciphered well,
He ciphered through and through!

He ciphered all great problems out,
He ciphered far and near;
He ciphered up and down the slate,
He ciphered year by year.

'He ciphered out the mountain mines,
Where iron lay in store;
Rich treasures in the far-off wilds,
He ciphered o'er and o'er.

He ciphered till his mind was lost,
In the profound survey;
And still the rising prospect stretched
In visions far away.

Vast mountain summits, crowned with light,
Rose grandly, one by one;
And peopled valleys widened out
Towards the setting sun!

And cities too, sprang proudly forth,
In splendor o'er the land;
The nation's gates unfolded wide,
From Maine to Rio Grande!

The vision melted into light,
Like glory's golden clime,
It deeper, wider, grander grew,
The real and the sublime!

Then came a voice from out the depth,—
Far o'er the misty sea;
The vision which now greets the eyes,
Is what this land shall be.

But men are laggards, nations move
Slow in the march of time;
Go forth, be thine a quicker step,
A nobler mission thine.

Then, Young America arose,—
And said, No time to dream;
The reveille of God is heard,
Up—let us go by steam!

The world looked on incredulous,
Men laughed! What? Go by steam?
Then, simply said, impossible,
And dozed again, to dream!

They dreamed o'er the delicious fact—
Which cannot be denied,—
Of drifting backwards by the winds,
And softly flowing tide.

Their fathers had it so, they said,
To have it so we will;
And still they dozed upon the deck,
And floated backward still.

But at the bellows proudly blew
Our Young America,
And Vulcan at the anvil made
The sparks fly every way.

We'll have a steamboat. Yes, we will;
And kept up such a clatter,
The dozing Dutchman rubbed his eyes,
And asked, "Vat ish de matter?"

But long before fully awake,
Soft gliding o'er the stream,
A type of grander things to be,
A vessel moved by steam!

Now on the rivers broad and bright,
And on the seas beside,
The mighty steamer dashes on,
Defying wind and tide.

"All right," said Young America,
But why not understand,
That steam propelling force, can go
Still faster on the land.

It can, he said, and laid the rails
Across the continent;
And from the east to Golden Gate,
The locomotive went!

It screeched and bellowed o'er the plains,
It bid the rivers fly;
The rugged chasms proudly leaped,
And passed the mountains by!

The eagle darted from her nest,
The lion from his lair;
The wild buck bounded o'er the brakes,
And forests felt the scare!

All frightful sounds, all dread alarms,
The proud red Indian's yell,—
Were softest melody, compared
With this last spawn of hell!

So many felt, poor innocents—
But this was simply play,
To our young genius, full of life,
Bright Young America!

But, locomotives move too slow,
Men stare: again they laugh;
But, Young America, inspired,
Put up the telegraph!

Now, over continents and seas,
And under every sky;
The love and sorrow messages,
By harnessed lightnings fly!

These never weary in their course,
Click—flash—the work is done;
The fiery steeds in breathless speed,
Excel the tardy sun!

And so, on every hand, arose
Proud monuments of skill;
The mower, reaper, thresher, too,
The loom and cotton mill.

Coal from the grand old mountain's heart,
Pure metals from the rock;
The friction match, the pin machine,
The dollar Yankee clock!

And when in Dixey's land one day,
Our Yankee friend had strayed,
They charged him, that in Yankee land,
The *wooden hams* were made.

Y-a-s, said our friend, I think they do,
Make such things pretty fair;
Yet, of this one thing rest assured,
They never *sell* them *there!*

They *sell* them where the people sleep,
Late in the marching day,
They sell them down in other lands,
And always make *them pay.*

But lo! the school-house, gift of God,
Spreads o'er the glowing land,
Sometimes of logs all rudely made,
Sometimes a palace grand.

No matter which, each child was taught,
Above all priestly ban;
Here in this land by freedom gained,
Freedom to be a man!

Then colleges their walls upreared,
And universities—
Their ample doors unfolded wide,
From mountains to the seas.

Up from the school-house, made of logs,
The poor boy worked his way;
And wore his well-earned golden badge,
On graduation day.

Of these our orators are made,—
And patriots, bold to do;
Our statesmen and philanthropists—
The honest, good and true!

But, Young America can work,
Far stranger things than these;
For when he had no college men,
He could, just when he please,

Go out among the common folks,
And have no sad relents;
Take rail-splitters and tanners, too,
And make them *Presidents!*

All hail, proud Young America,
How grandly he has done;
His presidents all honest men,
From *Grant* to *Washington!*

And so from Grant, down to the end—
But, end there is none! Never!
For Young America shall be,
Bright, bold and strong forever.

But still, as I was going to say,—
From Grant to all the rest;
From Grant, the matchless, on and through,
May each one be the best.

And each will find enough to do,
For early work and late;
The first had only *thirteen farms,*
The last has *thirty-eight.*

And Young America expects
To bring in Idaho,
And all the regions round—perhaps
Japan and Mexico.

When these, and all the other lands,
To us come gladly over;
Our eagle's wings will be too short
Her cozy nest to cover.

And yet, before that day arrives,
Her wings may be extended,
Or, Young America, content,
And adding farms have ended.

YOUNG AMERICA'S MOTHER.

All through these widely rolling years,
Of toiling and success;
Religion, spouse of Liberty,
Came in, her son to bless.

Religion, his fond mother's hope,
His mother's strength and joy;
Religion his young heart enlists,
And all his arts employ.

Religion followed up the State;
Through each revolving year,—
Religion's blessed steps pursued
The hardy pioneer!

O'er hills and mountains, rivers, plains,
Wherever man had trod,
With loving hearts, came joyfully
The messengers of God.

These helped to lay the corner-stones
Of states and nations strong;
They rear the church on every hand,
And fill the land with song.

Religion, hail,—blest Church of God,
Church and religion, hail!
Let church, religion, purity,
O'er all the land prevail.

And women, too, in weakness strong,
Are taking vice by storm;
And bleared-eyed sons of sorrow hail
The Temperance reform!

All hail the women! prospering go;
The cause advances well!
Stop by your prayers, and words and works,
Each breathing place of hell!

You shall succeed, for right is might,
Though right has suffered long,
Yet right, like David's sword, shall cleave
The giant head of wrong.

And lo! the children's army comes,
Millions on millions rise;
And through the aid of Sabbath Schools,
Are marching to the skies.

EMANCIPATION.

The nation grand and glorious stood;
Her foes could harm her not;
And yet upon her banners proud,
Remained one damning spot.

Four million slaves in bondage lay,
Beneath oppression's rod;
Held by the iron grasp of law,
Slaves, on their native sod.

Men in God's image, slaves, who bore
Their deep-wrought bloody scars,
Slaves in the land of freedom's boast,
Beneath the stripes and stars.

Religion, blush! let liberty,
Hide his proud head in shame;
Men, slaves, whose rights were to be men,
And yet denied the name.

Stupendous fraud, in noonday light—
Stretched out the human mart;
And blood, and bones, and brains were sold,
Right in the nation's heart.

No wonder blight and mildew came,
No wonder curses flow;
No wonder blood cried out for blood,
And woe demanded woe.

There is a righteous God, who knows
The right and knows the wrong;
Let him who suffers now, take heart,
He shall not suffer long!

Rebellion came, and o'er the land,
Swept on like floods of fire;
Brave men were fuel, and the flames
Burned stronger, hotter, higher!

Then midnight darkness settled down,
Deep darkness, keenly felt;
The nation put her sackcloth on,
In prayer the nation knelt!

God heard in mercy, and the dawn
Of day which soon should be,
Had broken, in the God-flashed thought
The slave must now be free!

The prayer was made, the answer came,
Men trembled as they heard;
'Twas not what they desired to hear,
But God was in each word.

Who shall the fettered race unbind?
Who shall the act proclaim?
One rose, almost omnipotent—
And Lincoln was his name.

One stroke of his immortal pen,
A stroke that was to be,
And lo, four million slaves leaped forth,
And shouted, *Liberty!*

All hail the pen, immortal pen,
No more to be ignored;
The pen, which all the world must own,
Is mightier than the sword.

Immortal Lincoln, hail, all hail,
The honest and the good,
We render thee on this glad day,
A nation's gratitude!

The curse is gone; the woe is past,
The flags of war are furled,
And now the righted nation, stands,
A light-house to the world!

THE GRAND RE-UNION.

Hail wondrous land, true freedom's home,
Peace garlands all thy gates;
Once more we have united hearts,
Once more United States!

United hearts, United States;
No earthly power can sever;
And be united hands and hearts,
United States, forever!

In gladness Young America,
Wept at his mother's knee;
Then o'er the mountains leaped for joy,
Proud child of Liberty!

The land redeemed, from spire and hill,
The starry banners fly;
And stripes and stars *without* a *stain*,
In splendor fill the sky.

Supremely grand, triumphant peace!
Childhood and age were gay:
And Young America proclaimed,
A nation's holiday!

A HUNDRED YEARS! We rest awhile,
To see what has been done;
Then planned at once, the grandest show
The world has looked upon!

Proudly the great Centennial,
Her treasures wide unfurled;
The gifts of nations and of men,
The fine-arts of the world!

All arts and sciences were grand,
All products of the sod,
But grandest of them all, was found,—
Freedom to worship God.

Freedom to love and worship God;—
To do the best we can;—
Equality of blood and birth;
Freedom to be a man!

The battle fought, the victory won,
Triumph is in the van;
The tardy world acknowledges
Man's right to be a man!

Then, go forth, Young America,
Go forth, and prosper ever;
Be good, and God from you will hold,
His benedictions,—*Never!*

Old Century—thy going out
Claims gratitude, and awe;
We ask for that which now begins,
Religion, freedom, law!

Old Century—thy going out
Is with the world's eclat;
For that which comes we ring the bells—
Religion, freedom, law!

The Universal Joy.

Ring the bells, the jubilant bells,—
Ring the bells ye happy people,
Ring from tower, ring from steeple,
Till the nation's anthem swells—
Over land and over ocean,
Till the air throbs with commotion;
On the mountains crowned with snow,
Through the flowery vales below;

Children, maidens, grand-sires hoary,
Sing the Hundred Years of glory
Let the nation throw off sadness,
Beat the nation's heart with gladness;
Ring the bells, jubilant bells,
Hark! the nation's anthem swells,—
Over land and over ocean—
Throbs the air with proud commotion—
Banners float from every steeple,
Ring the bells ye happy people,
Ring! Ring! Ring! Ring!
Ring the bells ye happy people,—
Children, maidens, grand-sires hoary,
Sing the Hundred Years of glory;
Let the flags fly—ring the bells,
O'er the mountains, through the dells—
Booming cannon, rolling drum,
Let the tramping legions come;
Banners flying—bugles, bells—
O'er the mountains, through the dells—
Freedom reigns—the war has *ceased*,
Ring! Ring! Ring! Ring!
Ring the blessed bells of *Peace!*

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